

SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

July



What Price Motherhood in Hollywood?

Dorothy Lamour





ONCE IT WAS
Empty
—now it's full!

If there was hope for Harriet, there must be hope for you

Let's look into Harriet's life a moment. She came to the city and a fair position from a small up-state town. No beauty, she was nevertheless intelligent, full of vivacity, and above the run-of-the-mill in good looks. What happened to her?

The girls at the office were cordial enough at first. Later, their attitude changed. They seldom asked her to lunch, so she usually lunched alone.

"Just a bunch of cats," THOUGHT HARRIET

Men usually found her interesting, yet seldom invited her out. Most of her evenings were spent at home by the radio or at the movies—alone.

"I wish some man were here beside me," SHE SAID



Seeing others of her own age enjoying themselves, she was at a loss to understand why her own life was so empty, so flat. Finally, it

began to get her. She wanted friends . . . attention . . . later, a husband and children. Yet she was haunted by a vision of herself as an old maid, friendless and lonely.

"Am I going to be one of these?" SHE ASKED HERSELF



Then one day her bored eyes came across an advertisement dealing with halitosis (bad breath) and the success of Listerine in arresting it. She could not get the advertisement out of her mind; it haunted her.

"Maybe that's my trouble," SHE SAID

Fortunately, she had hit upon the exact truth—which no one else had dared to tell her. Now she sensed a reason for the coolness with which others treated her. She made up her mind to begin using Listerine Antiseptic.

"I'll see what happens," SHE MUSED

Well, things did happen. She began to go out more . . . faced the world with new assurance

. . . made new friends. And men looked at her with new interest and began to ask:

"MAY I CALL YOU UP?"



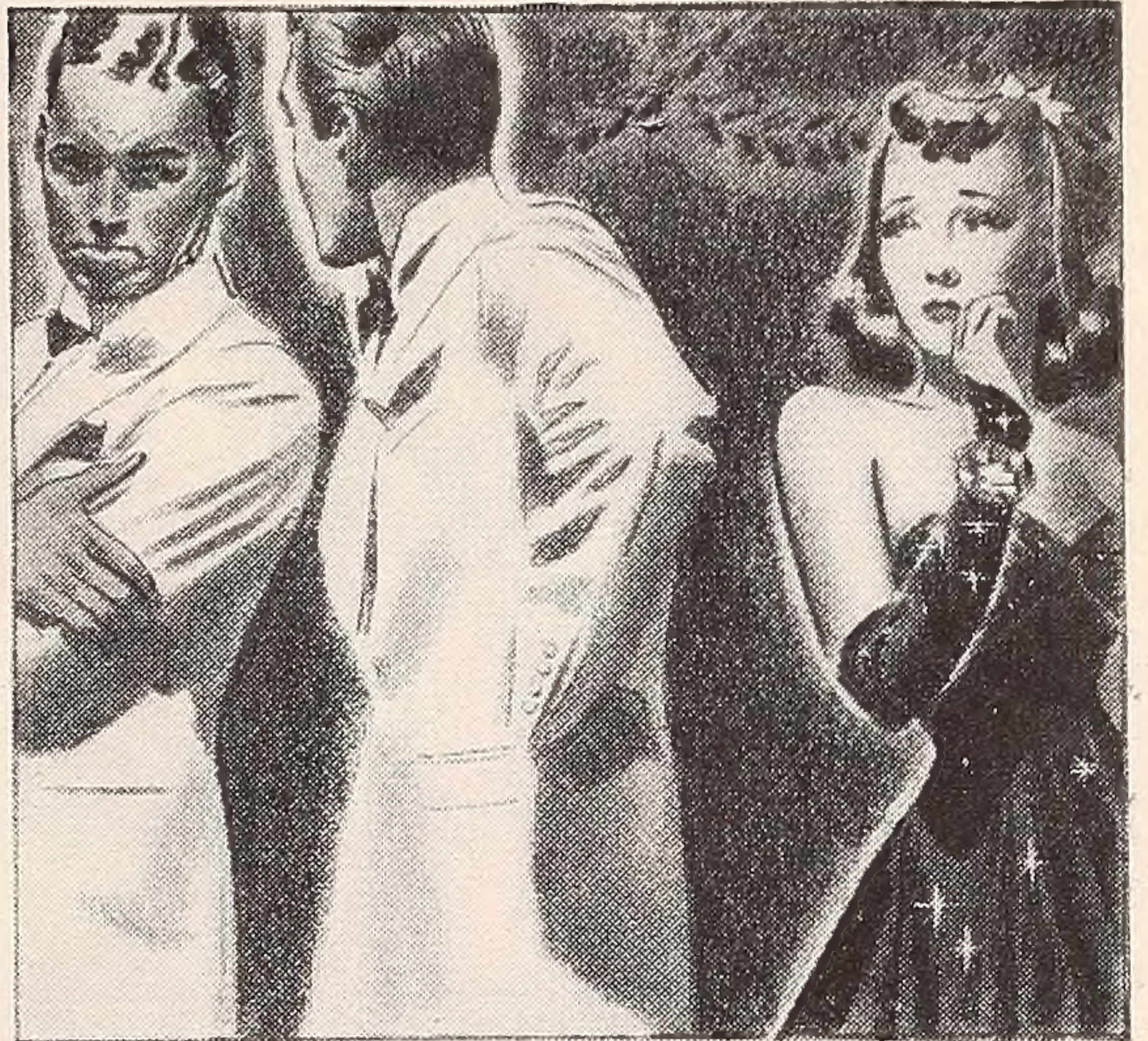
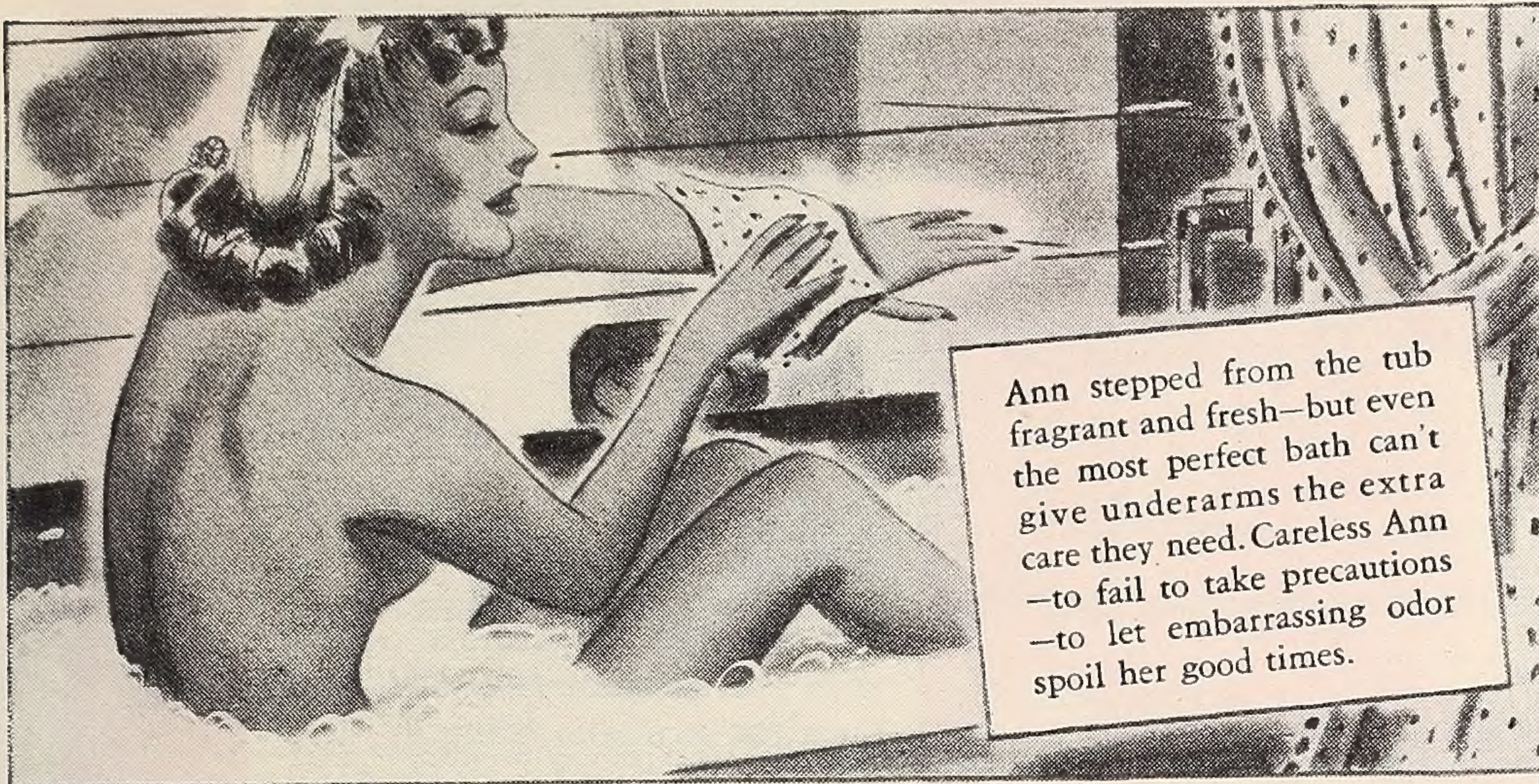
In less than a year, the empty little engagement book her father had given her began to bulge with "dates." Life began to be the romantic, exciting thing she had hoped it would be. Each day was a new adventure.

A HINT FOR YOU . . . AND YOU . . . AND YOU

Don't assume that you never have halitosis (bad breath). Everyone offends at some time or other. The delightful way to make the breath sweeter and purer is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic especially before business and social engagements. Listerine quickly halts food fermentation, a major cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves. Nothing but Listerine can give your mouth that priceless feeling of freshness. Ask for Listerine and see that you get it.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

ANN TOOK A CHANCE ON A BATH ALONE



JOAN PLAYED SAFE WITH A BATH PLUS MUM



Underarms need special care that a bath alone can't give!

CLEVER JOAN. Popular Joan! No matter how warm the evening—or how late the dance, Joan always has partners galore. Joan dances *every* dance.

For she never takes chances with underarm odor—the one fault above all others men can't stand. She realizes that a bath takes care only of *past* perspiration—that it can't prevent odor *to come*. So Joan never trusts her bath *alone*.

She follows her bath with Mum—to be *sure* she's safe from underarm odor. Mum makes the freshness of your bath

last all evening long. Don't risk the loss of daintiness, don't spoil your charm for others. Always use Mum, every single day and after every bath!

MUM IS QUICK! Just one-half minute is all Mum takes to apply.

MUM IS SAFE! Even the most delicate skin finds Mum soothing. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or evening.

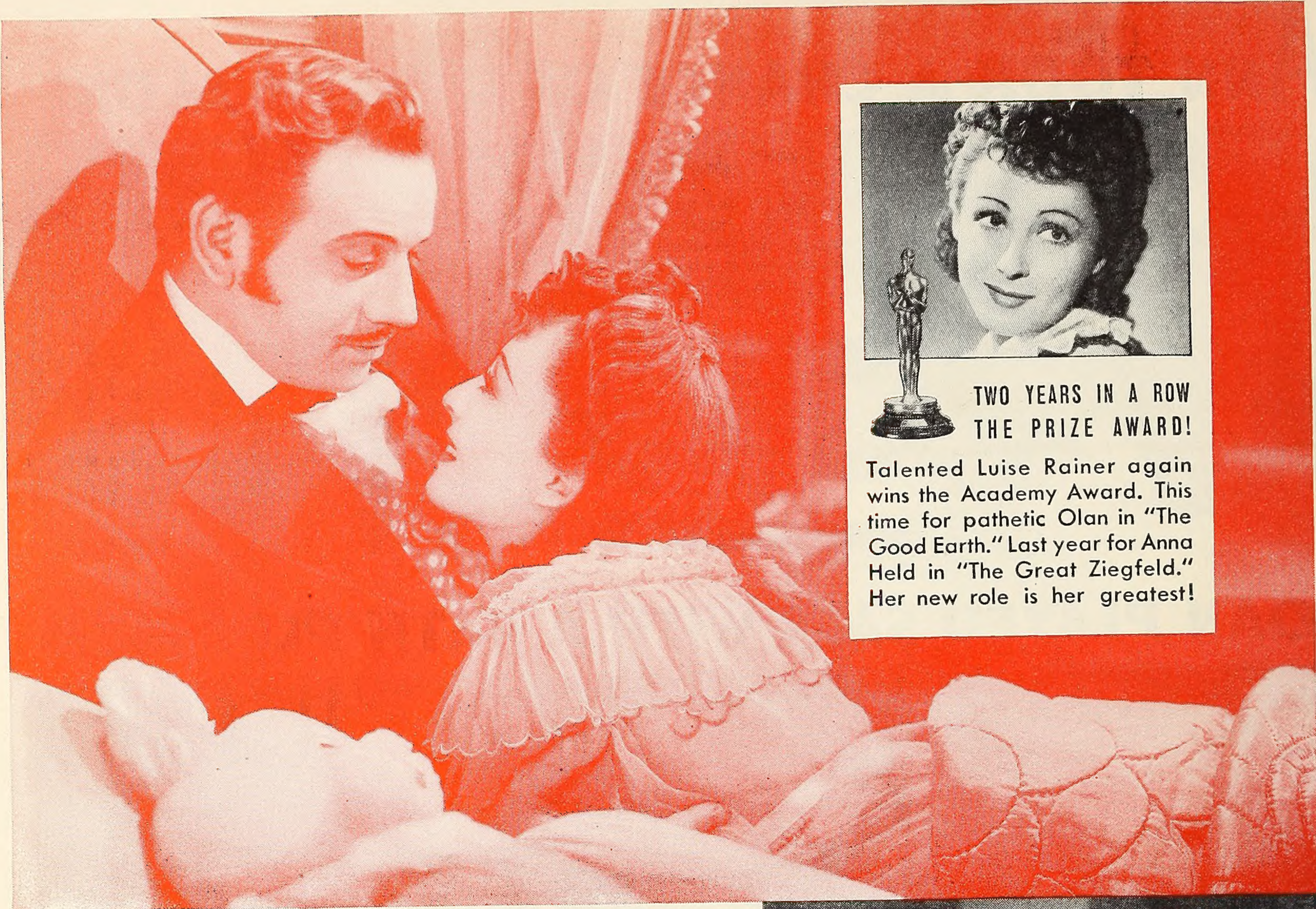
ANOTHER USE FOR MUM—Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.



So easy to use Mum! As simple as applying a touch of face cream. And—proof of Mum's gentleness—more nurses use Mum than any other deodorant. They know underarms need special care!

MUM

takes the odor out of perspiration



TWO YEARS IN A ROW
THE PRIZE AWARD!

Talented Luise Rainer again wins the Academy Award. This time for pathetic Olan in "The Good Earth." Last year for Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld." Her new role is her greatest!

Luise Rainer as **"THE TOY WIFE"**

...who has youth and beauty and all the world to gamble it in... "life slips too hurriedly by, so sip the cup of frivolity and danger while you may"... you will watch with beating heart this sensational drama of New Orleans' gayest, maddest era in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's glamorous production. In the cast also: MELVYN DOUGLAS, ROBERT YOUNG, Barbara O'Neil, H. B. Warner. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Merian C. Cooper. Screen Play by Zoe Akins.



SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

New Shirley Temple Contest!

Shirley is growing up! She's nine now. She has become clothes-conscious; she wants to travel and to see the world. So—she will! And to keep pace with her progress, we will give you a beautiful cover portrait of the "New" Shirley on our August issue. Imagine a style-wise portrait of little Miss Temple! You will see it on our next cover.

Just to celebrate her growing-up-gracefully, Shirley will cooperate with SCREENLAND in offering a new Shirley Temple contest, also in the next issue. If present plans materialize, the little star will be facing her admirers in person throughout the country, on her first nation-wide vacation tour. So you had better be on the lookout for Shirley Temple—in person, on the cover of the August issue of *The Smart Screen Magazine*, and in her big new contest.

Remember! SCREENLAND will present Shirley Temple—in the August issue, on sale July 6th.

July, 1938

Vol. XXXVII, No. 3

EVERY STORY A FEATURE!

The Editor's Page.....	Delight Evans	15
What Price Motherhood in Hollywood?.....	Elizabeth Wilson	16
Cary Grant's Past, Present and Future.....	S. R. Mook	19
In Defense of Autograph Fiends.....	Donald Humphries	20
Milland's Manor.....	Jerry Asher	22
Youth Preferred.....	Annabelle Gillespie-Hayek	24
Boyer's Loveless Years.....	Anita Kilore	27
Even Snakes Have Charm. Fiction.....	Frederick Stowers	28
Meet The Jones Family!.....	Whitney Williams	30
"George Did It." George Raft.....	James Bowles Fisher	32
Beloved Scatterbrain. Marie Wilson.....	Maud Cheatham	34
The Butler Builds a Castle in the Air. Arthur Treacher.....	Miriam Rogers	51
Reviews of the Best Pictures.....	Delight Evans	52
SCREENLAND Glamor School. Edited by Madge Evans.....		54
Hollywood Fashions.....		56
Up in the Air with Wally. Wallace Beery.....	May Mann	58
London.....	Hettie Grimstead	60
What Makes You So Funny, Mr. Auer? Mischa Auer.....		
	Margaret Mary Joslyn	61
Focus on the Fun Angle. Pat O'Brien's camera exploits.....	Ruth Tildesley	62
The Host of Hollywood. Basil Rathbone.....	Dick Pine	64

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Trouper Number One! Shirley Temple. **Allure Ahoy!** Loretta Young, Warner Baxter, Arleen Whelan, Anne Shirley, Wayne Morris, Susan Hayward. **It's a Date.** Priscilla Lane, Wayne Morris. **Rival Queens of the Screen.** Myrna Loy, Luise Rainer. **Picture Puzzlers.** Alice Faye, Penny Singleton, Allan Lane, Claire Trevor, Humphrey Bogart, Edward Everett Horton, Harold Lloyd. **The Ladies in his Life.** Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. **Measure Up? Making Movies Can Be Fun.** Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Patric Knowles, Rosalind Russell, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh, Ralph Bellamy, Dick Foran. **The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.**

DEPARTMENTS:

Honor Page.....		6
Tagging the Talkies. Short Reviews.....		8
SCREENLAND's Crossword Puzzle.....	Alma Talley	10
Ask Me!.....	Miss Vee Dee	11
Inside the Stars' Homes. Gail Patrick.....	Betty Boone	12
Here's Hollywood. Screen News.....	Weston East	66
Sunburn, Freckles and Tan. Beauty Article.....	Courtenay Marvin	70
Yours for Loveliness.....		71

Cover Portrait of Dorothy Lamour by Marland Stone

Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. V. G. Heimbucher, President; J. S. MacDermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 530 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription \$1.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$2.10 in Canada; foreign \$2.50. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.

Copyright 1938 by Screenland Magazine, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Printed in the U. S. A.

SCREENLAND Honor Page

STEP into an enchanted land of adventure! Escape from modern turmoil into the comparative calm of Sherwood Forest, where *Robin Hood* leads his merry men to plunder the wicked and succor the poor; where a beautiful damsel is in distress, until *Robin* gets around to rescuing her; and where a runaway king comes home to rule again with the robust help of *Robin's* roistering band. "The Adventures of Robin Hood" is grand fun—gorgeous to see with its gay color, exciting to hear with its fine Korngold music score; and most of all, thrilling when Errol Flynn occupies the screen. Ye compleat hero!

To Errol Flynn, whose *ROBIN Hood* is the most dashing figure on current screens



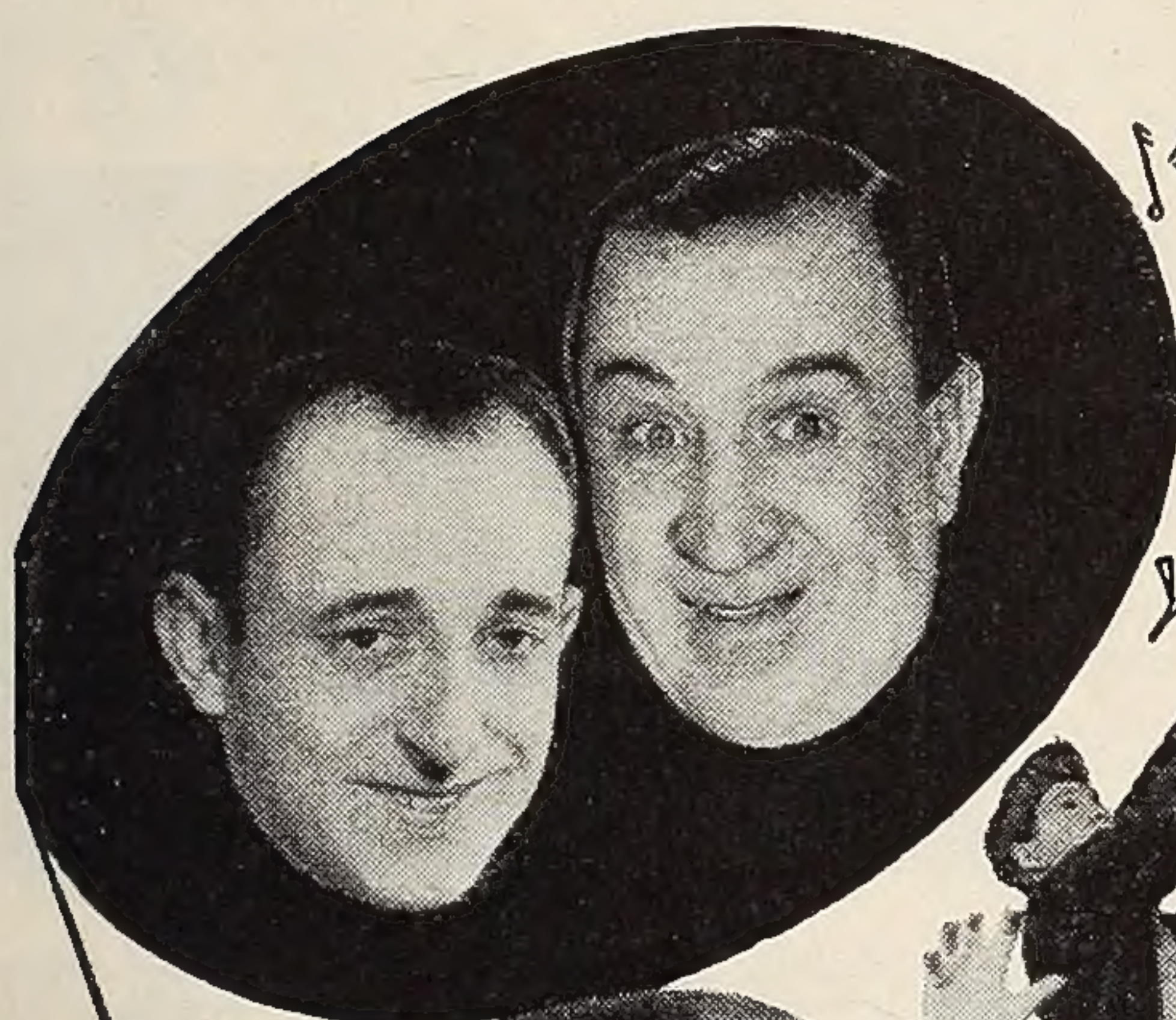
Flynn leaps into first place as the screen's most romantic actor in his colorful rôle of *SIR ROBIN OF LOCKSLEY*. No mannered puppet or mouthing mime, but a vivid, warmly human figure whose fighting and riding and romancing are ever convincing. Above left, with Olivia de Havilland, the lovely *MAID MARIAN*. Then in scenes from left to right across the page: with Basil Rathbone, the menacing *GUY OF GISBORNE*; with Herbert Mundin and Alan Hale (*LITTLE JOHN*); and finally, a close-up in the exciting banquet scene, where *ROBIN* eludes his enemies.

HERE THEY COME ON A MILLION DOLLAR SPREE TO WAKE AND MAKE AND TAKE PAREE!

Those gorgeous "Gold Digger"
lovelies have taken America
twice! Now see what they do
to 50 million Frenchmen!



"GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS"



HEAR ... for the first time on the screen—
The SCHNICKELFRITZ BAND

& 4 Brilliant Song Hits
"Day Dreaming" • "A Stranger
in Paris" • "The Latin Quarter"
"I Wanna Go Back to Bali"



Starring

RUDY VALLEE

ROSEMARY LANE • HUGH HERBERT

ALLEN JENKINS • GLORIA DICKSON

MELVILLE COOPER • MABEL TODD • FRITZ FELD

Directed by RAY ENRIGHT • Screen Play by Earl Baldwin and
Warren Duff • Story by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay, Maurice Leo

From an Idea by Jerry Horwin and James Seymour • Music and Lyrics
by Harry Warren and Al Dubin • A WARNER BROS. PICTURE

Battle of
Broad-
way

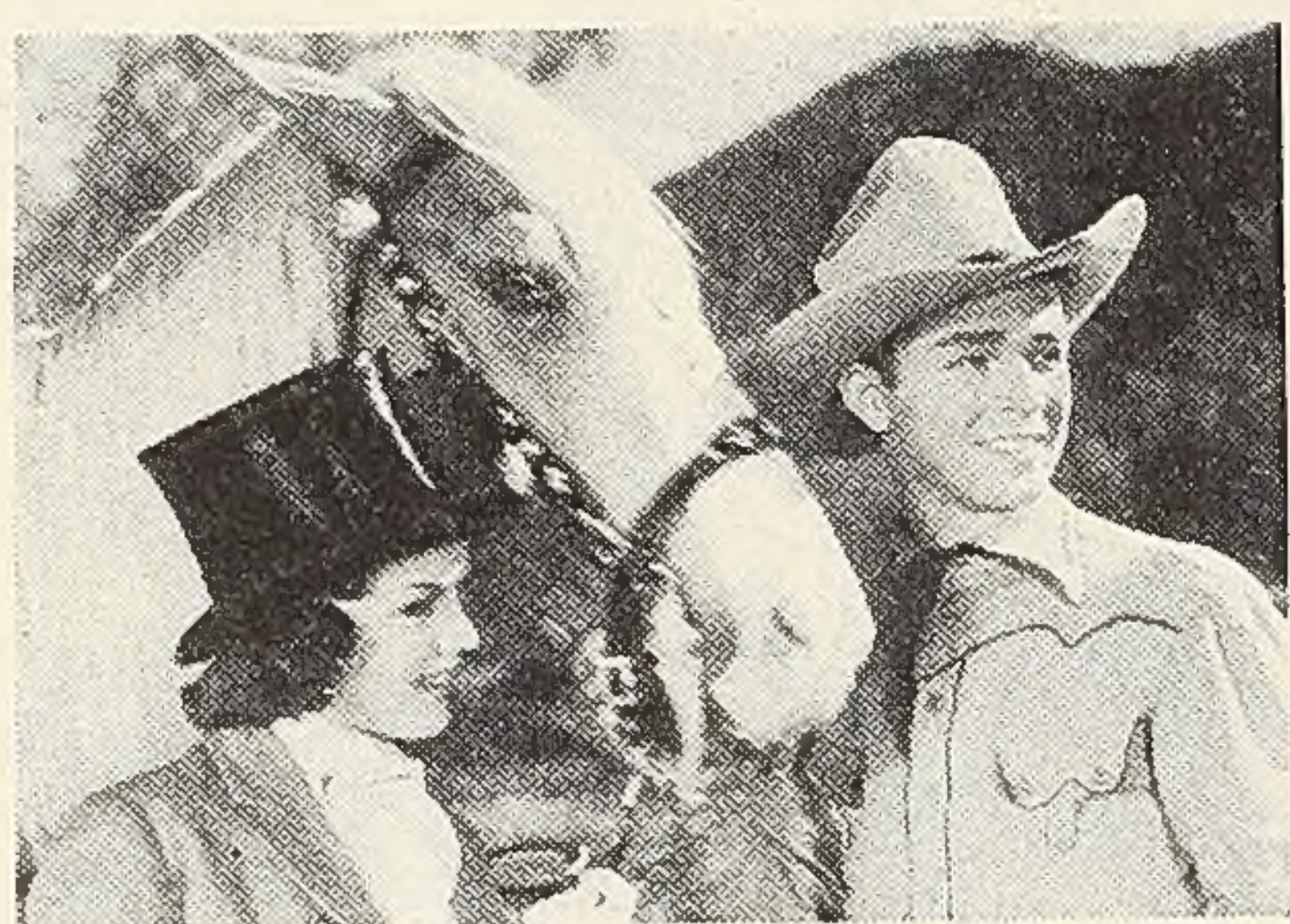
20th
Century-
Fox



Reflections of the American Legion convention in New York last fall serve as a colorful background for further adventures of *Quirt* and *Flagg* of the well-remembered films about war buddies. Vic McLaglen is in his old rôle, with Brian Donlevy as the too-smart pal Edmund Lowe used to play. Raymond Walburn comes close to stealing the show as a sugar daddy who falls in love with Louise Hovick.

Under
Western
Stars

Republic



A new western star—just like that—pops up on the wide horizons of those lands out yonder where men are men, and the movies they act in give you a run for your time and admission money. Roy Rogers, ladies and gentlemen, *belongs*. He sings nicely, acts with the abashed naturalness of a Gary Cooper, and handles a pony with ease and abandon. His first starring film is good-humored, active, and mighty entertaining.

College
Swing

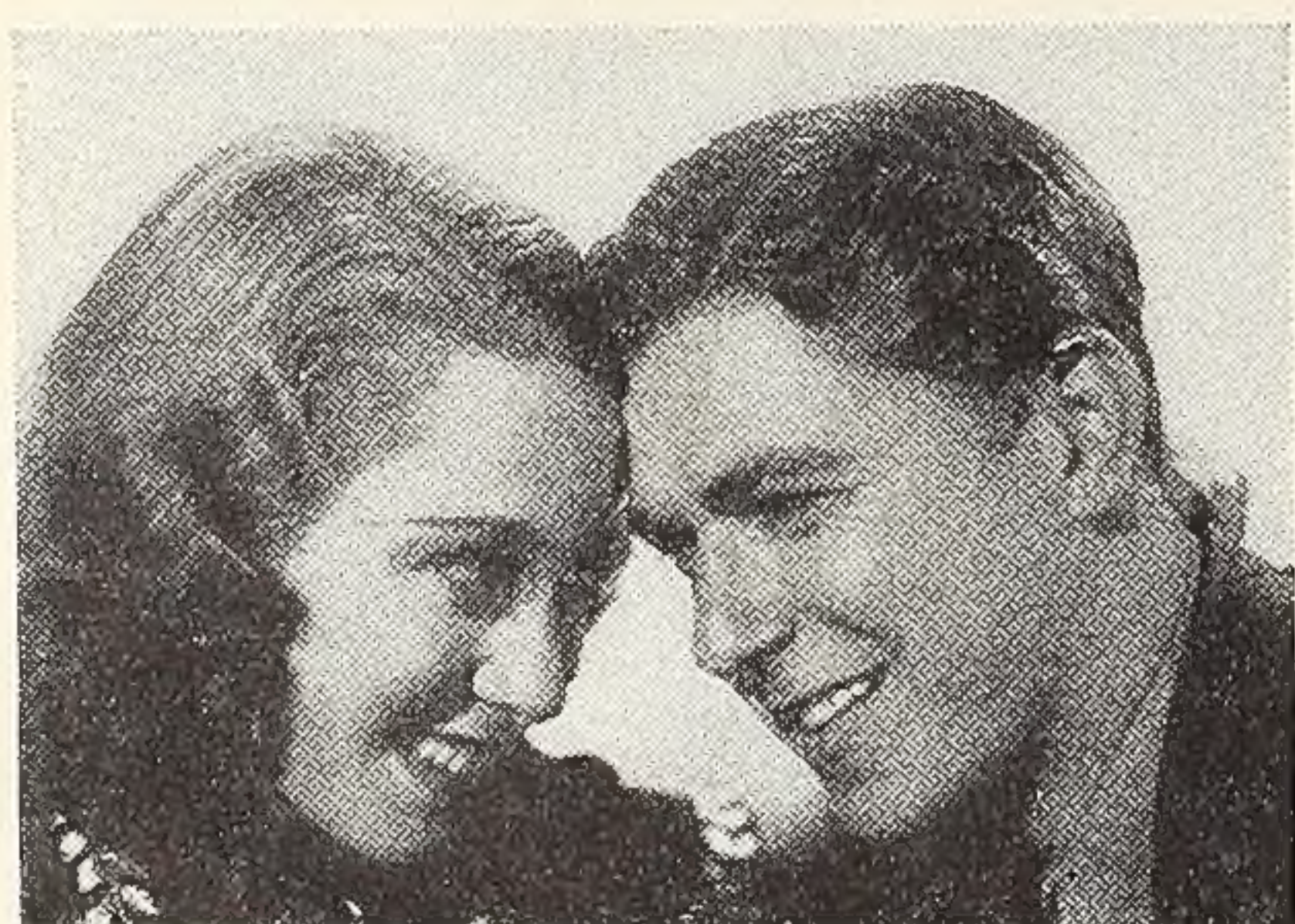
Paramount



Loads of talent bogged down in a disjointed yarn about a college Gracie Allen inherits and runs *her* way. Gracie, George Burns, Martha Raye, Eddie Horton, Ben Blue, Betty Grable, Jackie Coogan and others appear, and specialties that might have been fun had they been offered simply because they amuse get tangled up in a "plot" that bores from within—it would even bore from *outside* the 3-mile limit.

Acci-
dents
Will
Happen

Warners



A routine contribution of the newspaper-headline variety of story about gangs who "take" insurance companies. The hero, a competent and very likeable chap as played by Ronald Reagan, is an insurance adjuster who is victimized by the "ring" and his not-at-all-loyal wife. Gloria Blondell is the girl who helps Ronald defeat his enemies; Dick Purcell and Sheila Bromley are prominent members of a pleasing cast.

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53

Cocoa-
nut
Grove

Paramount



Score another for Fred MacMurray and put this down as right entertaining vaudeville with variations on the romance theme. It follows the fortunes of Bandmaster MacMurray and his swing outfit, as they "trailer" to California and an engagement at the famed Cocoanut Grove. Ben Blue, the Yacht Club Boys, Harry Owens and his orchestra are among added attractions. Harriet Hilliard is Fred's love interest.

Sinners
in
Paradise

Universal



What happens when you get stranded on an island with companions you didn't pick! Frankly, we didn't find anything especially exciting in this view of what happened to four women and five men who drop into the sea in a disabled plane and find an island inhabited by John Boles and his Chinese servant. Boles, Madge Evans, Bruce Cabot, Marion Martin, Gene Lockhart act it well enough to sustain a fair degree of interest.

Call of
the
Yukon

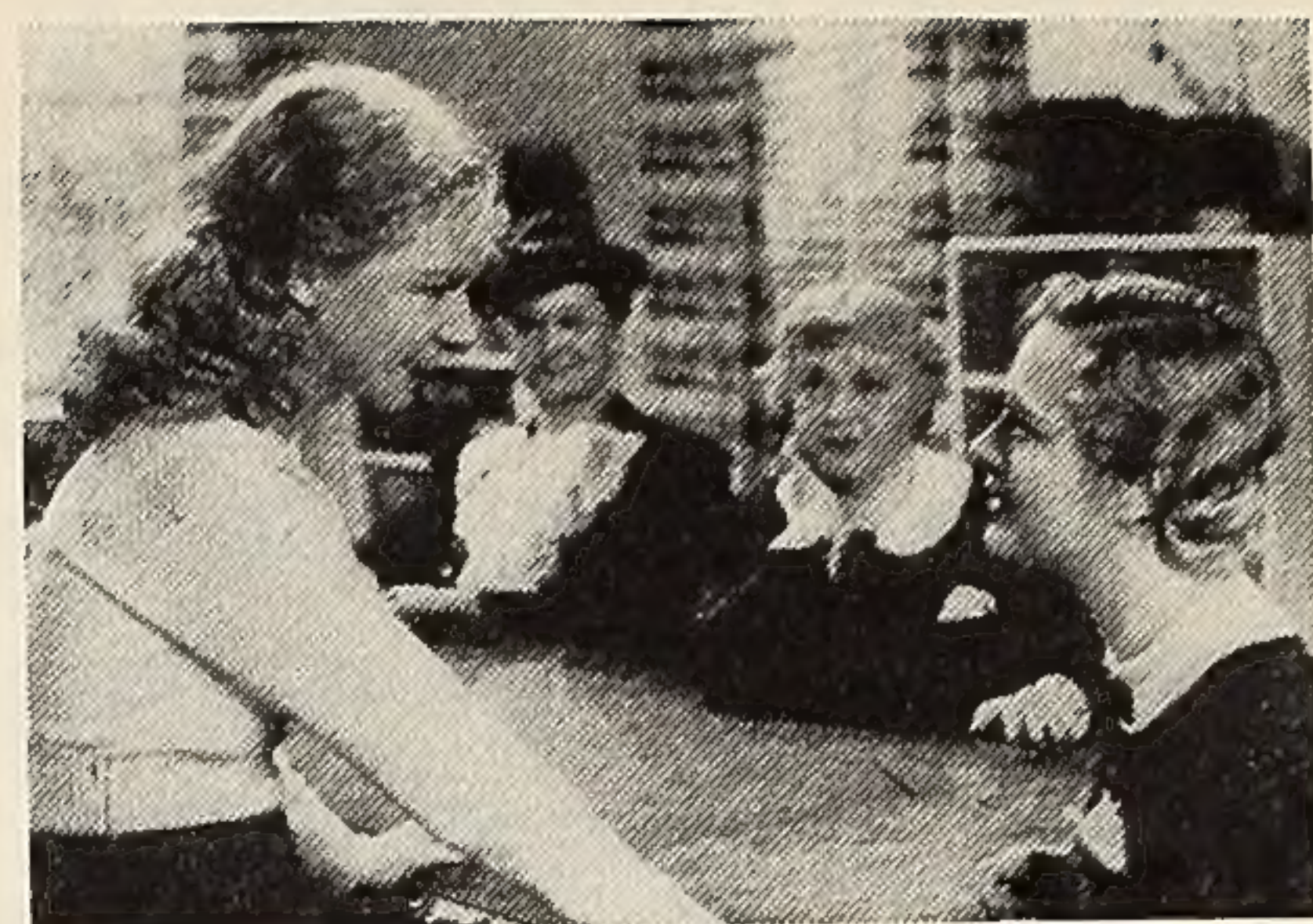
Republic



Two stories in one picture that you will be seeing on a double feature bill; with the dog story taking the play away from the romance of two men and a girl in the land of the big snows. We're not belittling the acting of Dick Arlen, Lyle Talbot, and Beverly Roberts in saying that—the dogs have the best breaks, and they are good actors, too! Scenically this is good melodrama—entertaining but unconvincing.

Beloved
Brat

Warners



As a misunderstood adolescent, Bonita Granville makes things pretty hot around her house with tantrums that are not without an amusing side for the audience however much they may not be welcomed by her preoccupied parents. Bonita registers a realistic and at times a striking character delineation as a girl hopelessly at odds with her environment until a school teacher. Dolores Costello, comes to her aid. Good.

Go
Chase
Yourself

RKO-
Radio



Long before this one finishes its run many are going to toss that title right back at the producers, because Joe Penner can't carry such a burden to success, and even Joe's best friends will soon realize that to their chagrin. A confused, too-plotty yarn about a bank clerk mixed up in a robbery and a kidnapping works up, too late, to some laughs in a frenzied finish. Lucille Ball helps some. So does Fritz Feld.

Torchy
Blane in
Panama

Warners



A new *Torchy*, the attractive Lola Lane, up to the old and well favored tricks of the newspaper gal who beats her boy friend, the detective, to a capture of the fellow who filched the bankroll. It is good average fare as developed in this particular item of a popular series; often exciting, always speedy stuff. Paul Kelly, Tom Kennedy, and a good supporting cast keep things moving and offer a chuckle or two besides.

Troopship

Korda-
United
Artists



Episodic but individually effective details of dramatic situations in the lives of British troops home-bound after long service in India. There are stirring moments, such as the arrival at Southampton, but decidedly designed for home consumption with far more emotional response from British than American audiences. There is good acting of the restrained type by Leslie Banks, Flora Robson, and others in a large cast.



FROM STAGE HIT
TO SCREEN SENSATION in a blaze of glorious romance
 and heart-lighting laughter! . . . The play that pierced the armor of New
 York . . . screened in all the punch and drama and excitement
 that kept it running month after month on Broadway! . . . Get
 your hoped-for thrills from the screen this summer . . .
 in the vacation-camp romance that piles up all the
 adventures you've ever dreamed for yourself
 in new places among strange faces! . . .
DON'T LET ANYTHING KEEP YOU AWAY!



GINGER ROGERS AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.

Having Wonderful Time

WITH

PEGGY CONKLIN · LUCILLE BALL · LEE BOWMAN
RICHARD (RED) SKELTON · ANN MILLER · DONALD MEEK

A PANDRO S. BERMAN Production · Directed by ALFRED SANTELL

Screen play by
ARTHUR KOBER
 Adapted from his
 New York Stage suc-
 cess as produced by
MARC CONNELLY



WHY ACTRESSES

USE A
**HOSPITAL-PROVED
CLEANSING CREAM!**

Go into the most famous dressing-rooms of Broadway and Hollywood... how often you'll see Albolene Solid used for removing make-up!

Actresses know they can trust Albolene Solid... because it's so pure and efficient that *many hospitals have used it for over 20 years!*



ECONOMICAL!

What finer cleanser could you ask than one used *both* by leading hospitals and actresses? Get Albolene Solid now. Professional pound tin only \$1. Big jar, only 50¢.

ALBOLENE
SOLID
CLEANSING CREAM



20 FINE PHOTOGRAPHS

of popular movie stars, positively best poses, post card size.

Price only \$1.00.

Another series of 20 different poses will be published in a few months. This is a real treat for star photo collectors. Send \$1.00 with your order to

BROADWAY POST CARD CO.
1472 Broadway, New York.

WANTED ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS

For Immediate Consideration... Send Poems to
COLUMBIAN MUSIC PUBLISHERS LTD., Dept. 13, Toronto, Can.

NEVER A HUNGRY MOMENT

HOW AMAZING NEW
EXTERNAL REDUCER

**MAKES YOU
LOSE FAT!**

SAFELY - EASILY - QUICKLY - Or No Cost

NO LIQUID, PILLS, OR LAXATIVES TO TAKE. NO
DIETING - NO EXERCISING - LOSE POUNDS & INCHES

If you're too fat, not due to gland trouble—if dieting is a hardship and you fear drugs—just eat 3 square meals daily and rub on delightful Dr. Laun's Stimulating and Reducing BALM. Pay nothing if reducible pounds and inches of excess fat doesn't melt away almost like magic from neck, double chin, arms, bust, abdomen, hips, calves, ankles and feet. You are the judge. If the first 10 days' treatment doesn't show the way to lose bulky weight, regain slender, fashionable youthful curves, gain in health and vigor, **without one minute's discomfort**, return the empty treatment for full refund.

SEND NO MONEY—TEST AT OUR RISK

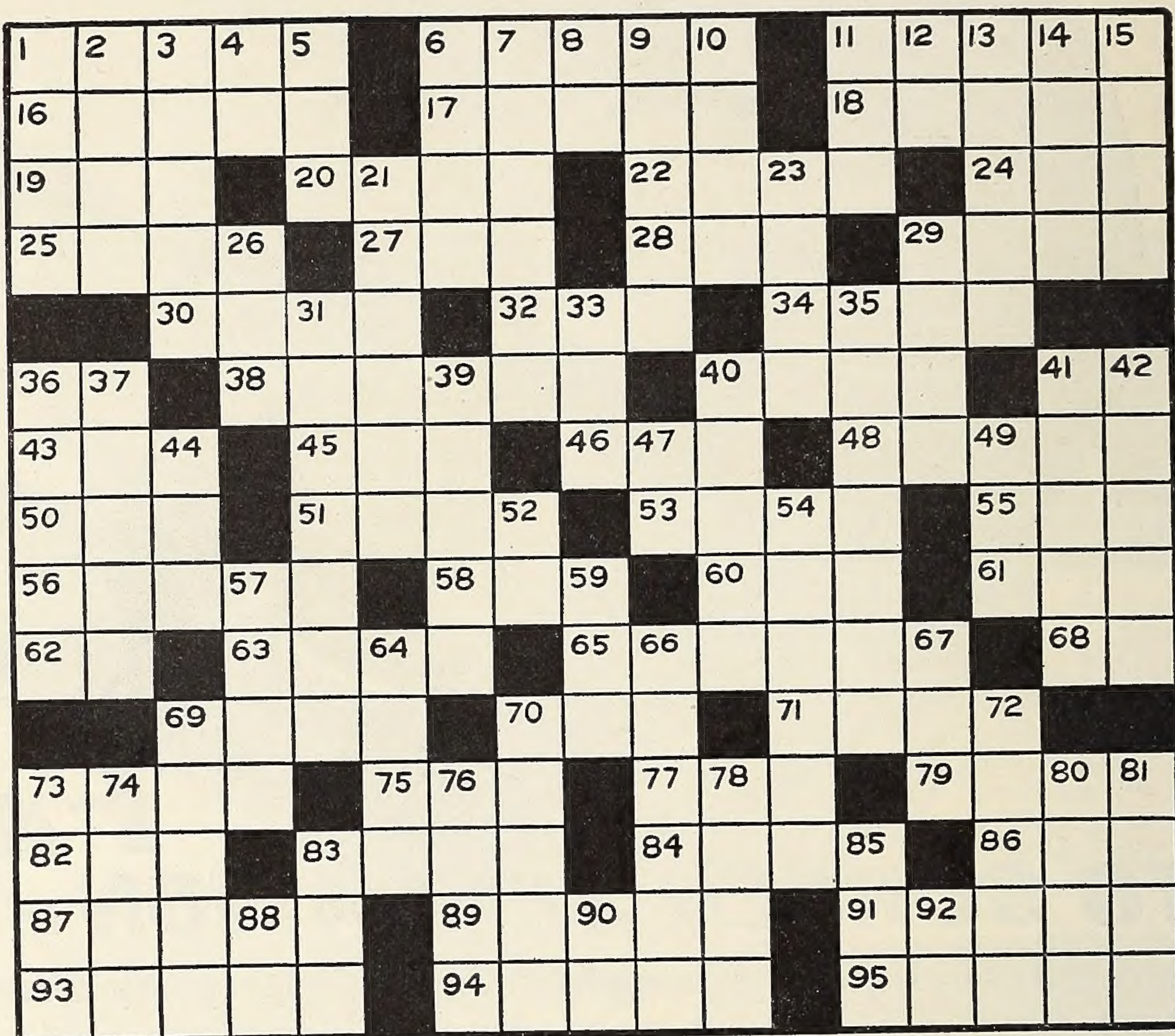


Write today for the 10-day treatment of Dr. Laun's Reducing and Stimulating BALM. Deposit \$1.00 plus postage with postman when it arrives. Money refund **GUARANTEED** on return of empty treatment if you're not delighted with results in 10 days. Send remittance with order and we pay postage. Don't delay. Test this new easy way to reduce at our risk.

Dr. Laun Sales Co., Dep. 5-SC, 207 N. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



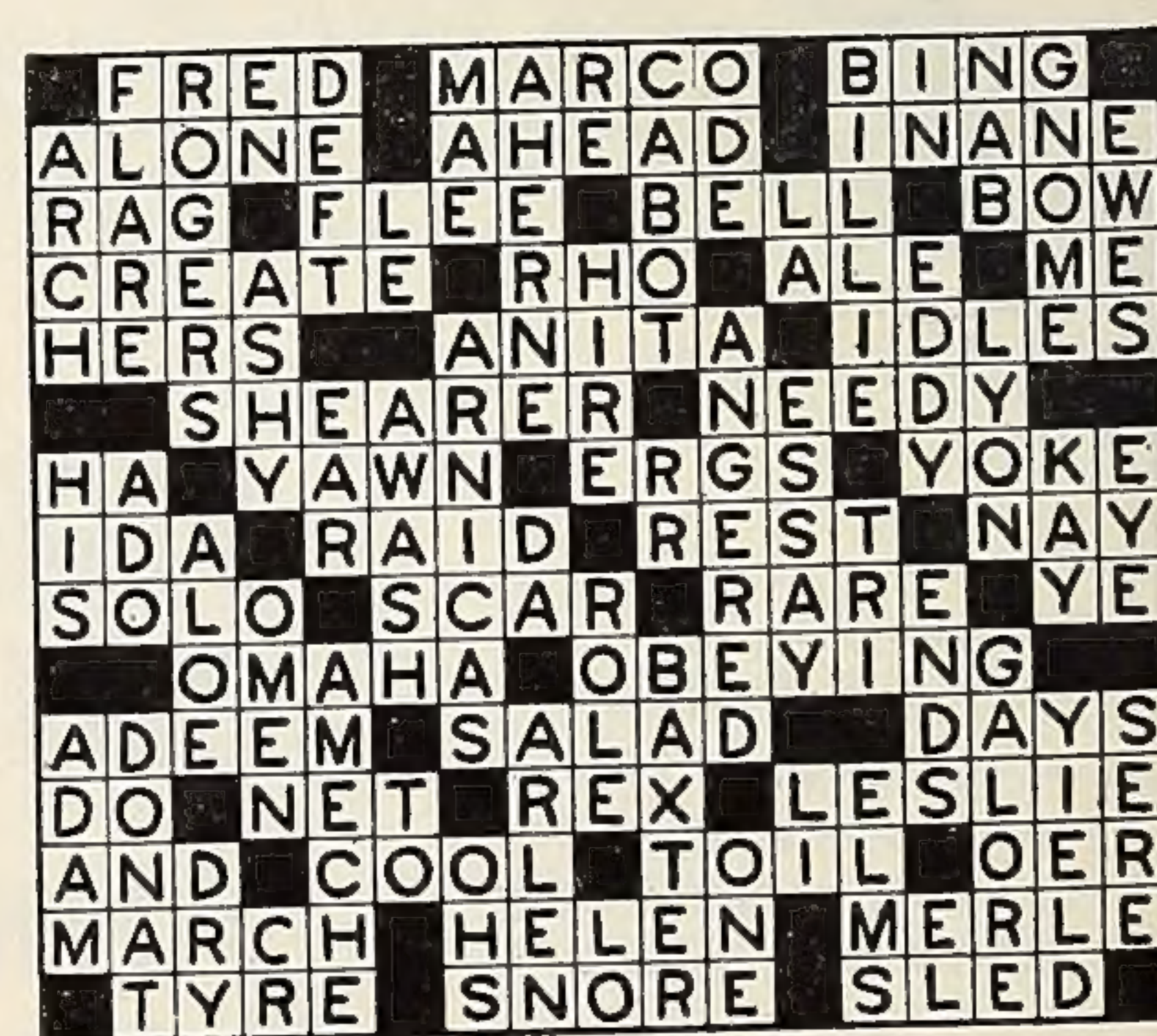
ACROSS

1. His new one is "Test Pilot"
6. Singing star of "I'll Take Romance"
11. She stars in "Jezebel"
16. Star of "Adventures of Robin Hood"
17. Kingly
18. She sang "hot songs" in "Happy Landing"
19. Born
20. Eager, excited
22. He's featured in "The Big Broadcast of 1938," and "College Swing"
24. An s-shaped worm
25. Sunburns
27. Reverential fear
28. A big tree
29. A morsel of food
30. A beer stein or pitcher
32. Beaten track
34. Water jug
36. Since
38. Most rational
40. A continent
41. Exist
43. To offer
45. A stick or wand
46. To make a mistake
48. His new one is "Test Pilot"
50. I love (Latin)
51. Edge
53. Roguish, coy
55. Pointed rock
56. She rose to stardom on skates
58. Not many
60. Native metal
61. Sea eagle
62. Printers' measure
63. A wild party
65. He co-starred in "It's love I'm After"
68. Continent (abbrev.)
69. Alarm
70. To cry
71. Former Russian ruler
73. An object of worship
75. What screen players do for a living

DOWN

77. Female sheep
79. His new one is "Dr. Rhythm"
82. Large wine cask
83. Classical musical instrument
84. To relax
86. Meadow
87. Comic star of "Ali Baba Goes to Town"
89. Famous Greek writer of fables
91. Arabian prince
93. Intended
94. Co-star of "Bringing Up Baby"
95. He married Mary Pickford
1. A man (slang)
2. Region, tract
3. He's featured in "Jezebel"
4. Behold!
5. Highest note in old musical scale
6. To get bigger
7. Star of "Vivacious Lady"
8. Forever
9. Villain in "Bad Man of Brimstone"
10. Scottish "swing" singer (in "Goldwyn Follies")
11. This insect makes honey
12. And, in a French talkie
13. Belonging to them
14. A movie try-out
15. Otherwise
21. Star of "A Star Is Born"
23. Popular musical instruments (slang)
26. Ship's signal of distress
29. A kind of animal
31. She was very moving as "Stella Dallas"
33. Indian
35. "Brat" child star
36. To humble
37. She co-stars in "Josette"
39. To enlighten, instruct
40. An Indian's weapon
41. Seed of an oak tree
42. She co-stars in "Test Pilot"
44. Co-star of "Josette"
47. Sun-god
49. Dined
52. Myself
54. Large wooden boxes
57. Star of "Wells-Fargo"
59. What person?
64. A dull color
66. Star of "Divorce of Lady X"
67. To put on (as face powder)
69. He's featured in "Jezebel"
70. To guide (as a car)
72. Angered (colloquial)
73. Paragraph
74. A fop or dandy
76. Steep rock
78. Cried
80. Poverty
81. He plays Marco Polo
83. To allow
85. A tag or flap
88. "— Old Chicago"
90. A continent (abbrev.)
92. Greek letter

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee



Simone Simon as star of "Josette."

Ann De. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born in New York City, December 9, 1907. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall, has light brown hair and blue eyes. Was educated at Collegiate Military Academy, New York, Harvard, and art school in Paris. His current picture is "Having Wonderful Time," in which Ginger Rogers is starred.

Mrs. J. W. All about Mary Carlisle? Born in Boston, Massachusetts. Educated in a convent until 8 years old, after which private tutors continued her education. She danced in musicals; was given her first important rôle in a technicolor short, "The Devil's Cabaret." A few of her outstanding rôles were in "Grand Hotel," "College Humor," "Grand Old Girl," and "Lady Be Careful." She lives with her mother in Hollywood. She is 5 feet, 1 inch tall, weighs 100 pounds, has ash blonde hair and blue eyes. Her latest film is "Doctor Rhythm," with Bing Crosby.

E. S. Deanna Durbin was born in Winnipeg, Canada, December 4, 1922. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. Write to Universal Studios, Universal City, California, for her photograph.

H. C. V. Luise Rainer is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player; Paul Muni, a Warner Bros. star, and they are not married to each other—Luise is Mrs. Clifford Odets and Paul is married to a non-professional. You must have seen "Good Earth," and thought they were Mr. & Mrs. in real life!

Interested. Claudette Colbert was born in Paris, France, September 13, 1905. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall, has brown hair and eyes. She is a Paramount star; the Paramount Studio is in Hollywood, California. Olivia de Havilland was born in Tokyo, Japan, June 1, 1916, of American parents.

Sylvia T. Yes, Allan Jones is married, to Irene Herve. They have a baby son. Jeanette MacDonald is with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Tyrone Power is a 20th Century-Fox player. "Stage Door" was released. October 8, 1937.



NEW-TYPE ICE DEODORANT Is greaseless and actually cooling —checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

NOW, a deodorant that has *everything*—an ICE DEODORANT!

It's easy to put on! It's actually cooling! It's absolutely greaseless! Its own fresh odor evaporates immediately! It *checks perspiration*!

The wonderful new Odorono ICE is based on a brand-new principle. A gentle, cooling ICE deodorant that goes on like a vanishing cream and disappears completely. It is not greasy or sticky.

And here's another thing about this new ICE that will thrill you. It checks perspiration the instant you apply it . . . banishes worry over stained dresses and

offending odors up to three days!

Its texture, too, is delightful. So light and easy to spread. And its clean, wholesome smell of pure alcohol disappears as soon as it's on, leaving you fresh, dainty—cool.

After the first application you'll understand why so many of the women who have tried it prefer the new Odorono ICE. You'll never have another moment's uneasiness about underarm odor or perspiration.

Try this sure, easy way of guarding your charm. Get a jar of the new Odorono ICE tomorrow . . . only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments.

● "Safe—cuts down clothing damage, when used carefully according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 7-S-8*, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



ODO-RO-NO ICE
COOLING—NON-GREASY



*I notice the girls with
lovely eyes are using
Winx Mascara!*

Says
VIRGINIA JUDD,
Recently voted the most
beautiful model in America.

Thousands of women every day are changing to this better mascara... because WINX is *different*! It has a *finer texture*...clings closer...seems to be *part of your lashes*. Makes lashes dark, luxuriant, silky... accents the star-like beauty of your eyes in a more *natural* way. Try WINX today!

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Get WINX mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil—in the GREEN PACKAGES—at all drug, department and ten-cent stores

Change
to **WINX**
the Finer Quality
M A S C A R A

LOSE FAT
Controllable

OHIO NURSE
Lost 47 Lbs.
...tells how!

●Would you like to get rid of controllable fat quickly? Then do something about it! You are possibly one of those many overweight people who are embarrassed and made uncomfortable with unsightly fat. Here is a suggestion: do what thousands of others have done, try the easy way to lose this fat, like Mrs. Gladysse Ryer, Registered Nurse, of Dayton, Ohio. She writes: "I had been overweight for 13 years and was getting heavier. Then I tried RE-DUCE-OIDS and lost 47 lbs. Results were most satisfactory!" Mrs. J. Fulfs, Honey Creek, Ia., writes: "Lost 34 lbs. Delighted!" Mrs. Porter Tyler of Crandon, Wis., writes: "Reduced 67 lbs., felt better from the start." Miss Dorothy Lawrence of Detroit reports reducing 36 lbs. Violet Haskett, Registered Nurse, San Francisco, writes: "Lost 27 lbs. with RE-DUCE-OIDS—felt fine ever since. Recommend them to my friends." These letters are typical of the many we receive telling of the wonderful success people have with RE-DUCE-OIDS. Why not follow these Nurses' examples, and try RE-DUCE-OIDS, the modern, easy way? Pleasant to take. Millions of genuine RE-DUCE-OIDS have been sold by reliable stores for the past 23 years. Sold by your druggist or department store. (If out—have him phone his wholesaler for RE-DUCE-OIDS—today.) If unable to obtain RE-DUCE-OIDS write American Medicinal Products, Inc., Dept. S387, 746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.



**Read
What
Others
Write**

Inside the Stars' Homes



Gail Patrick is your gorgeous hostess—a modern Hollywood heroine devoted to old-fashioned standards of hospitality

By Betty Boone

WHEN the Robert Cobbs get around to building their very own home, it will be a Southern Colonial house, furnished with as many authentic antiques as they can find.

"It may be a slightly modernized Colonial type house," qualified Gail Patrick (Mrs. Cobb in private life), "and I can assure you every piece of furniture will be livable, comfortable and useful—none of those gingerbread affairs that come apart in your hands, or chairs that ram into your backbone! We want things that will endure, that grow more beautiful with age."

In the meantime, and while the young Cobbs spend leisure moments poring over blueprints, sketches, and samples of chintz, even as you and I, they live in a white house with a white tiled roof and blue awnings.

"When we took the house, it was supposed to be furnished," confided my hostess, "but we've redone it chair by chair, drape by drape. We're on the sunroom now. When we build, we can transfer the furniture in the rooms we finish, if we're sure we like it, just as it is. I think you have to live with things for a time before you know they belong in your home."

"Here's one thing I adore!" She indicated an old-time barometer hung on the stairway. "It goes wherever we go, when we build. When we were up in Victoria, I saw this in a little shop and thought it quaint. The price seemed a trifle steep so I left the shop without it, but after a day

The patrician Miss Patrick, who is Mrs. Robert Cobb in private life, lights the table tapers for her informal dinner party, above.

or so I decided I couldn't do without it, and went back. This time, I was told it wasn't for sale. English people are fussy about selling you their treasures, you know; they hate to part with anything unless they are certain you are the kind of person who will appreciate it. Of course I was perfectly sure that no one could appreciate the barometer as much as I would, and I tried to argue. I even called up the owner, a sea captain, who had had it in his family for ages, and disliked him frightfully because he wouldn't give in. And why all the reticence, do you think? It seems that my husband remembered I had a birthday coming, so he had bought the barometer himself but left it in the shop so I should be surprised! It's the little stories that go with the collection of nice pieces that add to the fun of getting a home together, don't you think?"

The guest room, now finished, is one of Gail's special triumphs. It's early American, with old-fashioned wall paper, homespun rug, an old maple four-poster bed—the knobs on the posts perfectly huge!—ladderback chairs, and a Biedemeyer chest over which Gail gloats whenever she passes the door.

"When we build,"—that's the refrain of the Cobb household—"when we build, there's going to be a copper kitchen," said Gail, her dark eyes shining with that special shine that belongs to young wives talking about new homes. "Bob is mad about copper. He says it's the best material for cooking utensils because it distributes the heat evenly."

Every month, Mr. Cobb celebrates the wedding "anniversary" with a gift made of copper toward that dream kitchen of the

future. Often he imports these fine gifts. "Last month he gave me these tiny hot water copper pots from Sweden," she pointed out. "They are for individual service, so that each guest can make his own tea to suit himself. Almost too lovely to use! This month he gave me a Turkish coffee pot. It's solid bronze but it's been copper-plated. Isn't it beautiful? Bob is very fond of Turkish coffee and we serve it sometimes after dinner, with a French dainty I believe SCREENLAND readers might like to try. Sometimes people have to get used to Turkish coffee before they like it, but others simply rave about it after the first cup."

Gail doesn't pretend to know anything about cooking and most recipes come from her capable cook, but this is her explanation of the making of Turkish coffee:

"Turkish coffee is very finely ground coffee; you use one teaspoonful of it for each demi-tasse cup required. First you boil the water, then add the sugar (one-half or one teaspoon to each cup, according to your taste), then add the coffee to the boiling sugar and water. When you add the coffee, you will have to remove the pot from the direct flame or the pot will boil over. Then put the pot back over the flame five or six times, taking it off and putting it on, meantime stirring with a spoon until you have extracted the full value of the coffee from the bean. Serve in demi-tasse cups without spoons. Turks, I understand, drink the

coffee grounds and swirl their cups around until they get them all."

FRENCH DAINTY

Crust:

3 cups flour.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco.
 Pinch salt.
 Sufficient water to moisten.

Line shallow muffin tins with this crust, after rolling it out, and put 2 tablespoons filling in each.

Filling:
 2 eggs.
 2 tablespoons melted Crisco.
 1 cup brown sugar.
 1 cup currants.
 1 teaspoon Burnett's vanilla.

Beat eggs light, add sugar, melted Crisco, currants and vanilla together. Bake until set, about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

Because Mr. Cobb is supervising one or other of Hollywood's favorite restaurants, (Please turn to page 90)



Gail Patrick Cobb, lovely in her white satin-striped hostess gown, smiles at you above her very modern glass dining-table, which is loaded with Gail's ideas of traditional Southern hospitality. You'll want to try the tempting recipes included in the accompanying story.

23

and no sign of "middle aisting"?

DON'T LET THE BEST YEARS
FOR MARRIAGE SLIP BY!

Here are some suggestions...

No matter what your age, remember: romance comes to girls with charm. If it seems to pass you by, you may be neglecting charm's first essential . . . remember it is *daintiness* that wins.

Avoid Offending

Just one hint of "undie odor" is enough to spoil any romance. Don't risk it! Lux undies every night!

Lux takes away all odor—protects your daintiness. Saves colors, too. Avoid soap with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing. These wear out delicate things too fast. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Protect daintiness—Lux lingerie daily

Best years for marriage:

Figures based on 60,000 marriages show that most girls marry in their early 20's—58% before they are 24. However, women who are truly charming can marry at any age.

FROM GREAT STORIES COME THE GREATEST PICTURES!

... and here is the story
the author of "Treasure
Island" always considered
his best!... now on the
screen for the first time!
...spectacularly produced
by 20th Century-Fox!

*Strangely they met...gallantly
they risked their lives for each
other...a valiant three against
a nation's vengeful might!*

Robert Louis Stevenson's
Kidnapped

with

WARNER BAXTER • FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW

in the role you always
wanted him to play

in his first picture since
"Captains Courageous"

ARLEEN WHELAN

the year's emotional discovery in her sensational debut

C. AUBREY SMITH • REGINALD OWEN

JOHN CARRADINE • NIGEL BRUCE • MILES MANDER

RALPH FORBES • H. B. WARNER • ARTHUR HOHL

E. E. CLIVE • HALLIWELL HOBBS • MONTAGU LOVE

and a cast of 5,000

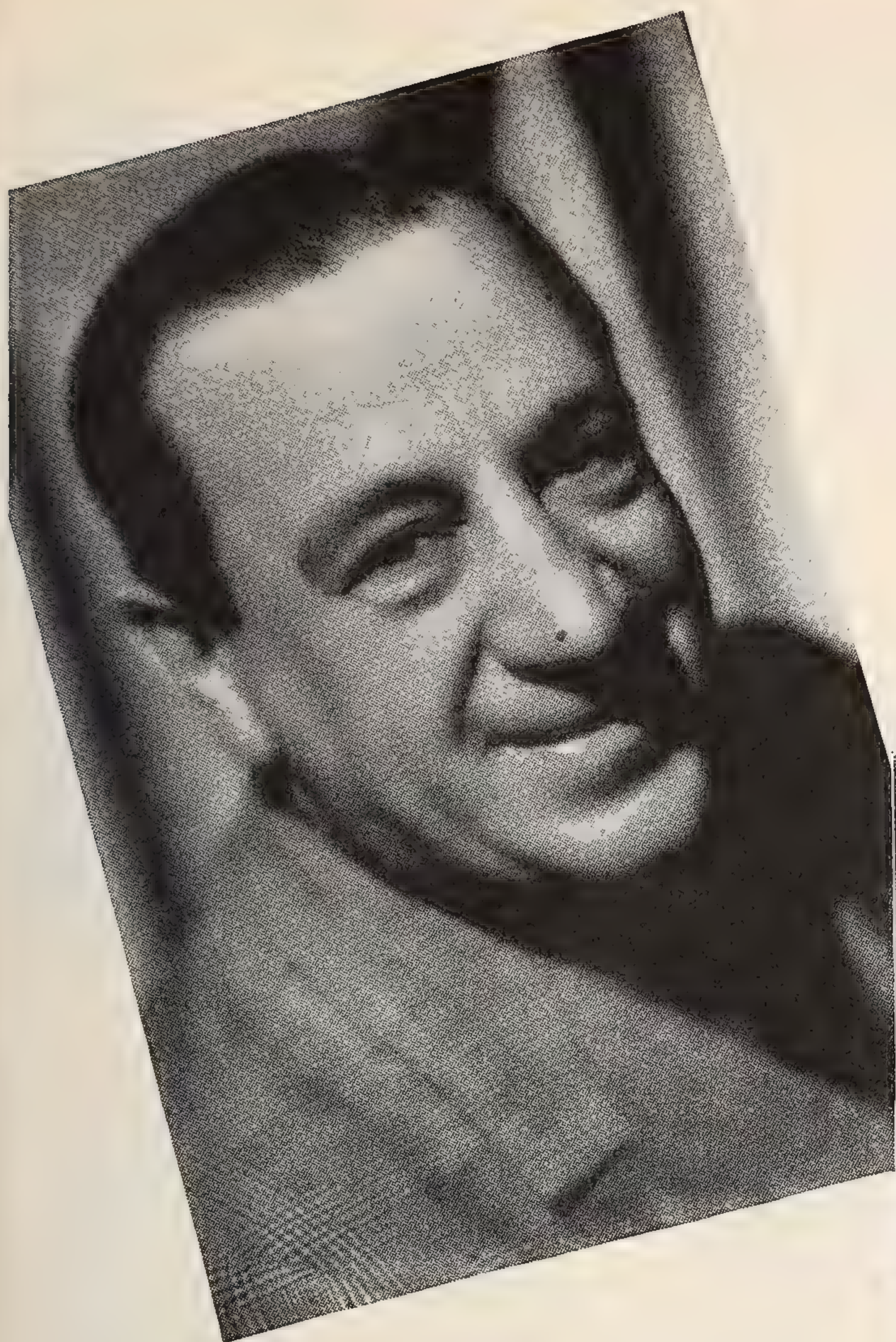
Directed by Alfred Werker
director of "The House of Rothschild"

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by
Sonya Levien, Eleanor Harris, Ernest Pascal and Edwin Blum

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production

A NEW TRIUMPH IN BIG-PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT!



The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Hugh Herbert

Hugh himself, above. Right,
"Mr. Woo-Woo." Far right,
with Mrs. Herbert.



DEAR MR. WOO-WOO:

I was a fugitive from the "Woo-woo" gang. "Oh," everybody told me, "you'll be crazy about Hugh Herbert when you meet him. He's a great guy. Why, he's Mayor of Studio City, you know; and he has a heart as big as all outdoors, and you should just hear him tell a story—and say, when he gives that 'Woo-woo,' well—!"

That was just the trouble. That "Woo-woo." I laughed very loud the first time I heard you do it on the screen. Gosh, it was funny—so unexpected, so supremely silly that it wasn't possible to resist it. And nobody even tried. The world went "Woo-woo"-mad: college boys took it up; cocktail-lounge comics began to clap hands and whistle "Woo-woo"; professional life-of-the-parties all over the place would prance around in the fond hope that they were making faces and gestures just like yours. They weren't. It was awful. And it was all your fault.

That explains why I was in hiding from "Woo-woo"—but I need not have worried. Practically everybody was going "Woo-woo" except the man who invented it. You look far more like a successful high-powered business man with a good tailor than like a celebrated zany. You never, I discovered, tell your stories until urged. Your humor is of the slyly quiet kind; you are more retiring even than Harold Lloyd. Not a "Woo-woo" in an evening with you. Nevertheless you are a haunted man. On the street, in theatres and restaurants, no matter where you go, your exclamatory trademark pursues you. You enter a room with your smart and charming wife Rose on your arm. "Hi, Woo-woo!" squeals a young lovely across the Raleigh Room. "Oooh, it's that funny Mister Woo-woo!" gurgles a dowager. "Well, if it

isn't old man Woo-woo himself!" booms an otherwise conservative banker-type. Then they all stand off and stare and wait for you to be funny. You were supposed to be on a vacation, but that didn't matter to them. Of course, acting funny is your business and you go to work Woo-wooing every day just like any business man goes to his office; but people expect you to give away a good quarter-million dollars' worth of "Woo-woo" anyway. At Jack Dempsey's the crush was thicker than for Gary Cooper, and Jack shouldered his way through the crowd to whisper in your ear: "Shall I sneak you out of here?" Just then a kid sidled in—he looked as if he was afraid to be hustled out by the neck any minute. "Hello, Woo-woo," he croaked. "Kin I have your autygraph?" "I suppose you take 'em outside and sell 'em a dozen for a dime," you winked. "Naw, honest I don't," said the boy. "You kin write my own name on the card if you don't believe it."

It went on like that and I began to weaken. Your good humor, patience, and genuine interest in the other fellow got me. When you reminisced a little about your twenty-odd years in vaudeville; and about early-talkie days when you wrote the first mumble-movie, "Lights of New York"; and about "Butch the Killer"—who happens to be a pint-sized pup on your ranch—I gave in. The glamor boys and girls could learn a lot in tolerance and common sense from you. Come on, everybody—"Woo-woo" for Hugh.

Delight Evans

What Price Motherhood in Hollywood?

By Elizabeth Wilson



America's most poignant problem focalizes in film-land. Famous beauties face the facts fearlessly, and we present them to you

"I CAN'T understand," said the enthusiastic editor of a national woman's magazine at a Hollywood dinner party recently, "why there are so few babies in Hollywood! During my two weeks' visit here I have seen the most beautiful dogs in the world, the most beautiful horses in the world, and the most beautiful homes in the world. But nowhere—in the world—have I seen such an appalling lack of children. Don't movie stars believe in motherhood?"

"Oh, we have babies here," answered one of those professional defenders of Hollywood, who at the drop of a hat will slip into her shining armor and go on a Cinema City Crusade, "lots of them. Barbara Stanwyck has a cute little boy, Irene Dunne an adorable little girl she calls Missy, Loretta Young a little curly-top named Judy, Miriam Hopkins a sturdy little boy—"

"But they are all adopted children," interrupted the editor. "Mind you, I make no criticism of any actress in Hollywood who has taken a motherless baby from an orphanage and given it love, a home, and the many advantages of a family. It's a noble and wonderful thing to do. But it is what we call the 'easy way' to motherhood."

"Quite a few of our stars bear their own children," snapped the defender of Hollywood. "There's Joan Blondell. She has one child and is expecting another very soon. There's—"

of a Movie Fan

Spencer Tracy
Jay Coppers
Randolph Scott

Claudette Colbert

Barbara Stanwyck



Sylvia Sidney, above, surrenders her signature to admirers. Right, Henry Fonda, with his wife — Hank's "difficult," is he? Below, gracious Margot Grahame; then amiable Arthur Treacher surrounded by school-girls.



AUTOGRAPH FIENDS

By Donald Humphries

but it is only natural that flesh-and-blood contact, and personal contact at that, with the personality from behind the flickering shadows seen on a screen should become the real reality, if you get what I mean, ever afterward in any consideration of individual players.

I shall never forget my vivid impression of Claudette Colbert, whom I had always considered, oh, good enough in pictures, intelligent of course, and sure of herself always, but never one to build dreams around. In person, walking down the street, however, she was all alive, a charming, gracious woman, intelligent, yes, but perhaps sympathetic is the one word closest to what she represented to me, as, with a little word or two of greeting, she signed my books and walked on with her companion.

Another pleasant surprise, but in a delightfully different way, was the late Jean Harlow, long a darling of scribes and photographers for reasons I was to find out for myself. It was one busy noon. Confusion was on every side as traffic poured along boulevards and out from side streets when, crossing the street in an evident hurry I spied the luscious Jean clad in old slacks and a rough sweater. Before she could reach my curb I was ready for her and she looked up with a frown of dismay for a moment. Then her face cleared all at once in a grin and, with the gesture of the true sport, she reached for my pen, saying, "Well, if I'm late, I'll just have M-G-M send the bill to you!" Gone was the glamor and studied air of indifference movie stars are supposed to develop—for their own protection. Instead, here was an instinctively friendly person. There was something infectious about her camaraderie and I walked away from her with a new stride.

(Please turn to page 84)



Milland's Manor

JUST a few short years ago (Hollywood time) Ray Milland dined exclusively at the soda fountain of a Sunset Boulevard drug store. Those were lean days for Ray and the monotonous diet of dry sandwiches, pickles, and cheap cake added little to his zest for living. But he was young, healthy, and full of British charm. Some day, he promised himself, he would make good in pictures and have a home of his own. And, being a promising young man, he kept his word.

On last New Year's Eve Ray moved into his own home. Being a bit of a sentimentalist he wanted to greet Nineteen-Thirty-Eight under the first roof he had ever owned in his life. Besides, wasn't it his wife's birthday? All day long Ray and a moving van made countless trips from the old house to the new. A day or two extra might have given the workmen a chance to add that finishing touch. But nothing was going to stand in the way of this moment that Ray had dreamed of for so long. Just at midnight, while the rest of the world worked itself up into a festive mood, the Millands drank a toast and gave thanks that they were home at last.

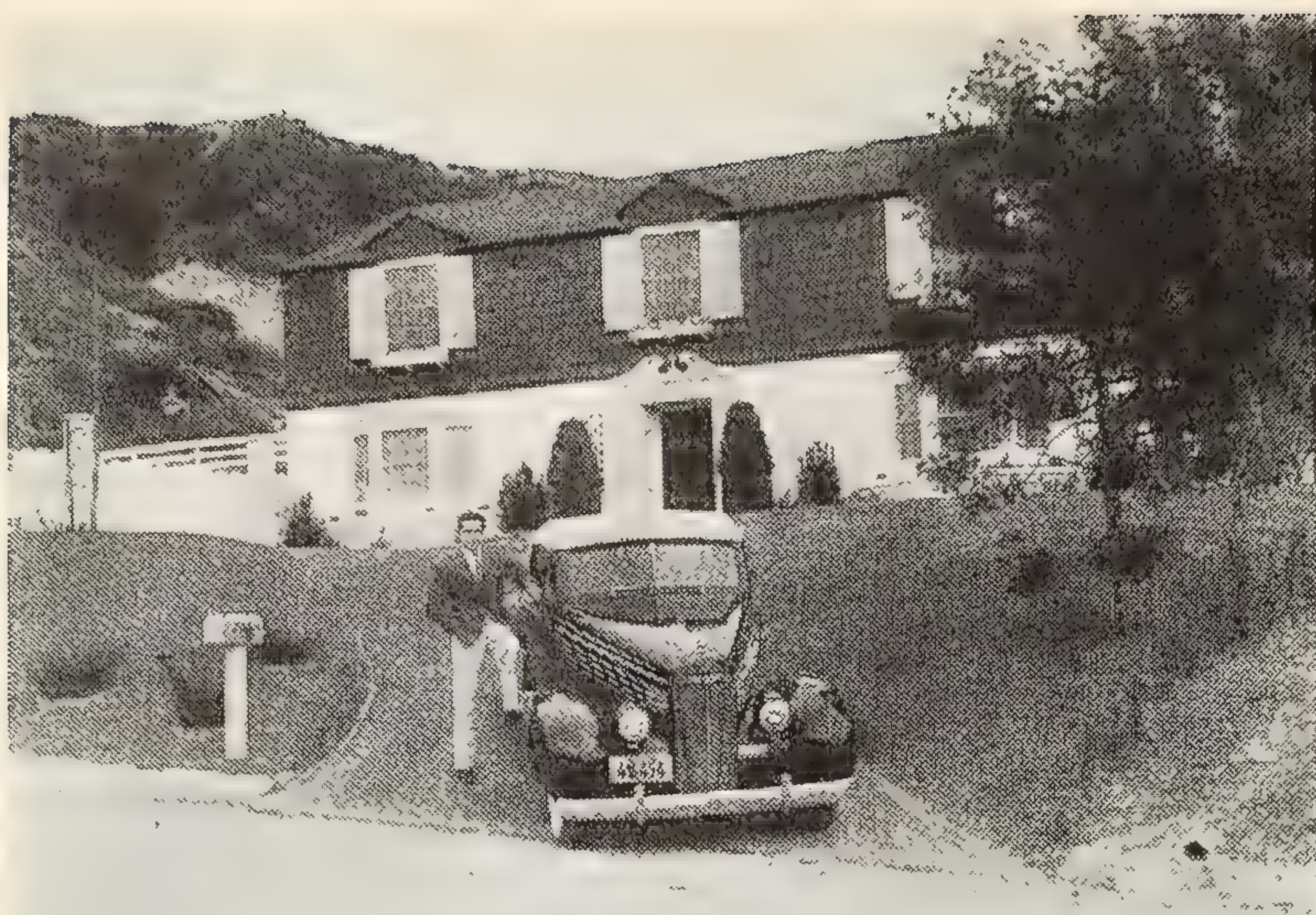
The building of his own home wasn't quite as simple as signing the check that payed for it, Ray discovered. For years he had tantalized himself with the possibility. Now that the time had come, where to build was the next question. On Sunday afternoons the Millands took long drives to look at property. They studied architecture and visited model homes. Their good friends knew exactly where they should settle. And being good friends, no two agreed on the same location. It was Ray's new Cocker Spaniel (named Mister Pinkerton) who eventually solved the problem.

One day Mister Pinkerton got himself lost. Because he never gives himself any importance as a movie star, Ray put his own name and phone number in the paper when he advertised. Mister Pinkerton was expertly described in the ad. But the magic name of Milland drew every kind, size, and color dog in the country. The day was a howling success for the people who dragged their protesting pups up to the Milland residence. But no one brought Mister Pinkerton.

Finally a wire came from a woman who convinced Ray that his dog had been found. Ray took the address and drove there to see. Sure enough, there was Mister Pinkerton safe and sound. But it was the location that really intrigued Ray. He called his wife on the phone and urged her to come right up to the new Briarcrest Valley section of Coldwater Canyon. He didn't explain why and poor Mrs. Milland expected the worst when she arrived breathlessly on the scene.

Before they returned home, Ray signed the bill of sale for the property. Conveniently enough, the woman who found his dog just happened to be married to a real estate

We present first, exclusive pictures of Raymond Milland's new home. From top of page at left: the proud new home-owner in front of the house, which is a nine-room brown and white Georgian farmhouse; next, the entrance hall; then a corner of the Victorian sitting-room, with flower-patterned walls; and, at left, Mr. and Mrs. Milland in their combination den and bar, an informal spot with waxed-pine walls and provincial furniture—note paraffin lamps brought from England. The window, at right, looks out over the tennis court.



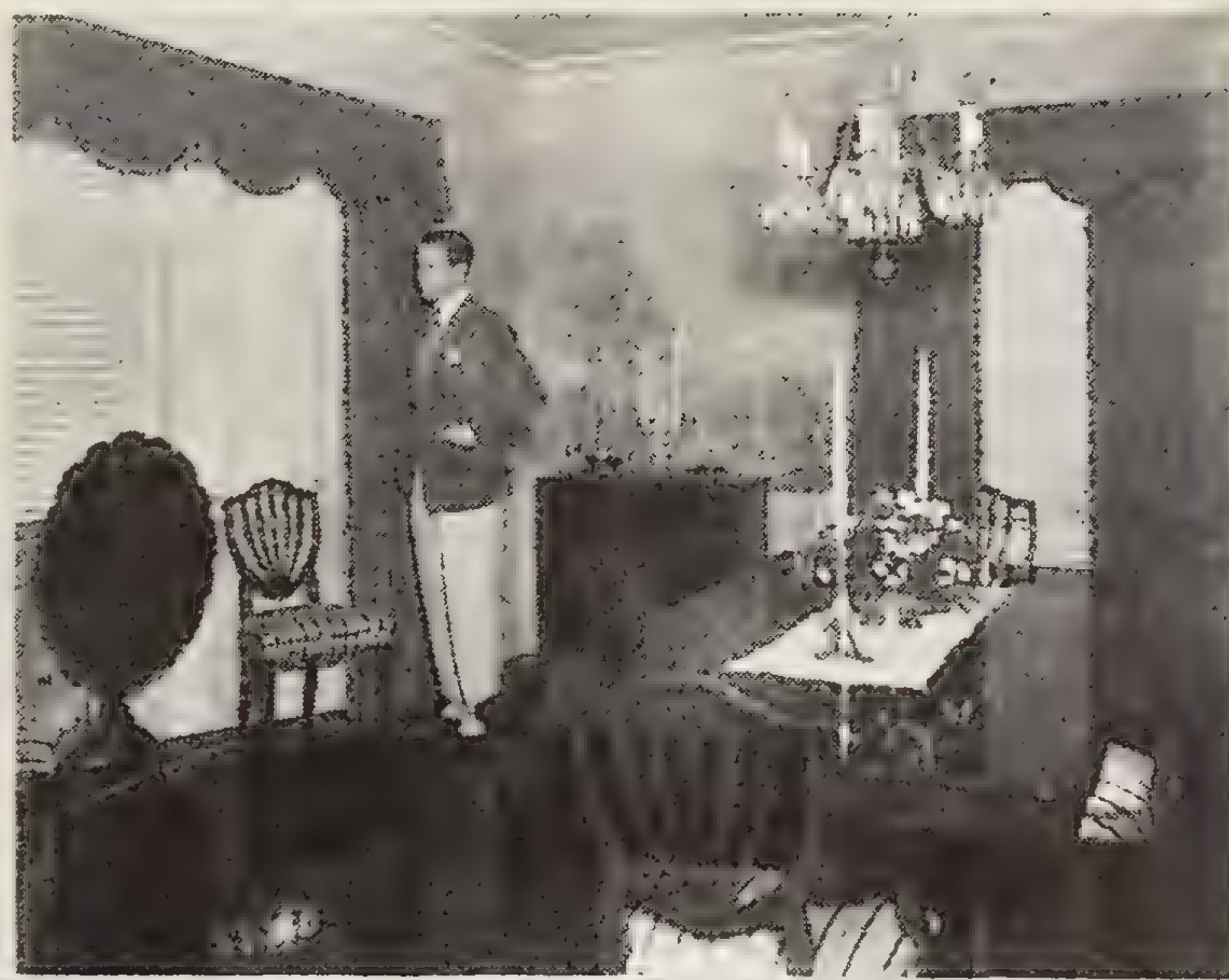
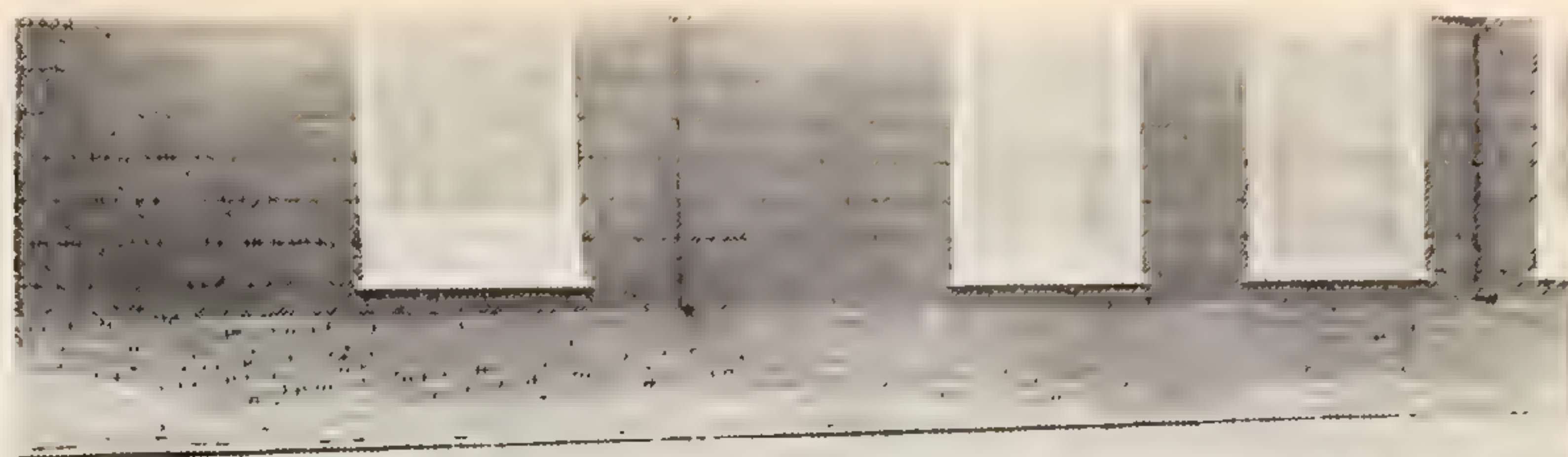
First visit to Ray's new home,
with intimate impressions of hand-
some host and charming hostess

By Jerry Asher

salesman. He showed Ray a piece of ground that Robert Taylor had turned back because he wanted more space. It was exactly the size and the location Ray wanted. Ground was broken for the new home on the Milland's seventh anniversary of marriage. Because it was a rainy day, the builders suggested that they wait. Wild horses couldn't have stood in the path of progress. The Millands weren't even conscious of being drenched to the skin, as they stood arm in arm watching Mother Earth give up her first scoop of dirt.

To commemorate this gala occasion, Ray presented his wife with one of those solid gold keys that was eventually to fit in the front door lock. One side of the key was humorously engraved in tiny letters, "Come up and see me sometime." From his wife Ray received a Leica camera so he could photograph the building progress of the house. Mister Pinkerton was remembered, too. He became the proud owner of a brand new collar, all studded with imitation stones. And from then on life was one salesman after another. The butcher, the baker, the davenport-maker all came after their business. It got so that Ray couldn't even go to his own barber without his confiding that he (*Please turn to page 80*)

Below, the ingratiating grin which helps explain why Ray Milland rates a home like this. His dog, too, is happy about the whole thing, even though he doesn't look it. Now, reading from top of page, the Millands on the patio of their Coldwater Canyon home, which looks out on the garden and tennis courts. Then the Duncan Phyfe dining room; the 18th century living-room; and finally, at right, Ray's bedroom, which he designed himself: walls are café-au-lait, the rug a solid green, the furniture curly birch—and in the adjoining bath and dressing-room is, believe it or not, only one mirror! Every detail reflects the Millands' "home ideas."



Check-up of the favorites in the frantic race for Hollywood stardom — fresh, arresting, vibrant new personalities!

By
Annabelle
Gillespie-Hayek



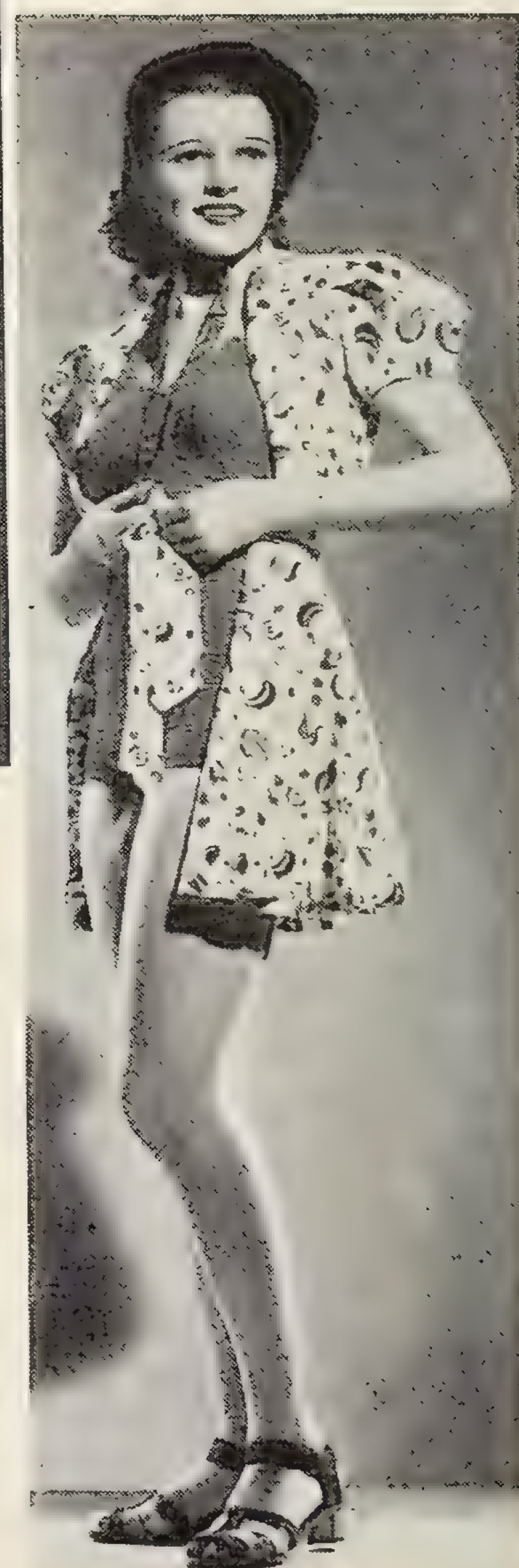
YOUTH • PROMISED

Each of the youngsters Hollywood is training with great care and high hopes for future box-office magnets has a distinct personality. Prominent candidates for stardom are Jane Bryan and Mary Maguire, together at left, and in close-ups at lower left, with Jane smiling up at her friendly rival, Mary. Below, dazzling Marla Shelton.



NOWHERE does Old Father Time march on more dramatically and relentlessly than in the film world. When the popularity of a motion picture luminary begins to wane seldom does the public wait for the curtain to fall before it swears allegiance to some new player. Legion is the number of scintillating stars of yesterday who are no longer to the fore. Time takes its toll; today's celebrities may be slipping tomorrow and the movie moguls must be able to replace them.

That is why the frantic search for talent must go on. That is why the financial giants of the colony are forever separating from the chaff the few talented players who do have that mysterious, individual,



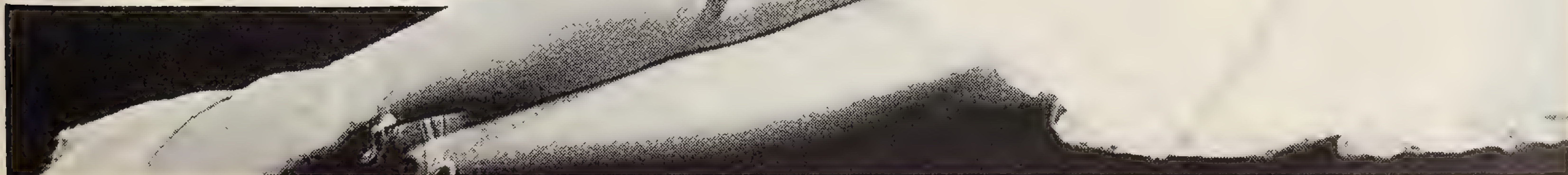
indefinable, necessary something which makes for box-office appeal. And that is why, when real talent is unearthed, studios spare no expense in developing it in the hope that stardom will result.

Who are the present youngsters who are going places fast and will, in all probability, be numbered as members of filmdom's royalty in the near future? Among the outstanding ones in the ranks of the dramatic artists are: Andrea Leeds, Jane Bryan, Lana Turner, Mary Maguire, Jayne Regan, Marjorie Weaver, Phyllis Brooks, Nan Grey, Anne Shirley, Dennis O'Keefe, Gordon Jones, Alan Curtis, Alan Bruce, Betty Grable, Joan Fontaine and Florence Drake.

I believe that within a year at least half a dozen of these will win stellar rôles. Why? Because each is bringing to the screen a distinct and intriguing personality; because each is soaring lustroously to the heights on the wings of vivid and pulsating performances and is making an indelible impression upon public consciousness. All are capable of intense emotion and all have winning personalities. Yet these dramatic players are not the only ones that are spotlighted for big things. Sixteen-year-old Betty Jaynes will be singing before the cameras in her first rôle—a starring one—by the time you read this. Betty is the little Chicago girl who created more than a mild sensation upon her début as a prima donna when she sang the role of *Mimi* in "La Boheme" with the Chicago Opera Company.



Girls and boys of the films who have passed the rigid camera test and are going ahead fast: Marjorie Weaver, upper left; Dick Baldwin, above; Alan Curtis, left; Ann Miller, below; Lana Turner, lower center, and Lynne Carver, at left, below.





When real talent is unearthed, the studios spare no expense developing it, in the sincere hope that stardom will result. Betty Grable, above; Joan Fontaine, upper center; Gordon Jones; Lucille Ball, top right; and Vicki Lester, right, all on their way to the heights—we hope. Whom do you pick to reach the goal first?

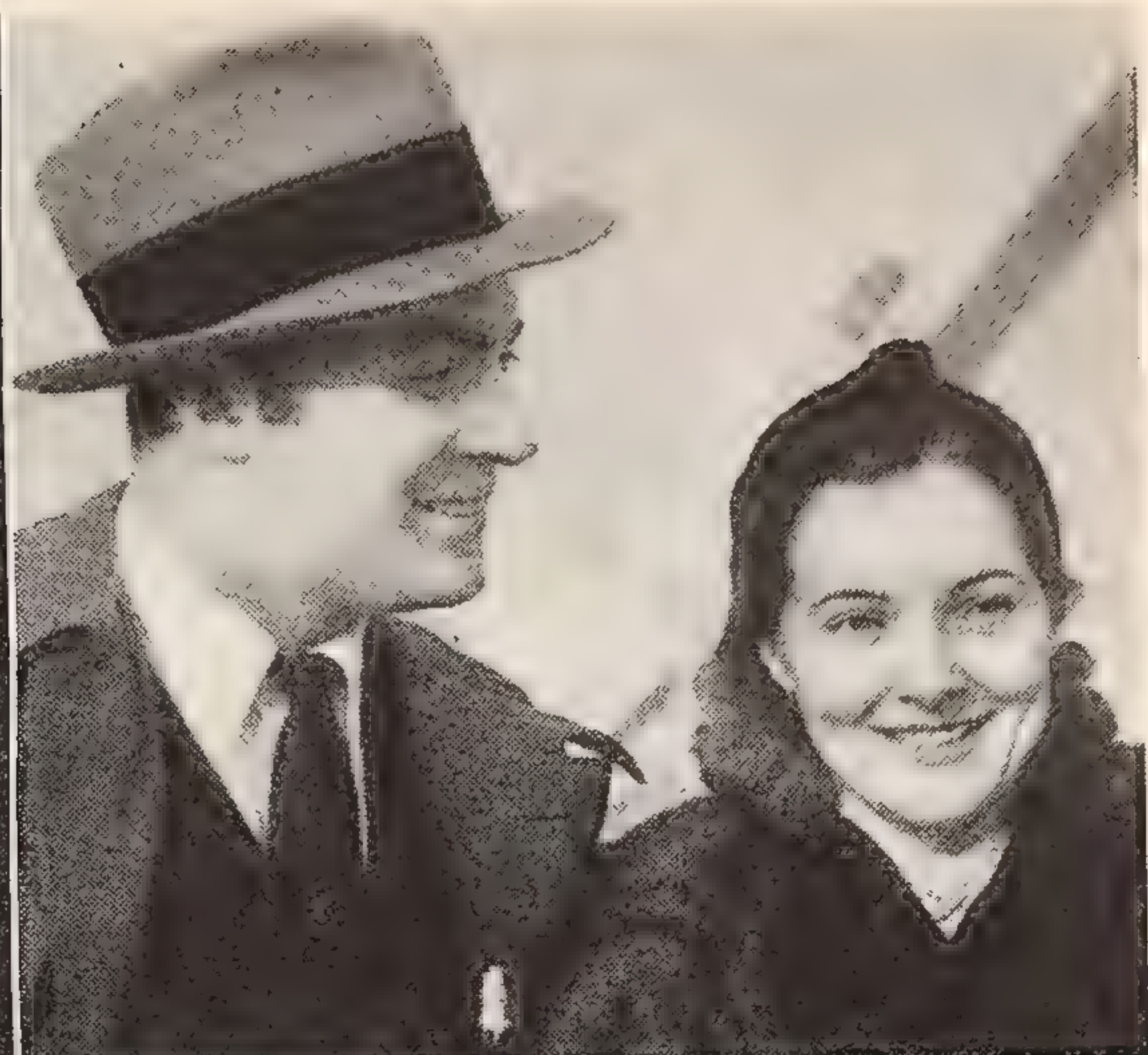
Dick Baldwin is another soon to have a bigger opportunity with song since he won his spurs in opera with the St. Louis Municipal Opera Company.

Lynne Carver, the lovely little protégée of Loretta Young, whom you first saw as the sweetheart of Tom Brown in "Maytime," is slated for a top spot in the field of song since music is her *raison d'être*, though oddly enough most of her rôles to date have been of the ingénue brand. Lynne is a positive person, with very decided views of her own and a great determination. In her new contract Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has provided for her vocal and musical training, as it is part of that studio's plan to exploit her musical talents later. Lynne is willing to work day and night to attain success.

"I've had enough hard knocks to realize there's no royal road to doing your job right," she remarks. "I expect to work and work very hard. But I think I can make my work count." She allows nothing to stifle her pursuit and her persistence overcomes every defeat.

Five feet, six inches tall, with a graceful, willowy figure, light auburn hair, and fathomless grey eyes, Miss Carver has an unusual youthful charm. Among those who have taken a deep interest in the young player is Irene Dunne, with whom she played in "Roberta." Lynne has also appeared in "Strangers All" with May Robson, one of her friends and mentors; in "Old Man Rhythm," "To Beat the Band," "The Bride Wore Red," "Madame X" and "Everybody Sing." She says her greatest hobby is listening to older and more experienced players recount their trials in Hollywood. And it has been one of her greatest advantages (Please turn to page 75)





The fascinating enigma that is Charles Boyer: top, with Mrs. Boyer; next, the actor as his make-up is retouched on the set; and above, with Loretta Young in the early "Caravan"—remember?

Boyer's Loveless Years

Delving into the picturesque past of a great actor

By Anita Kilore

IN "Conquest" Charles Boyer gave one of the most believable performances of that difficult rôle of Napoleon that has ever been given either on stage or screen. Boyer made you believe in the devoutness to one purpose, in the all-consuming fire which pushed him on and ever on, so that no woman, not even Marie Walewska, could deter him from what he felt to be his destiny. And the reason that Charles Boyer made you believe all this and sympathize with it, for the first time, was that in many ways Charles Boyer, the person, is such a man himself—and in the explanation of this is one of the most unusual stories ever to come out of Hollywood.

We do not mean that Mr. Boyer has a Napoleonic complex. Not the least of it. But we do mean that Mr.

Boyer could give the character life, because he too has known what it is to be obsessed by one ideal, to be driven, to be so absorbed by his own dream that nothing else mattered. He could thus interpret Napoleon's great devotion to a cause, the following of his star, because he also has a star and has followed it. As he says himself, "It was this which made my job easier. You see, there were certain periods in my life when I could not escape from the set pattern which I had mapped out for myself. Many times there were temptations trying to tear me away, but always there was something inside me which forced me to live out the years of the particular devotion which engrossed me. So you see I had sympathy with Napoleon. My parallel is, of course, in no way comparable to his, but it did help me in creating (*Please turn to page 72*)



Marcia and Stewart turned suddenly to face Phil as he entered the office. "If you two are heavily engaged," he said crisply, "I'll return later."

Even Snakes Have Charm

CHAPTER IV

"O H, DON'T argue with her Stewart." Phil interrupted wearily. "She knows perfectly well which part she's to play. This is just a bit of whimsey."

Marcia looked at Phil coldly. "I'll thank you to keep out of this, Mr. Burns. I can complete my negotiations with Mr. Stewart without your assistance." Glaring furiously, "I *knew* if you came over here you'd be sure to make trouble."

"Listen, Miss England-on-your-father's-side, have you forgotten the contract you signed with Sol and me?"

"I shall have that contract annulled!"

"Oh, will you! Well, you signed it and you'll live up to it."

"I will not! I'm no longer interested in American contracts."

"Ameddican," Phil corrected.

Marcia ignored that. "From now on I shall reside in England and make my pictures heah where they will have a cultural background." She started grandly from the room.

"With you as an alley cat foreground," Phil said softly.

Marcia lost all restraint. "You filthy American!" She continued toward the door.

"Just a minute, Marcia," Phil said, "you're dropping something."

"What!" she demanded viciously.

"Your English accent. You should have said

Ameddican. Now get the — out of here." Marcia went. "Of all the damned, lousy—"

"Go ahead, Phil," Anne advised, "use all of those fine old American words."

"So I'm helpless. Stewart, I'm sorry to have you involved in this mess."

"My dear fellow, my sympathy is entirely with you."

"Isn't there someone in London who could play the part?"

"Not a soul. But don't worry, old chap. If she doesn't come around we'll put the story aside and shoot something else."

"By God, we won't!" Phil said with sudden inspiration. "We'll shoot this one. Listen: Your story as written is swell, but I think I have an idea that will make it even better, and one that will teach that young lady a badly needed lesson. We'll shoot the script just as it is and allow Marcia to play *Lady Mary*."

"What!"

"That's the answer," Phil said happily.

"You mean you'll let her burlesque the part?" Anne asked.

"Oh, she won't know she's burlesquing it. We'll let her play *her* conception of an English gentlewoman without any direction whatever. Do you remember the American picture, 'Merton of the Movies'?"

"Very well indeed," Stewart said.

"Marcia will be *Miss Merton* in the English version."

"Phil, you're a genius!" Anne cried.

"It sounds interesting," Stewart said dubiously, "but look here, is it quite cricket to do a thing like that?"

"We aren't playing cricket now, but that good old American game of never giving a sucker an even break."

"Is your life well insured?" Anne asked drily.

Illustrated By
Lloyd Wright

The glamorous romance of
a screen siren who gambles
with the happiness of those
whose fate is involved with
her own turbulent career

By Frederick Stowers

Please Turn to Page 95 for Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

"Never mind that."

"No? Well, of course you know your Marcia. But how do you think she'll feel when she learns you've sold her down the river?"

"I imagine she'll be annoyed."

"And that is the most magnificent bit of understatement I've ever heard," Anne said.

"We're forgetting something," Stewart interrupted. "Who will play the part of the American girl?"

Phil grinned joyously. "Don't you know? Anne will be *Sally Belle Jones*."

"What!" Anne was stunned.

"Come on, Anne, be a sport. Can't you see how that will be in keeping with the rest of our plan? After all, you created the character and you should be able to play it."

Anne's eyes lighted with a wicked gleam. "Well, I fancy I can do as well by *Sally Belle Jones* as Marcia can by *Lady Mary*."

* * *

Some weeks later Phil was seated deep in a big chair in Stewart's office, smoking a cigarette, morosely thoughtful as Anne came in.

"Hello there, persimmon puss," she cried in the breezy American manner, "why the blanket of gloom? You look as sad as a Broadway chorine at a May festival. But don't let 'em get you down, pal." She broke into laughter as she slid into a chair. "How'm I doin', pal?"

"You're stealing the show, and you know it."

"Oh Phil, I've never had such a ripping time in my whole life!"

"Anne, I owe you an apology."

"I adore apologies."

"I've always known you were a real person, but I never thought you were an actress."

"But, Phil, I'm not acting. I'm simply letting myself go with joyous abandon. It's a lark."

"You'll be a sensation. And the irony of it for Marcia is, after practically forcing the part on you *you'll* be the hit of the picture."

"My American friends will probably cut me dead after this."

"They'll love you for it."

"However you try to alibi it, I still think it's Hollywood lousy!"

"When dealing with anyone like Marcia you've got to go to extremes."

"I wonder if that isn't the trouble between you two. You've always gone to such violent extremes that you can never arrive at even the simplest decision without a battle."

"You think I like to fight with her?"

"Yes. You glory in arousing her worst traits; you're almost sadistic about it, and I think it's unjust. You're breaking her heart."

"Heart!" Phil snorted.

"Haven't you noticed the change since you let up on her? She's entirely happy and without bitterness for the first time since I've known her."

"Don't go soft for Marcia's sake," Phil advised sourly. "She's happy because she thinks she's having her own way."

"No, Phil, it's much deeper than that. It's because she's realizing a dream—she's living in an atmosphere she's yearned for all her life. And I think it's cruel to let her go on being deceived into thinking it's real."

"But, Anne, it's too late to turn back now. It would only hurt her and ruin the picture. She could never go through with it if she knew the truth."

"She must eventually find out."

"You're taking this far too seriously," Phil said impatiently.

"It's going to prove serious (Please turn to page 95)"

Here they are, right: eight Joneses, and one in-law! At left, close-ups of JOHN JONES and his wife, LOUISE, played by Jed Prouty and Spring Byington. At left, below, a familiar breakfast-table scene by Mister and Missus.



Meet The

America's most folksy family walk right into your heart as you meet the gang and hear their personal history

AMERICA'S Number One Family isn't composed of scions of prominence and wealth. Nor is it a clan of blue bloods who trace their ancestry back to the Mayflower. It's the Jones Family!

Of course, you know who the Jones Family is. There's *John Jones* and his wife, *Louise*; and *Granny Jones*, *John's* mother who lives with them; and *Bonnie*, and *Jack*, *Roger*, *Lucy* and *Bobby*. Eight, all told. They're the Jones Family—but they might be the family of Mr. and Mrs. America, for that's what they represent.

A little more than two years ago they came into being. 20th Century-Fox introduced them in their first picture, "Every Saturday Night." Reflecting in sincere and human fashion the joys and sorrows of a typical American family, the Joneses walked straight into the heart of every theatre-goer. Immediately, the entire country became Jones Family-conscious. For in the Jones' daily life, everyone recognized something in his or her own past, or present. And anything in a familiar groove immediately attracts.

As a result of the response accorded that initial Jones Family picture, the studio turned out a second, and a third, then, until nine at the present writing have been made, all with the same characters. And with each successive film of this series, their popularity has soared. It's got to the point now that only Shirley Temple supercedes them in actual box-office draw, of all the pictures produced on the 20th Century-Fox lot.

How the Jones Family series has become the favorite that it is, is a modern movie miracle. Without big and important names to portray them—for, of course, you know that "Jones" is only their character name in these

pictures—without fanfare or pretense, the series has wormed itself quietly into public consciousness until now the whole nation awaits the next picture starring this family group. It's a story so amazing that we'll have to skip back to its very inception to best understand it:

In the early Fall of 1935, a little play, "Every Saturday Night," was presented at Hollywood's Gateway Theatre—a tiny hall with an audience capacity of less than one hundred persons—by a group of semi-professionals. It was written by Katharine Kavanaugh, who had turned out some sixty plays which had been produced inauspiciously through the years by schools, colleges and theatrical clubs. A 20th Century-Fox studio scout visited the theatre during the run of Miss Kavanaugh's play, not because he expected to discover anything worth-while but merely in the discharge of his duties. The show was produced in a single modest setting, but when the scout left the theatre he knew he had uncovered "pay dirt" and he took with him a copy of the script. This he submitted to Executive Producer Sol Wurtzel. The following evening, Wurtzel himself attended the show, taking with him Max Golden, one of his associate producers. Both were so enthusiastic about the play that the next morning negotiations for the purchase of the play were under way.

Who should direct the picture? James Tinling had just finished a production and was headed out the studio gates in his roadster, bound for the desert and a week's much-needed rest. The gateman stopped him, told him Wurtzel wanted to see him. "Read this, will you, Jim?"



Jones Family!

By Whitney Williams

the big boss asked. "We think it's pretty good. Let's hear what you think of it." Almost resentfully, Tinling went back to his office, sat down, began to read. Fifteen minutes later, he had called off his trip. He no longer needed that vacation. He knew that just what every director wants—a swell story—had been tossed right into his lap.

Obviously, casting would play an important part in the success of this picture. (Of course, this was before the studio knew it would continue the trials and tribulations of this family group as a series.) Casting meant not only securing capable screen players for the various family members, but gathering together a group of actors who resembled each other. Hundreds of applicants were interviewed. The problem of finding unrelated actors who bore the appearance of actually belonging to the same family had to be considered, and not until two days before the film went into production was the cast finally assembled. But then—it looked like a real family.

From grand old Florence Roberts, who plays the grandmother, to five-year-old Billy Mahan, the youngest son, the Joneses all had those round noses that look as though they *(Please turn to page 77)*

Gay group at right includes June Carlson as Lucy, Miss Byington as MRS. JONES, Jed Prouty as JOHN JONES, Kenneth Howell as JACK, the oldest son; Florence Roberts as GRANNY, George Ernest as ROGER—in "A Trip, to Paris." Close-ups, right above, show Miss Roberts and Howell.

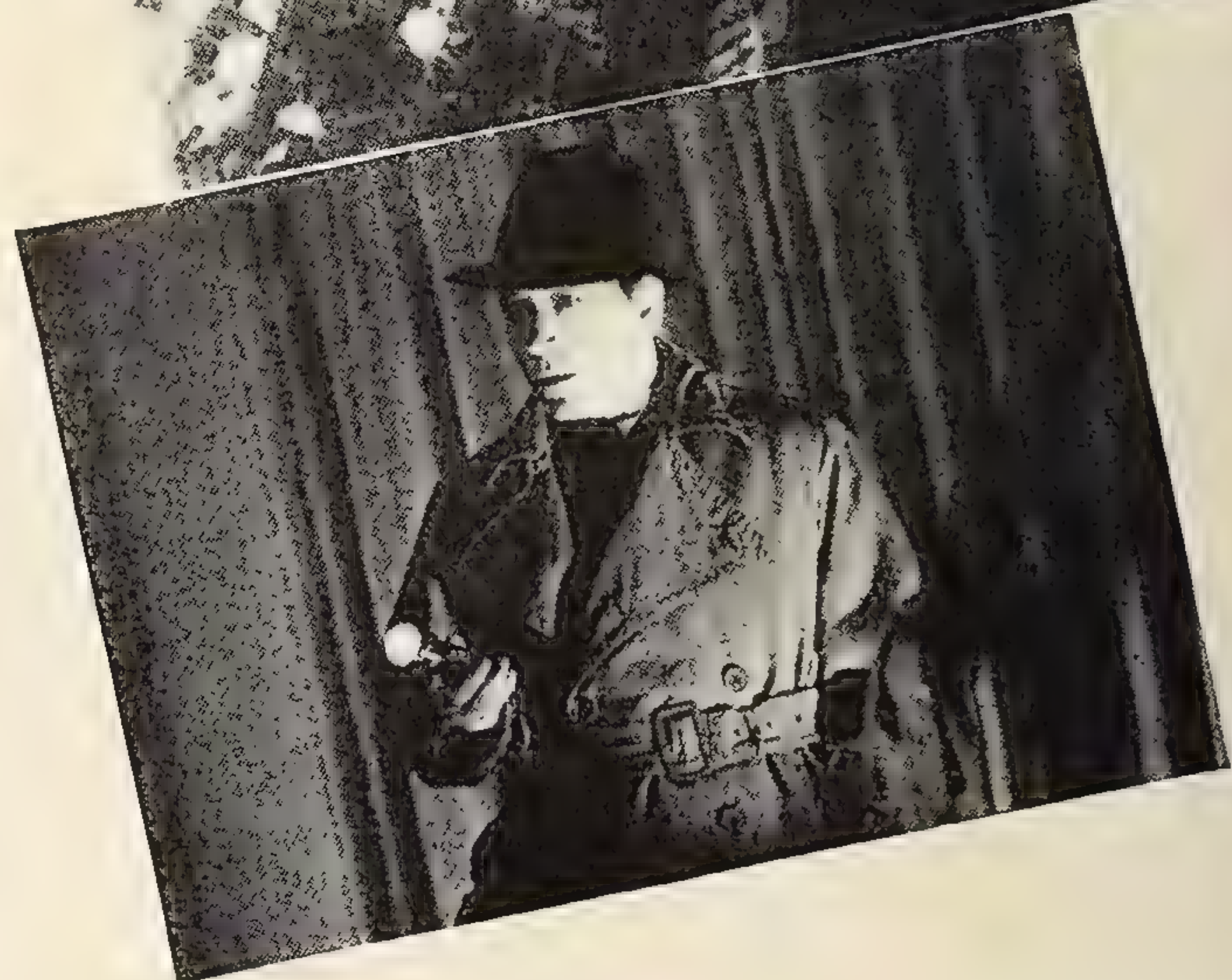




The reserved Mr. Raft turns talkative about himself and the strange ways of sirenic "Lady Luck" in Hollywood

By
James Bowles Fisher

Raft the realist reviews his career in this frank interview. Below, with Olympe Bradna in "Souls at Sea;" with Sylvia Sidney in his newest picture, and in a typical character study.



"George Did It"

GEORGE RAFT had shown Paramount that it takes a star to find one! That's what was being bruited about the lot—and about Hollywood.

An item such as that cannot be ignored by any interviewer. So I pocketed my pencil and notebook and went to the Paramount lot to hunt him down. I found him on Stage Three. He was blissfully unaware of the fact that he was on the verge of being interviewed. With his feet on the sound man's desk and his head on the stocking counter he was as close to a prone position as it's possible to get in a director's chair. His position spelled abstraction. There was a far-away look in his eye. In spirit he was completely removed from this nicely equipped department store set.

All around him there was activity. Just beyond, where the feminine unmentionables were on display, the lights blazed. There the escalator was situated. There a scene was being shot. On the escalator Sylvia Sidney was making a valiant effort to keep her physical balance while indicating for the benefit of the camera that she was

losing her emotional balance over Mr. Raft. For this was "You and Me" in the process of filmization. In it you will see George and Sylvia caught in the throes of troublous romance.

With all such mundane activity George was not at all concerned. Under the circumstances it seemed a shame to disturb him. But there's little pity in the heart

of an interviewer. So I approached my recumbent victim.

"What do you want?" he asked a shade reproachfully.

"What do you think?"

"You had an interview last year. I told you everything then. There's nothing new."

"You didn't tell me you were planning to promote Olympe Bradna into a part that would make a star of her," I accused.

"Didn't I—and did I?"

I explained to him that lots of people thought he was entirely responsible for the fact that the petite Olympe is well on her way to stardom. Furthermore, I added, if he intended to turn talent scout his public ought to be let in on the secret. To all of which he said, "All I did was suggest that she be given the part opposite me in 'Souls At Sea.'"

In typical Raft fashion he was making everything sound simple. In his terms the momentous business of putting a stock contract player on the road to stardom threatened to sound like nothing more notable than a routine errand to Ye Corner Smoke Shoppe for a pack of cigarettes! I suspected that it hadn't been that easy so I settled down to a barrage of questions. At length he must have realized that he'd have no opportunity to concentrate on picking a winner for the seventh at Santa Anita until he had given me a few facts. He began to talk.

"If you really want to know," he sighed, "it happened this way. I was sitting on the set one day with Henry Hathaway, the director. That was before the picture was really under way. However, we had started work on a few preliminary scenes. At that time it looked as if the title, 'Souls At Sea,' was going to fit the story right down to the ground—or rather, the water line. All the souls connected with the picture were at sea, all right! The script hadn't been finished, the cast hadn't been definitely set and everything looked as if it were likely to go wrong. I doubt if the front office had decided which ocean we were going to use! Well, while I was talking to Henry a girl came out to the set to get a costume okay. It was for one of the bits—a gipsy dancer, I think. The moment I saw her I nudged Henry and told him that there was the girl for the part.

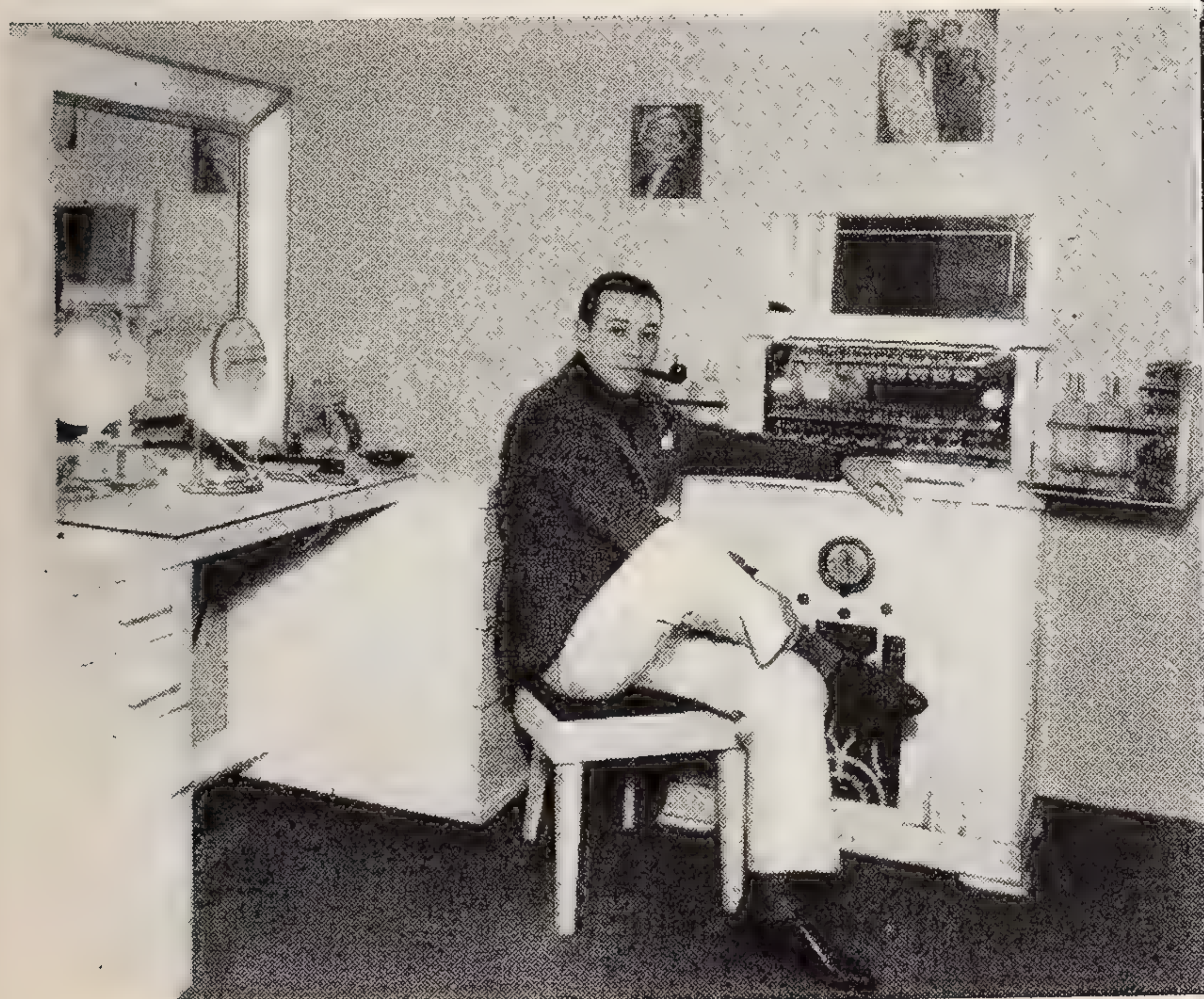
"Where's the girl for what part?" he asked and gave me the kind of look that directors always use on actors

when they get out of line. By that time Olympe—that's who the girl was—had come over to us. It was Hathaway she had to see about the costume. After she had gone he admitted that she was a good type for the part of the little French maid. But another girl was practically set for the part—a girl whom everyone knew could handle the acting end of it. Even though Olympe might suit the rôle better from the standpoint of looks, no one knew whether she could act or not. After all, she was just a little stock girl and she had been signed up chiefly because she was a good dancer. Anyway, there were enough production complications already—why add another one? And so on.

"Henry's arguments were all good ones. But I still had a hunch about Olympe so I stuck to my own points. Probably just to shut me up Henry finally agreed to give the girl a test. After we saw the test I was more certain than ever that I was right. Henry thought the test was swell too and moved over to my side one hundred per cent. Olympe looked perfect. Even prettier than in real life, and that's saying plenty! What's more, the test proved that she could act. From then on all we had to do was to convince the front office to put her in the part. That was a pretty tough assignment but we finally won. And that's about all there is to tell," he added as he took a new grip on the sound man's desk with his heels and made a determined effort to achieve a completely horizontal position.

Well, it all certainly sounded simple. But, as I say, George is a past master at stripping things down to their very essentials. The result is that anything he describes is likely to sound eligible for the easy-does-it classification. It's not that he's modest, either. If he does a thing well he'll tell you so as quickly as he will ask someone's help in a situation in which he's not sure of himself. The salient points in his makeup are his matter-of-factness and his straight-forward- (Please turn to page 94)

Would Olympe Bradna be a star today if George had not insisted she be cast in "Souls at Sea"? Below, Raft in his dressing-room, by the cabinet that provides radio and liquid refreshment. Right, at home—note picture of George and Gary Cooper, Raft's favorite screen character portrait.



Beloved Scatterbrain

Wacky or wistful? Marie Wilson is a little of both, and Hollywood's best new comedy bet

By Maud Cheatham



Problem child she may be; but Marie gets what she wants, as witness her winning the coveted rôle opposite Cagney in "Boy Meets Girl"—in which you see them below.



IT IS amazing how many things can happen to Marie Wilson!

She never dreamed of a comedy career. Instead, she visioned herself doing heavy drama, but to her dismay, every rôle she plays creates the laugh sequences. Sometimes she trots into the "front office" determined to talk things over with the producers, but they never take her seriously and, considering it all a joke, they send her away with a soothing; There, there, little girl, you'll grow into drama by and by!

As to her devastating talent for getting into scrapes, she can't understand that, either. She insists, and rightly, that she's the last person in the world intentionally to step out of tune. Yet every day is peppered with screwy antics, flustered, embarrassing moments, of doing and saying the wrong thing at the wrong time, and these become excruciatingly funny because she is completely unaware of the comedy aspects.

Perhaps it is this quality of bewildered wistfulness that pulls at the heart strings of audiences, and wins them, for today Marie rates third among all the Warner Brothers' stars in receiving fan mail. This is a triumph when you recall she has been on the screen but a couple of years, and also that this studio boasts such favorites as Paul Muni, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Dick Powell, and Wayne Morris.

I watched Marie make a scene. As the demure little waitress in "Boy Meets Girl"—wearing a simple black dress, a frilly apron, and with her blonde curls tied with a white ribbon, she was clowning with Cagney. Again and again they took the hilarious scene, and again and again, an untimely laugh—even the director was (*Please turn to page 76*)

Trouper Number One!

Shirley Temple holds her own
with the ablest acting veterans,
and even steals
scenes from a blonde
beauty!



While Shirley herself, not a motion picture, is touring the country on her first long vacation, her shadow-self will be enchanting audiences in "Little Miss Broadway." The Temple tot has stiff histrionic competition in her new film: see her, in these scenes starting from the left, with such seasoned troupers as Jane Darwell, Donald Meek, and Edna May Oliver; and watch her, above, adroitly snatching a scene from Phyllis Brooks, one of Hollywood's most beautiful blondes. George Murphy, in scene with Shirley at lower left, is superior in height but topped in talent.



Allure Ahoy!

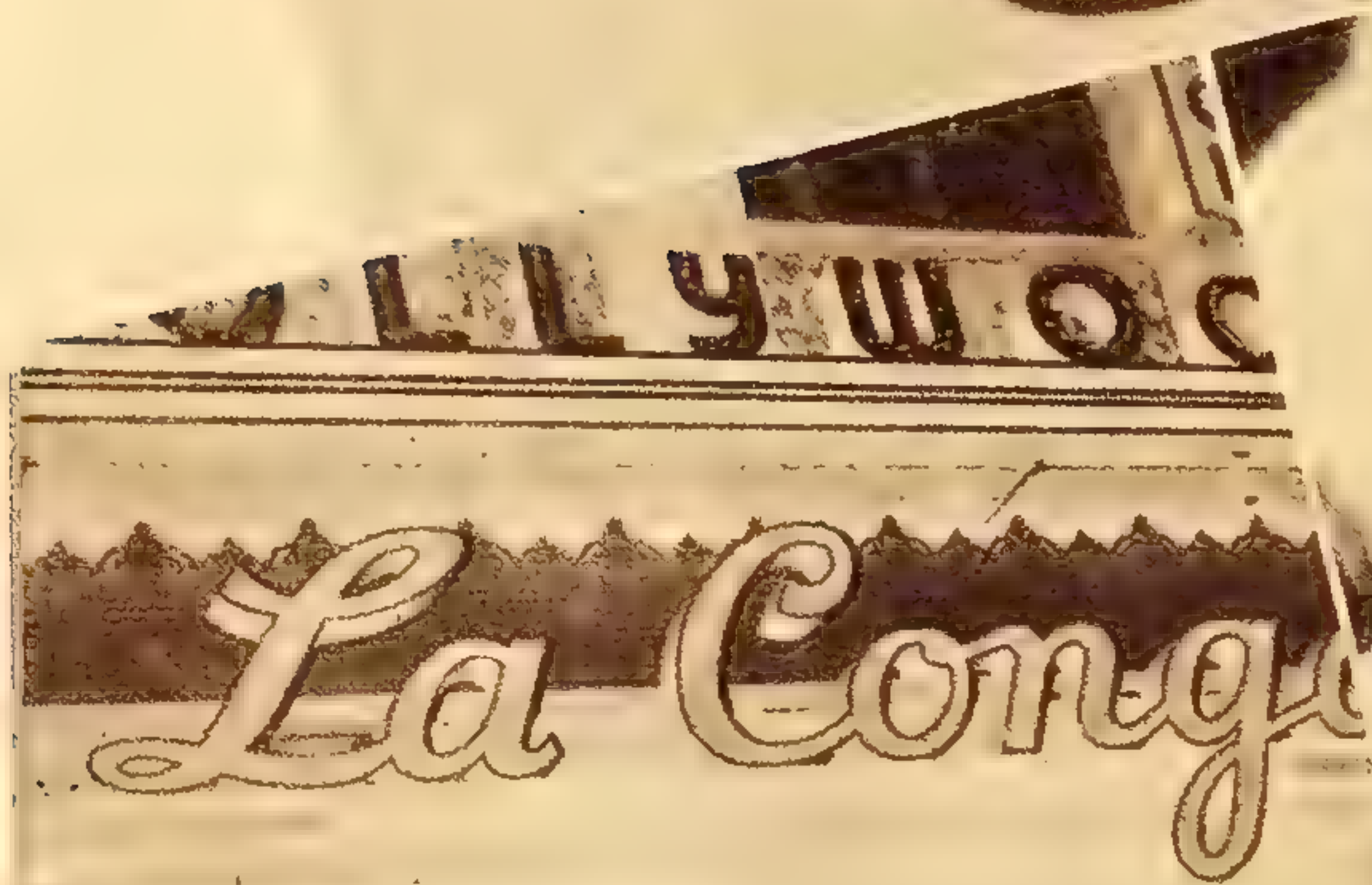
Look out for lovelies! Hollywood's big sports parade swings into the Summer season

Trek toward the sea has started! The rush for swimming-pools is on. But some stars are stay-at-homes when they have secluded gardens like Loretta Young's—there's Loretta at left. Arleen Whelan, beautiful new starlet, prefers the pool, below. Warner Baxter boards his yacht, the "Warwynne"—named after himself for the first syllable and his wife Winifred for the second—and sniffs salty air—at far left. Anne Shirley, below left on opposite page, luxuriates at Palm Springs. The lively water-nymph at lower right on this page, Susan Hayward, is a beach-becomer. Wayne Morris, right, trims sails like an old salt—but he's really a new hand, for it's the first boat he has ever owned. And the same to you, say all the stars—a happy vacation!



It's A Date!

Photos. by "Muky"



The
Dinner
Check

1.25
1.25
0.95
2.70
1.25
0.25
0.20
0.50
0.25
0.20
8.85
30
10.25

We're off! First, the Beverly Hills Brown Derby for dinner—upper left, Patsy opens the box containing her orchid corsage while Wayne whistles. Above, waiting for the dinner check—and there it is! Well, it was a good dinner. Center left, on to La Conga, popular hot-spot, where Priscilla and Wayne swing into a rhumba. Where next? The Trocadero—Wayne checks his coat with admiring check girls, lower left, then he and Patsy get a ring-side table, below—and, eventually, the check!



CAFE TROCADERO
No 4900
DINING ROOM

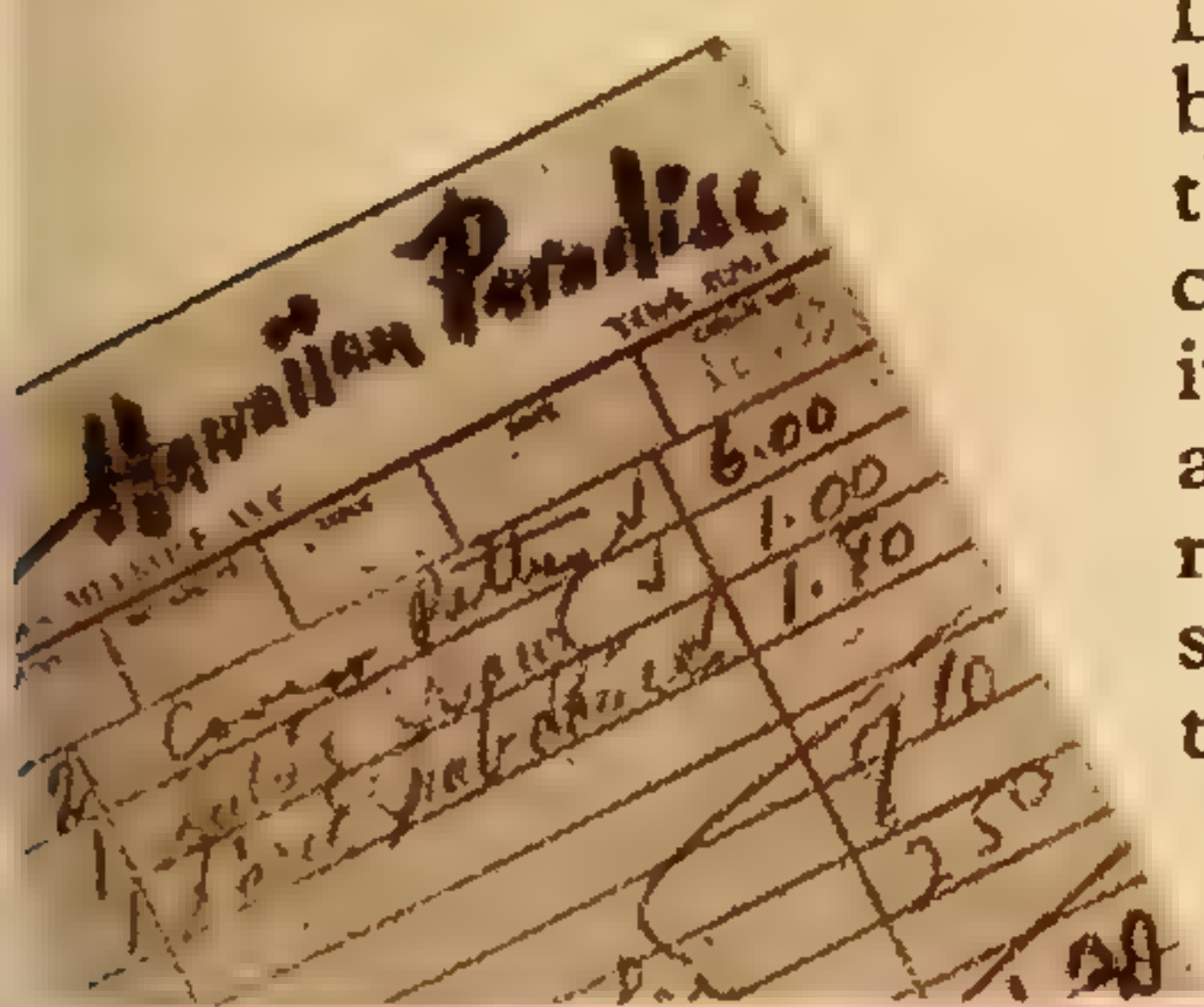
WALTER NO. 12	NO. GUESTS 2	TABLE NO. 45
2 COUVERT		2.00
2 FRUIT SALAD		1.50



Come along with Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane as they hit Hollywood's high spots on a gala evening



Leaving the Troc, above. See Gregory Ratoff in background? And now, on to Coconut Grove at the Ambassador. Priscilla and Wayne, top right, come down the stairs all set for a time—and have it, at right. The Grove is popular with screen stars and thronged with sight-seers out to see the celebrities. Oh, yes, there's the check. Two chicken sandwiches, two lemonades, two coffees—these two sure have healthy appetites—and after that big dinner, too. Now what? Let's get going—



To the Hawaiian Paradise, above—where native waitresses take your order, and palm trees and parrots supply the native atmosphere. "2 caviar patties, 1 salad bowl, 1 orchid lei"—it's about time to call it an evening! And so home, right. Wayne spent almost \$75, including checks, tips to waiters, hat-check girls and parking attendants, and orchids. But it was worth it. How about another date?

Rival Queens

Glamor vs. Art, is it? But who is to say that Myrna Loy's glamor isn't Art, or Luise Rainer's Art is not glamorous? Must we choose between them?

Willinger



The lovely lady above seems to be America's favorite screen sophisticate. As the movie wife of Clark Gable and William Powell, Myrna Loy has won her laurels. Here she is in recent camera studies. On opposite page, the elusive Rainer, acclaimed the screen's greatest actress, in her new rôle in "The Toy Wife." Scenes show Luise with her two leading men at far right, Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young; and with young Alan Perl, who plays her son.

of the Screen

Oh, we're all mixed up! Yes, Luise won the Academy Award twice, Myrna has been crowned Queen of popularity. Well, we love them both!

arence S. Bull



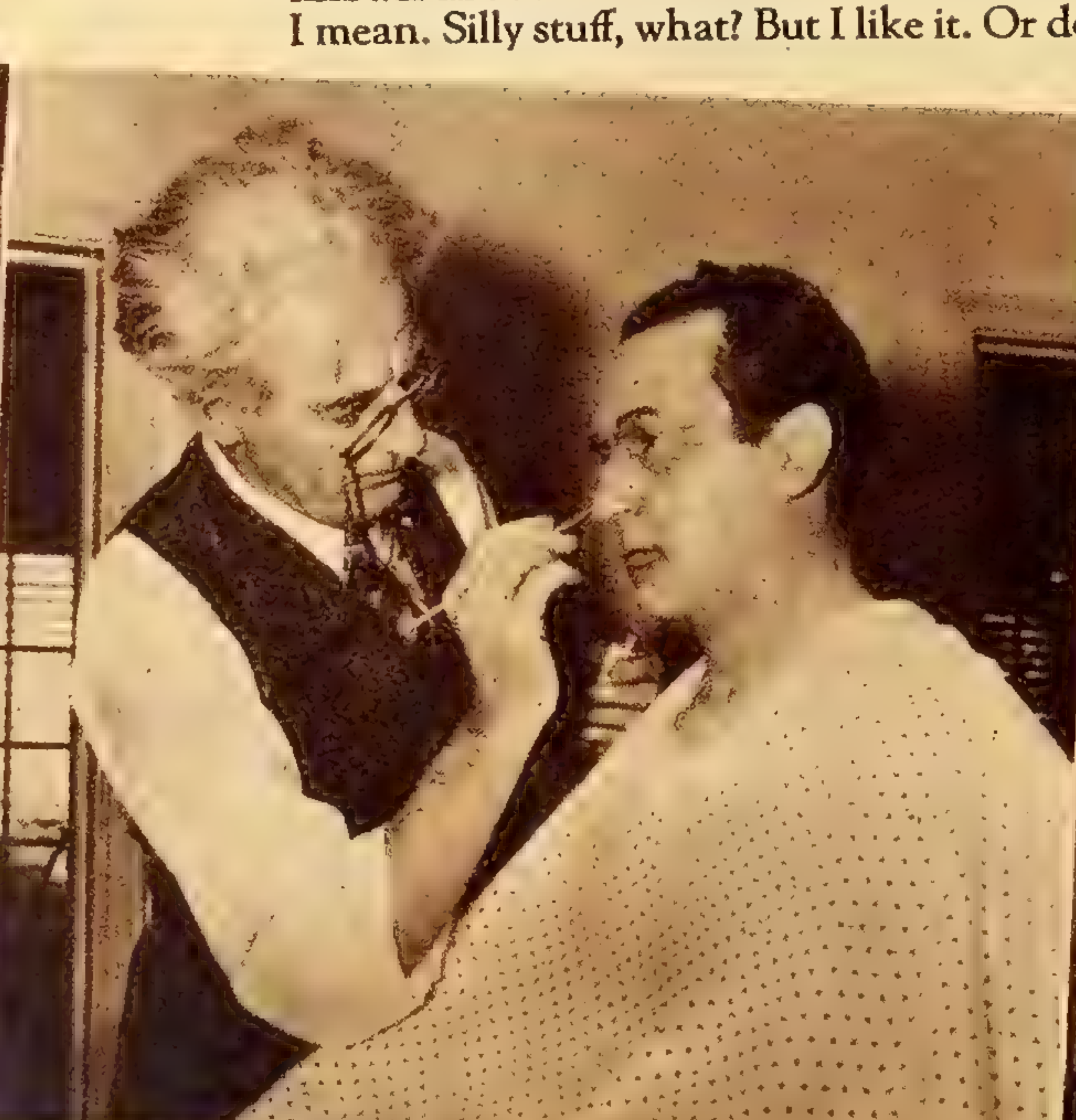


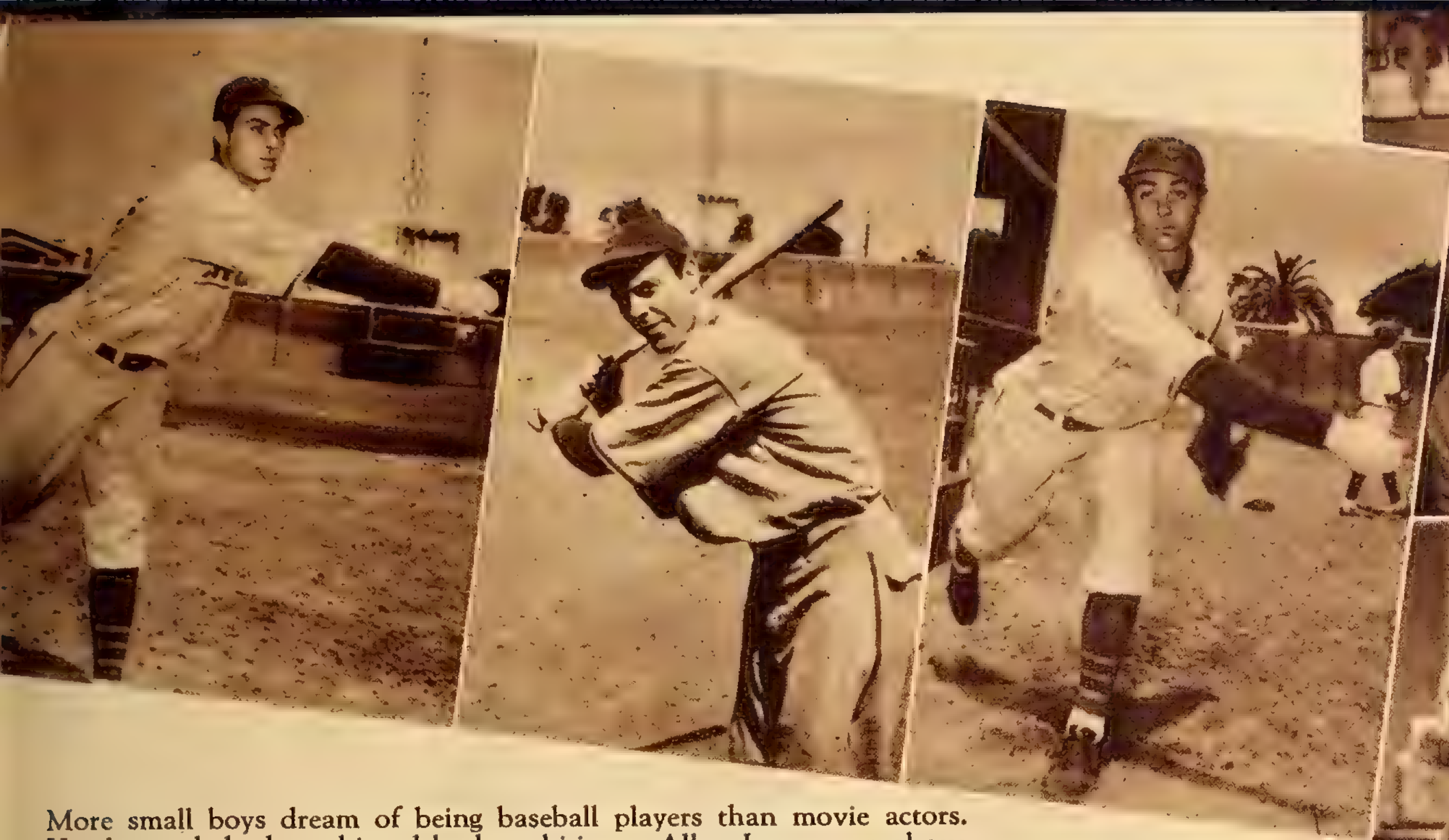
A study in concentration by Alice Faye, above; or, how a movie beauty remembers her lines. "Let's see, now—how did that go? Wait a minute, let me think—no, that's all wrong. Let's try again—there, I've got it!" Now consider the picture panel at left, starting at the top: see Penny Singleton, pretty actress? Now watch her making up to look twice her age; and finally, as she'll look on the screen in her first character part in "Secrets of an Actress."



Picture Puzzlers

Edward Everett Horton, in our centre panel of pictures, impersonates a gentleman who has tossed away the temperance pledge for the first time. If you'll look from left to right, you'll read Eddie's thoughts thus: "Well, no harm to one little sip, I suppose. Mmm-mm, not bad. Why, shay—say, I mean, if I'd only known about this before! Never dreamed life could be sho much sun—bun—fun, I mean. Silly stuff, what? But I like it. Or do I? One more and I'll find out for sure."



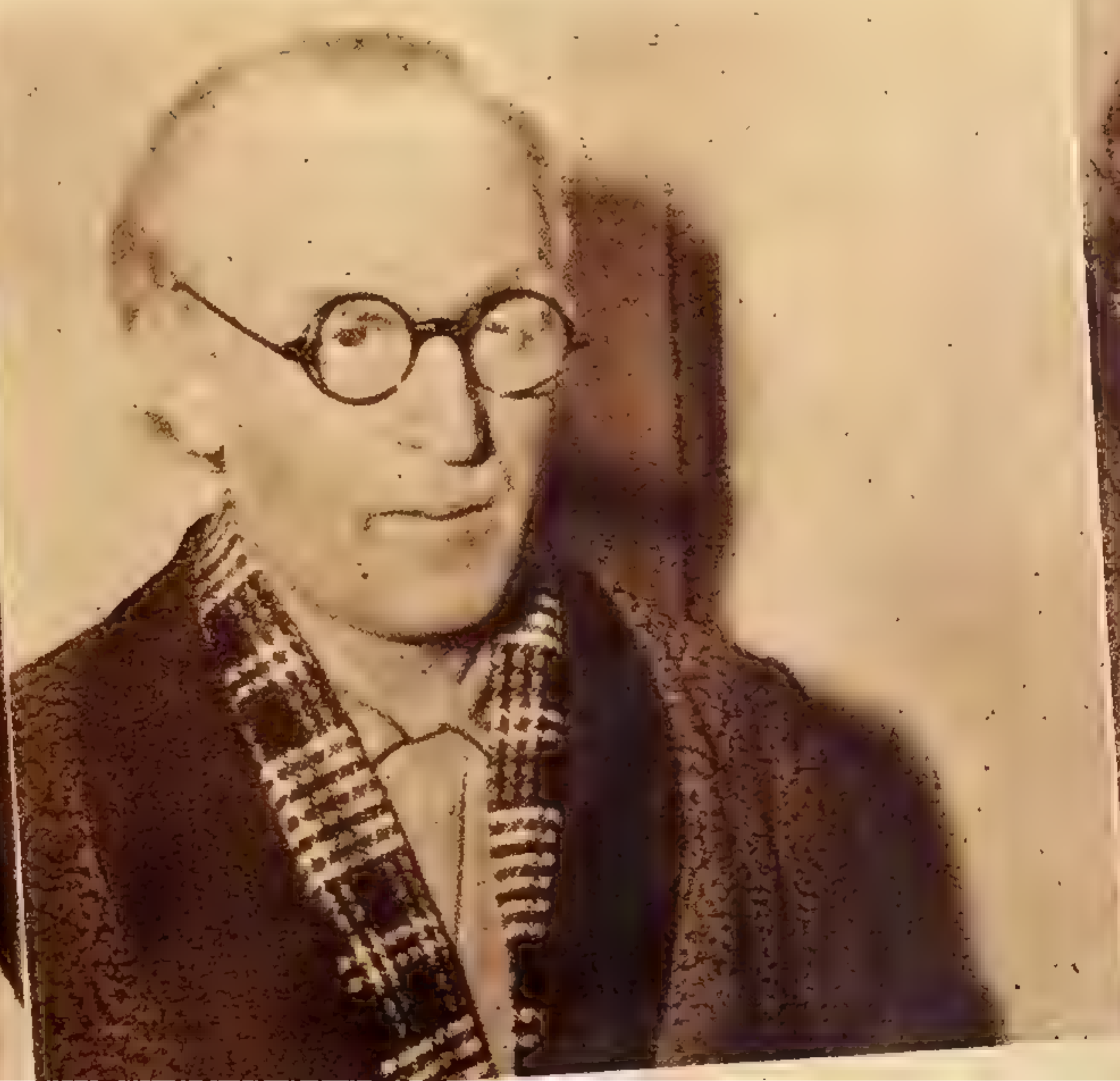


More small boys dream of being baseball players than movie actors. Here's one lad who achieved both ambitions—Allan Lane, seen above in action as he worked out with the Chicago Cubs. Allan starred in baseball at Notre Dame, played pro football with the Brooklyn Dodgers and Giants, before movies grabbed him. Now look to the right. The plot: Claire Trevor finally gets her man—with a sock on the jaw. He is Humphrey Bogart. They battle in "Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse."



Work out the plots behind these pictures! Each sequence tells its own story

Of course, you'll recognize the gentleman at the dressing-table, left below, as Harold Lloyd. You'd better take a good look, because you won't know Harold as he progresses through stages of make-up to make him an old man for "Professor Beware." Charlie Dudley, make-up expert, is seen working on the basic treatment which includes such details as hollow cheeks, wrinkles, wig. Finally, Harold looks at least 70—older than his own father, with him at right.



Pursuing his gay and gallant way through life and films, Douglas Fairbanks the second bids fair to become quite as legendary and fascinating a figure as his famous father. Still a youth in years, young Doug is a man of the world in imagination and experience—and now he is firmly established as an important Hollywood star. See him, below, with Dietrich. Right below, when he was Joan Crawford's husband. Then consider the close-up, center, with Danielle Darrieux, opposite whom he plays in her first American movie, "The Rage of Paris." Finally, at bottom of page, with Ginger Rogers in "Having Wonderful Time."

The Ladies in his

Acme



Life!

Can a man be glamorous?
ous? We say yes,
when he is Douglas
Fairbanks, Jr.!





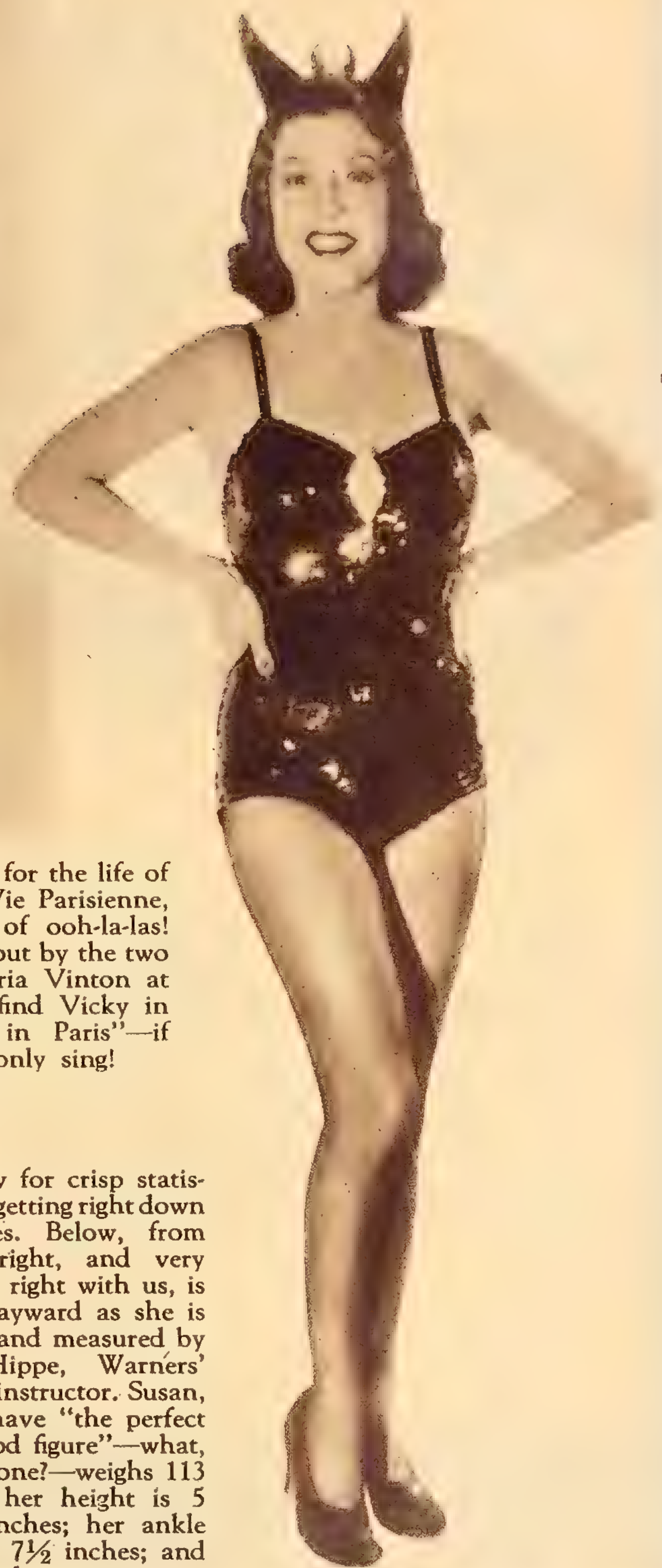
Measure Up?

Can the average American girl measure up to Hollywood's exacting standards? Look around here, compare with home-town Venuses, and cast your vote

Rochelle Hudson, left, personally presents one of the pertest figures in filmdom. Rochelle is wearing the "Cherie," a suit made of Jantzen's new Wisp-o-weight fabric in which soft, light-weight wool is combined with Lastex yarn. Below, a highly decorative newcomer named Laurie Lane, all done up in swansdown.

At top of page, Harriet Haddon enlivens "Cocoanut Grove" with her own brisk version of the hula. Topping page opposite are two screen beauties who certainly measure up—in looks, talent, and trouping: Binnie Barnes and Gail Patrick. And at extreme right you'll see Ethel Merman in a devilishly pretty new costume.





Ah, Paris! Oh, for the life of an artist! La Vie Parisienne, and a couple of ooh-la-las! All brought about by the two poses of Victoria Vinton at left. You will find Vicky in "Gold Diggers in Paris"—if she could only sing!

And now for crisp statistics—or, getting right down to figures. Below, from left to right, and very much all right with us, is Susan Hayward as she is weighed and measured by Lewis Hippe, Warners' physical instructor. Susan, said to have "the perfect Hollywood figure"—what, another one?—weighs 113 pounds; her height is 5 feet, 3 inches; her ankle measures 7½ inches; and oh, yes—she can act, too.

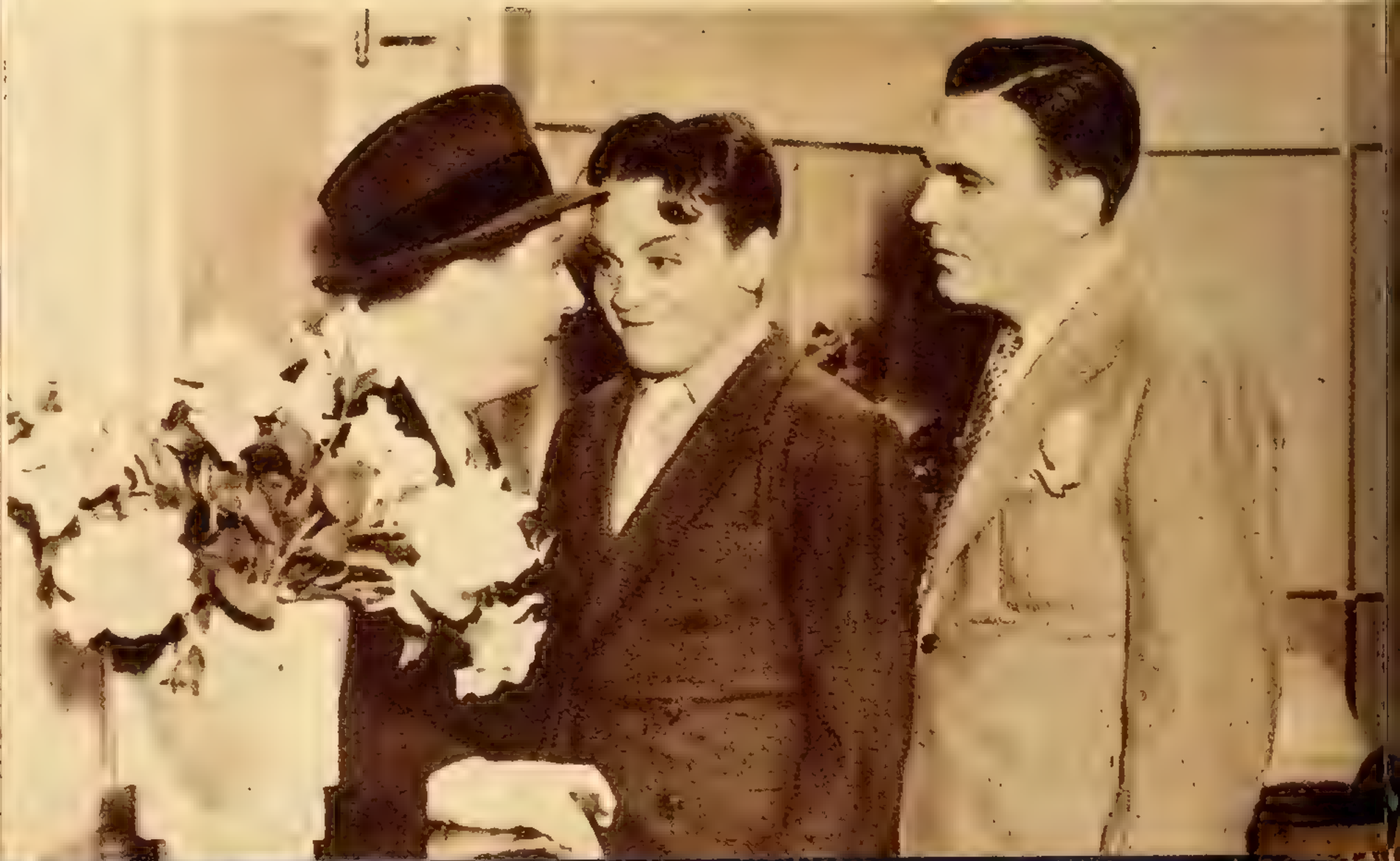




Making Movies Can Be Fun!



There was a grin a minute on the "Four's a Crowd" set, above. No wonder. Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Patric Knowles and Rosalind Russell are the principals. You see how one thing brings up another gag in the sequence of events that culminated, above right, in a feud when Flynn "clipped" Pat, who blamed the innocent Olivia, who is all ready to hammer back at Knowles. Hold it, Olivia! You're blaming the wrong man!





Look at the bright side of things. Sure, careers hang in the balance, fortunes are invested in the films they make. But do the stars have to be glum about it? Not these topping troupers!

Jimmie Cagney came back to whoop things up with his old pals Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh and the Warner lot got more hectic and hilarious during the making of "Boy Meets Girl." Below, you follow Pat and Jim as they clowned along the sidelines. Jim gives Frank that McHugh look as the trio meet, left center. At luncheon, below, Cagney's joke amuses Marie Wilson, Ralph Bellamy, Dick Foran, but not O'Brien.



Gaston
Longet,
RKO-Radio



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

One star of the outdoor action drama who has held his popularity against all comers is the stalwart and handsome George O'Brien. One of Hollywood's most respected citizens, he keeps right on turning out minor epics glorifying the great American West, enthralling small boys of all ages. In O'Brien movies, virtue is always triumphant and the scenery gorgeous. In short, fun!

George O'Brien
in "Gun Law"

Laugh today as you read Arthur Treacher's plans for tomorrow!



Buttling has brought Treacher all the comforts of a life he enjoys immensely. Arthur is by way of being mighty comfortable above, in his specially-built bed (he's six-four and a half). Right, in character; and, center, with his pet terrier.



By
Miriam Rogers

The BUTLER BUILDS a CASTLE in the AIR

TO DATE, only a water meter marks the progress of the house, but in Arthur Treacher's mind, it is complete, as it will be some time next summer, down to the least detail—the locks that insure his privacy, the flowers in the patio, the cunning ledges and shelves here and there to welcome glasses so that rings won't be made on his nice furniture.

Sometimes people wonder if Treacher does not get tired of perennially *buttling*, but Treacher himself takes it all with a grin. After all, buttling has brought him security, it has brought him a larger income than he ever hoped or planned for, it has brought him at least a *home*.

His ideas for the house go back to his English inheritance, certain inborn ideas of what a gentleman's house should be, premised on the thought that a man's house is his castle. In carrying them out, he has followed no set pattern, however, and the result promises to be charming. In the first place, his original idea came from an ad in a magazine—a heater ad, in fact. The background suggested just the sort of house he wanted, livable, unpretentious.

The next step was to get plans made. A friend advised

him that architects were useful. In some doubt, Treacher discussed the problem over hamburgers in a small stand. A lady, overhearing, was sufficiently impressed to write him suggesting a name. The name meant nothing but Treacher was satisfied to let the man develop his ideas—and learned later that he had selected a pupil of Frank Lloyd Wright to design his house.

As far as the exterior is concerned, it is, he insists, "just a house," of stone and weathered shingles and with an eight-foot wall to give seclusion. He was a long time finding a lot that was both suitable and reasonable but finally settled on one in Encino, a popular development near Hollywood and the studio but far enough out to give a sense of space, of quiet, of country.

It was during a lay-off period that his ideas crystallized. It happened then that he was badly needed on the lot and although an actor is not supposed to be called during that time, the director decided to phone and ask him to return as a special favor. Treacher demurred. He would like to know, first, if his option was to be taken up, because, you see, he wanted to build a house.

Fortunately for the picture (*Continued on page 82*)



THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD—Warners



Reviews of the best Pictures by

Delight Evans



SUPERB spectacle, magnificent melodrama, rhapsodic romance—"Robin Hood" has everything you want in the way of screen entertainment. Handsomest all-color film so far, it has moments of amazing beauty, but never do they interfere with the action which is essential to the spectacle. Speed and spirit are not sacrificed for the sake of dragging in an extra boar's head; the film moves every minute, and while it makes the most of its extravagant settings it never neglects the human interest. Every character in "The Adventures of Robin Hood" is very much a real person, as modern as tomorrow; and therein lies the picture's chief appeal. *Sir Robin of Locksley*, as played by Errol Flynn, has 1938 ideas about helping the underprivileged; but the way he goes about it makes it all seem so much fun that I think we should all take up archery. *Robin's* romance with *Maid Marian* is as lyrical as you would wish, with Olivia de Havilland an exquisite heroine. The merry men are grand, with Alan Hale, Eugene Pallette, and Herbert Mundin just right. Of course Basil Rathbone is the perfect *Guy of Gisborne*, and his duel with Robin is really something to see. Here is one spectacular picture which will thrill and never bore.



TEST PILOT—M-G-M



DR. RHYTHM—Paramount



SOME inspired party put Beatrice Lillie into this Bing Crosby picture, with incredibly happy results. I enjoyed every minute of it, particularly when The Crooner and Lady Peel occupy the screen at one and the same time, indulging in their very different but surprisingly compatible brands of comedy. "Dr. Rhythm" is entirely and ingratiatingly crazy. Not a bit of it makes sense and it isn't supposed to. That can be said about lots of pictures, but this time the direction and the performances are authentically mad and merry, and if you can get into the mood of the thing you'll have the time of your life. If not, I pity you, but I don't like you. Once upon a time O. Henry wrote a story called "The Badge of Policeman O'Roon," and Bing impersonates a policeman; otherwise there is no connection. There has probably never been a funnier sequence than Beatrice Lillie's "Double Damask Napkins" shopping scene, with Franklin Pangborn as the foil. Two songs whose familiarity even radio dance bands and singers can't breed contempt for are "On The Sentimental Side" and "My Heart is Taking Lessons"—you haven't heard 'em until you hear Bing sing them. Andy Devine helps the hilarity. Mary Carlisle is prettily present. Swell show!



THE best picture any one of the three stars has had in a long time—and that means "Test Pilot" is everything it should be. Clark Gable gives his very best performance as the daredevil pilot; Myrna Loy tops even her Thin Man's Wife as Clark's adorable screen spouse here; and Spencer Tracy, with fewer fireworks than usual, manages to remind you, even in such fast company, that he comes mighty close to being the screen's best all-around actor. For once in an air drama, the zooming planes don't steal the show. The human element enters in, at director Victor Fleming's expert bidding, and remains the reason for the heroics and for your respectful attention. Oh, there are thrills in the sky, all right; your heart will be in your mouth too often for comfort; the excitement is sustained, too. But the appeal of "Test Pilot" for most movie-goers, especially women, will be in the quite heartbreaking scenes in which Miss Loy worries and waits for her dashing and reckless husband. Gable is very, very good—I admit I was surprised that he could so accurately capture the moods and emotions of a rôle as he does here. Apologies and congratulations. Fine acting in an enormously exciting and convincing picture—a satisfying cinema.

BEST AND BIGGEST:

"The Adventures of Robin Hood"
"Test Pilot"

BEST AND FUNNIEST:

"Vivacious Lady"
"Dr. Rhythm"

FINEST PERFORMANCES:

Errol Flynn in "Robin Hood"
Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy in "Test Pilot"
Bing Crosby, Beatrice Lillie in "Dr. Rhythm"
Ginger Rogers, James Stewart in "Vivacious Lady"

SURPRISE HIT:

James Ellison in "Vivacious Lady"

SOCKO NEWCOMER:

Richard Greene in "Four Men and a Prayer"



VIVACIOUS LADY—RKO-Radio



MOST captivating romance since "It Happened One Night," and positive proof, as if we need it, that Ginger Rogers is a great star in her own right. Here is a rare cinema combination: hilarious comedy and a tender love story which contrives to be always convincing despite slapstick interludes. The only thing, in fact, wrong with this picture is the terrible title. It does *not* tell the story; it is a gross understatement, practically a libel on the spirited heroine so beautifully played by Ginger; but don't let it keep you away. From the moment that James Stewart as a young professor of botany meets Ginger as a night-club entertainer, and marries her immediately, the celluloid sizzles, with never a pause to permit you to catch your breath as Jimmy brings his bride home to the university town where his father is head man and the two try to snatch marital bliss which ever eludes them. Lubitsch would have made this a naughty picture. Director George Stevens, Miss Rogers, and the inimitable Jimmy Stewart make it sheer delight, with such warmth and poignancy, as well as humor, that I don't see how anyone can resist it. Ginger and Jimmy have expert assistance from the handsome James Ellison, and a thoroughbred cast.



FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER—20th Century-Fox



A FIELD day for girl film fans, this picture; and no hardship, either, to the gentlemen in the audience, for Loretta Young is the girl; and no man has ever tired yet of looking at Loretta. Sometimes I wish she weren't so pretty, because then she would take her acting more seriously and get into a character as she did once—in "A Man's Castle;" but so far I am the only one to complain, so skip it. Loretta, in this picture, is surrounded, but not submerged, by as personable a group of gentlemen as it has ever been my pleasure to see on the screen. First and foremost, Richard Greene, that much-touted "Robert Taylor-Tyrone Power" type from England, who completely disarms you with a modest manner and terrific dimples in each cheek. The young man also can act, if it interests you. Then there is David Niven, rapidly coming into his own as an engaging young comedian; the interesting George Sanders, nice William Henry, and, to round out the list, that splendid actor, C. Aubrey Smith. There is a lot of plot, involving a mystery which skips across three continents with ease if not conviction; but I think you will be chiefly interested in the new boy and his love scenes with our girl, Missy Loretta; and you will be watching for his next.



TO THE VICTOR—Gaumont-British



JUST when I have convinced myself that I enjoy an imported motion picture for the same reason I like caviar, because I don't get it too often, and speak pretty severely to myself along the lines of "Unfair to Hollywood" and all that, along comes a *new* imported picture such as "To The Victor," and I am ready to put up a fight for visiting films. Here is what might be called a more or less unpretentious screenplay from England. It is not gigantic, or even colossal. But it is so unusual, refreshing and appealing that I must urge you to be Unfair just long enough to see it; you will find it well worth your while. An adaptation of Alfred Ollivant's famous story, "Bob, Son of Battle," "To The Victor" was directed by Robert Stevenson, who gave us "Nine Days A Queen." Mr. Stevenson is not only a brilliant technician; he has deep sympathies and scintillating humor, never more apparent than in this picture. The leading figure is what you might call a "character"—a quaint and strange old fellow with three loyalties: his daughter, his dog, and, I regret to say, his bottle. Will Fyfe plays the part superbly. Margaret Lockwood as his daughter is truly charming. See it!

SCREENLAND Glamor School



Edited by *Madge Evans*

The very spirit of gay Summer, one of Hollywood's most popular girls gives you her exclusive style slants

Madge Evans, a true California sun-baby, adorns the diving-board of the Hotel Ambassador pool, above, after completing "Sinners in Paradise," her picture for Universal. Madge is wearing a white satin bathing suit with colorful sailboat print in shades of rust, green, and turquoise. At upper right, brisk ensemble of yellow flannel dress and jacket of brown and yellow plaid. Her hat is one of the new Hattie Carnegie berets of brown linen, matching her leather belt. At right, Madge's pet Summer costume: white linen frock with wide, diagonally-striped girdle in red, white and blue, matching the bolero jacket.



For lazy afternoons, Madge selects the print frock at left: red seaweed design on a background of white. Her wide-brimmed white felt hat is trimmed with red quill and band. Below, smart beach suit of blue and white silk jersey, topped by a big rough red straw sun-hat trimmed with graceful sprigs of red and yellow oats. At lower left, dream-dress for Summer glamor moments—white organdy gown embroidered in a scroll effect, worn over a slip of heavy white silk crepe. Madge's wide-brimmed natural leghorn boasts a bouquet of flowers at the front. And for gala Summer evenings—see the classically simple white silk crepe evening gown at lower right. The brief jacket is quaintly quilted.



*Glamor School
pictures by
Ray Jones,
Universal.*



Allen Burg

Wendy Barrie is one screen starlet who possesses plenty of chic. On this page she poses in her three favorite Summer costumes. At upper left, swagger ensemble of ivory wool and brown—short skirt of brown gabardine, jacket of ivory wool. A brown felt polk-brim hat, pig-skin gloves, and shoulder-strap bag complete the picture. Above, daytime sheer vari-colored print with pleated skirt, with which Wendy wears an extreme picture hat, and carries an amusing black kid bag. At left, candy-stripe beach ensemble in the new papier-maché cotton, green and white. White clog sandals and a flame-red sun-straw are the perfect accents.



Fashion
is
Fun!



It's a chiffon Summer, and Anita Louise, above, swings into it with her green and white print with finely pleated skirt. Her broad-brimmed black milan hat has green grosgrain band and streamers. At upper right, Anita again—this time in periwinkle blue and wine—that saucy tam is blue with wine-colored pin-cushion pompon. At far right, lovely Merle Oberon in her Maggy Rouff sun-suit of blue linen blouse and blue and white striped shorts. The rough straw sun-hat has white streamers. Right, Gale Sondergaard in her lively country costume of white sharkskin slacks, brilliantly flowered cotton coolie jacket, and colorful yellow pancake straw.



If, as famous designer Elizabeth Hawes says, "Fashion is Spinach," we say, eat and enjoy it! Here Hollywood lovelies revel in the new clothes for your edification

Up in the Air with Wally

The screen's flying star breaks down and takes a "writing person" for a sky ride that produces the best Beery close-up ever

By May Mann



"**H**OW much do you weigh, Honey? I guess the plane will hold you. Come on, get in!" That's a sample of typical Beery gallantry. He'd say the same to Crawford or Loy. Wallace Beery, big and gruff, was handing me into his big luxurious \$30,000 monoplane. Before I could believe it, with his co-pilot Ortmann seated by him in the front seats, and me in the back, a button was pushed, a lever was pulled, the engine roared, the propeller spun, and the next thing we had taxied from the landing field at the airport and were flying in the sky.

Two things came to my mind. One, that Wallace Beery calls all of the girls "honey" be they six, sixteen, or sixty; two, that you can never tell what he'll do next. For here was I, who'd come down to the airport early in the morning to say "Hello" and ask Wally something about flying—plenty up in the air on a moment's notice.

A month before at the studio, Wally had told me he was taking delivery on a new four-passenger ship.

"Do you ever take any passengers?" I had asked him. He'd said he always took along his co-pilot to relieve him on long trips, and that his wife Rita and daughter Carol Ann flew about with him frequently. "But I never take any writing-folks," he added significantly. "The studio's always wanting me to take up someone for a story, but gosh, I go up in the air to get away from Hollywood and stories. That's my relaxation!"

However, Wally was agreeable that I should come out to the airport some day and inspect his new ship. And so I'd come—and a moment later here I was, bound for goodness knew where.

"See that mountain peak over there?" Wally called back over his shoulder. "Now just watch what I do!"

I suddenly remembered having heard at his studio that Wally had been a dare-devil on the Indianapolis

race tracks, and was just as daring in the air. I was watching with my heart in my throat. We were flying at an altitude of about eight thousand feet. Wally turned on a gadget over his head, and the plane nosed upward. Up we went over the peak at 10,000 feet, then down we zoomed for lower altitude to take a few nose-dives and then a wing over. My stomach went up and down accordingly. I felt like I was on either the Atlantic or the Pacific, and at the rate we were zooming around up there in those clouds I wasn't sure it mattered.

Wally handed me a pair of earphones and I listened to the radio. Then he motioned that I should come up and sit in front with him. "Watch these gadgets," he said after I'd scrambled over in Mr. Ortmann's seat. "I hope you're not one of those persons who says: 'Anyone that can drive a car can pilot a plane.'"

I hastily assured him I'd never think of making such a statement, but Wally said: "Here, take the controls, the plane's yours."

We were headed straight for a mountain peak. I froze in my seat. Wally sat there with his hands folded in his lap in high glee. I grabbed at the wheel and the plane started earth-ward.

"Take your plane, I don't want it," I shouted over the

din of the powerful motor as the ship nosed down. "Think twice, you're turning down \$30,000 worth of airplane," he yelled back.

I took another look at the fifty handles, buttons, and thing-a-ma-jigs on the instrument board, and covered my eyes. Wally righted the ship, then laughed and laughed: "Sure glad you didn't take me up on that offer, or I'd sure been out a plane," he said. Then in a trifle more serious vein, he revealed that we were really going places. He was bound for a Pioneer Days Rodeo and Celebration over in his favorite fishing state, Utah. And as long as his studio had been "pestering me for a plane story all of these years, and you were here, I just decided to break a precedent and take you along. We're going to Utah and back. Yep, all in one day. Fact is I've promised to go over and help them out on a cele-



"Come on, get in," Wally invited as he took the controls for a flight from California to Utah in his new \$30,000 cabin plane. That was the beginning of an adventure that was both exciting and amusing for the author, seen left with Wally broadcasting a speech at the rodeo he officially opened. Left across page, a recent portrait, and aboard ship with his daughter Carol Ann and Mrs. Beery on their recent trip abroad.

bration, and it's only three hours by air, so just hang on to your seat, while I show you some more air-tricks."

Three hours-of-air-tricks later, zooming over mountains and desert, the beautiful big red plane, with each door gold-lettered "Wallace Beery, Hollywood," landed at the Salt Lake Airport. The governor, the mayor, and a large committee were there to greet him. Wally in his light gray suit, a neckerchief carefully knotted at the throat of his blue silk shirt, jumped from his plane as fresh and energetic as though he'd just taken a short automobile ride. But me, I know I must have been as pale as I felt, and the sky was still going round and round, and the earth wasn't very steady under my feet either.

The first thing Wally said, after shaking hands all the way around and posing for a flock of photographers, was: "Where's a good place to get some chow?"

Of course the governor suggested at the state capitol, the mayor spoke of the country club, and Wally said: "This airport café's closer. Come on!" And he motioned for the whole crowd to follow. They did and Wally insisted on being host and paying the check.

Then we flew forty miles north to Utah's second city, Ogden, where the celebration was about to open with a street parade. They asked Wally if he'd ride in the

procession. "Sure," was the affable rejoinder. "Lead me to it. That's what I do best, parades!"

Wally sat hatless up on the back of an open car, and waved to the thousands of folks who'd come to glimpse him. A twelve-year-old boy on a bicycle pedaled away for dear life to keep up with Wally's car. A motorcycle patrolman ordered him out of the procession.

"Here, let me show you how to pilot a wheel," said Wally, noticing the boy's embarrassment. And the rotund Wally jumped from the back of the moving car, and for the next two blocks rode in his own Honor-Parade on a bicycle. Folks could hardly believe their eyes. Word spread ahead along the parade line. Magically bottles of cold beer and something even stronger were proffered by eager hands. But Wally only mopped his brow, kept his balance on the wheel, and said he couldn't indulge in anything stronger than soda-pop "on account of my Hollywood figure!" And so a pretty Miss dashed out and gave him a bottle of orange pop. Wally stopped pedaling and took the drink. "Best thing I've had today," he said smacking his lips.

All banquets in his honor had been cancelled. "When I eat, I like to enjoy my food, and not be worrying about what I'm going to have to say," Wally had told them. "I don't mind helping you folks out with your celebrations, but any fancy speech making is out."

Though Wally was guest of the celebration, he insisted on being host at a mid-day dinner. We all sat down at one large table in the main dining room of the local hotel. After glancing over the menu, Wally turned to the waitress and said: "I'm so hungry I could eat the side of a cow." The girl replied: "I know just what you want, Mr. Beery."—and did we laugh when a half hour later, she wheeled up a table on which reposed an enormous silver-covered platter. Lifting off the cover she set the "side of a cow" (*Please turn to page 73*)

London

The social side of life among celebrities in Britain's capital. Intimate close-ups of Hollywood as well as European notables

By Hettie Grimstead

WE HAVE some awfully nice parties in London. For brilliant conversation and perfect food in stately surroundings we look to the Raymond Masseys when they invite a dozen friends to dinner at their tall aristocratic house in a Kensington square.

They have decorated their big dining-room without a touch of color so that it forms a becoming background for all women guests no matter what kind of frocks they are wearing. (And Mrs. Massey, who is Adrienne Allen in British films, said she wanted her blonde looks effectively set off at meal-times, too.) So walls and ceiling are painted in palest grey with long matching window drapes of heavy satin. The carpet and the crushed velvet covers of the chairs are grey too, and even the handsomely-carved table and buffet are fashioned from grey Italian walnut. Only white flowers are allowed and instead of ornaments, some white china chickens which Raymond collects stand about on the mantel and the wall-alcoves. When the candles are lit, the room seems to be bathed in silvery moonlight and perhaps it is this unusual atmosphere which lends

the parties such distinction. All the Masseys' friends belong to the artistic and intellectual worlds. Beautiful Tamara Geva dined the other night and talked about Russian literature to an audience that included both Alexander and Zoltan Korda as well as dark-haired Joan Gardner and Flora Robson.

Noel Coward is a frequent guest at the house. It's exquisite to hear him discussing the latest film he has seen—he described one famous English actress now walking her cool way through Hollywood pictures as "just like a parody of Keats' Grecian Urn. A thing of beauty and a bore for ever." I asked him when he was going to make that several-times-postponed film for Paramount. He answered in his staccato manner: "Well, darling, it's too terribly, terribly monotonous acting all day in front of a tired technician and two lamps!" But he says he will go to Hollywood this winter to help with the screening of his new musical stage play "Operette." With its wonderful scenes of London life forty years ago and its romance of the

actress and the Guards officer, it should make a spectacular picture to rival "Cavalcade."

Elizabeth Allan and her agent-husband Bill O'Bryen hold the most attractive little cocktail-parties in their London flat. Liza has just done over the drawing-room and now it is all peach color with touches of jade green and some golden lamé cushions. She invites the younger set, glamorous Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier and (*Please turn to page 90*)

Gertrude Niesen, top center, London visitor. Right, at the studio, Ursula Jeans chats with Louis Borell as make-up is applied. Below, the quaint home where Ursula and her husband, Roger Livesey, seen in foreground, live. Lower right, dining room of the Raymond Masseys' home in Kensington square.



What Makes You So Funny, Mr. Auer?

Here's what happened when Mischa, who usually laughs off questions about himself, couldn't duck some very personal queries

By Margaret Mary Joslyn

Auer laughed at his own acting for the first time when he saw "My Man Godfrey." Being funny when he grins, as at right, then in a close-up with Danielle Darrieux in "The Rage of Paris"—and finally, wide-eyed wonder as at lower right.



AS IS the inescapable fate of office girls, Jane and I were doing our shopping in the Saturday afternoon whirlpool of the Loop, buffeted by determined females with hats askew, and mad, bargain-hunting eyes. Above the roar of traffic, our trained ears discerned the harsh croaks of women with parched throats who had staggered from drug-store to drug-store in vain search of a stool and a coke.

Heads down, we rammed our way through the mob, until our eyes were caught by as soothing a sight as one could hope to see. It was a large poster of Mischa Auer in front of the Palace theatre. Above his high hat appeared the legend, "Today, In Person."

Blessed Mischa Auer, who no matter how dry and cracked the creek of your spirits, can cause it to overflow with laughter like the Ohio river in floodtime! Mischa, the Thief, who steals every picture in which he appears!

"I think," I said to Jane, "that I will drop around back-stage and interview Mischa Auer."

"Why, hello, Louella Parsons," she said. "Fancy meeting you in on old lapin coat! Rehearsing for a character rôle, I presume?"

"Want to come with me?" I asked, shaking her shower of sarcasm off my back, like a dog.

"You're not really going to interview him?" she asked. "Do you have an appointment?"

"No, but I phoned back-stage this morning. The man in the office said Mischa is a good guy; he'd probably talk to me if I caught him before his number. Come with me. If he won't talk—at least we'll see him."

Jane looked down wistfully at her rubbers. "Mmm, I'd love to see him. But I only have a half hour, and Fields, has a sale on piqué blouses—a dollar ninety-eight. And I want to return the cologne I bought last week.



Besides the sidewalks are bone dry and I am wearing rubbers. How can a girl embark on high adventure wearing rubbers? I'd quail before those great liquid orbs of Mischa's. What would he think? 'There's a clod,' he'd say to himself."

"OK," I said. "Get your piqué blouse. I am going to see Mischa Auer."

She hesitated uncertainly, as though to follow me, then glanced once more at her rubbers, and shook her head. "Report every detail. Don't miss a twitch of his eyebrow," she said, and waved goodby.

The doorman admitted me without question and waved me into a reception room overflowing with school children. Plump little girls in bowler hats and clean bright hair curling Deanna Durbin style, sat on the davenport. Their hands clenched autograph (*Please turn to page 86*)

"Focus on the Fun Angle"

IF YOU should ask Pat O'Brien what he knows about taking candid camera pictures, he'd reply: "Not a thing in the world!" But just try going out to Pat's house with your own camera, taking shots of the garden, the babies, visiting celebrities, and so on. Pat will be right there at your elbow, borrowing the camera, shooting the pictures for you, and showing intense interest all the time.

Not so long ago, when Pat gave his usual party to celebrate the conclusion of a picture, a band of local news-cameramen arrived looking for "art." Pat, in his customary fashion, borrowed the camera belonging to the newshound, and shot another angle on each group.

"My theory is that pictures like that should hand someone a laugh," he explained. "I get a kick out of these. See Jim Cagney interrupted just as he was telling Joan Blondell a story? Does she look like: 'Will we never get to the point?' And Bing Crosby, Joe E. Brown and Bert Wheeler, holding a pose on 'Sweet Adeline'!

"I didn't have anything to do with lighting or focus on those shots—the other fellows did that. I suppose my chief trouble with my pictures is the same you have—or anybody who gets camera fever at all—we're in too much of a hurry. We see something and we've got to grab it. Sometimes we have luck and the picture stays there until we've shot it, but usually we're afraid it won't, so we don't stop for correct focus and lighting.

"Here's an example of my

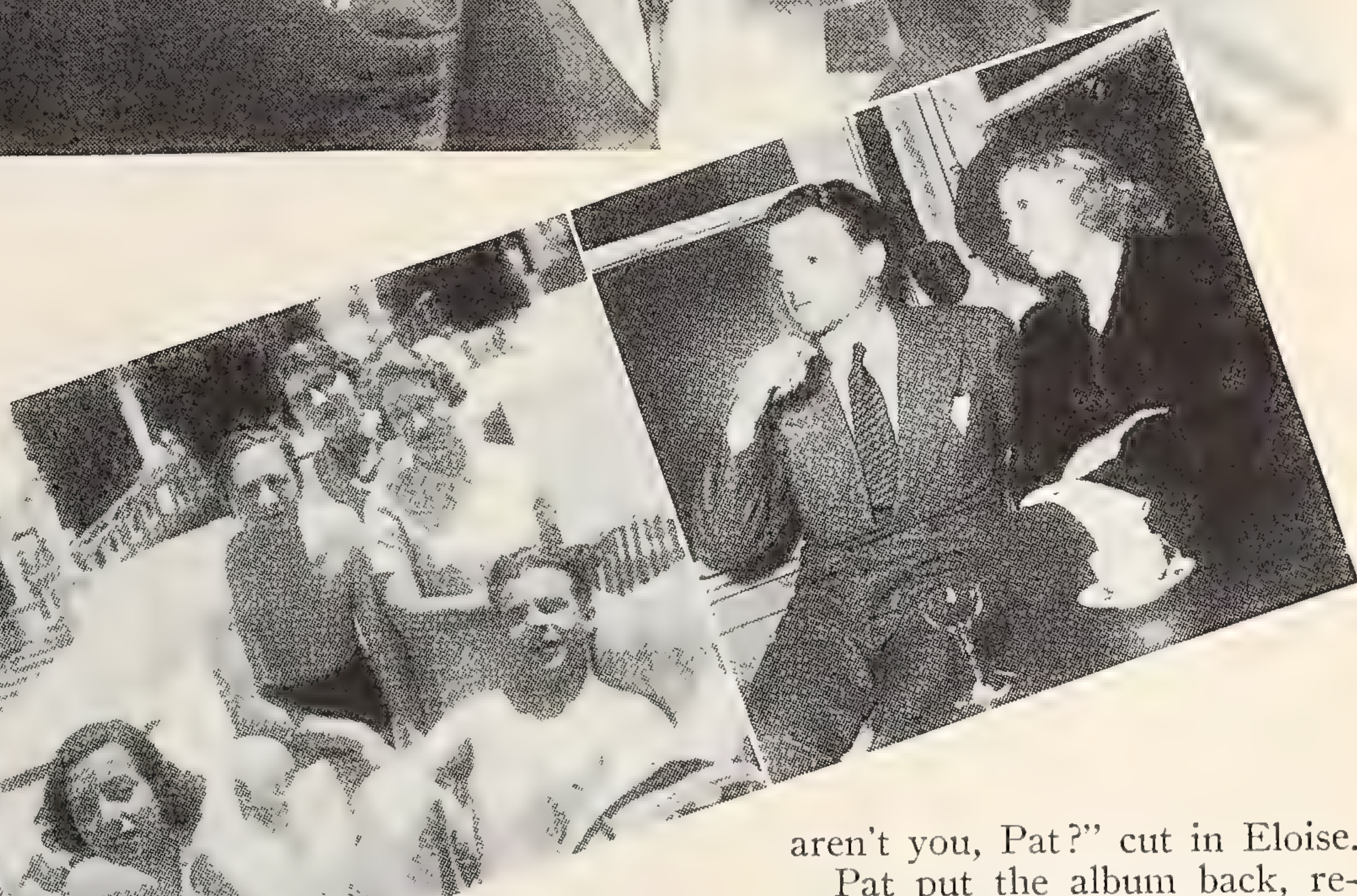
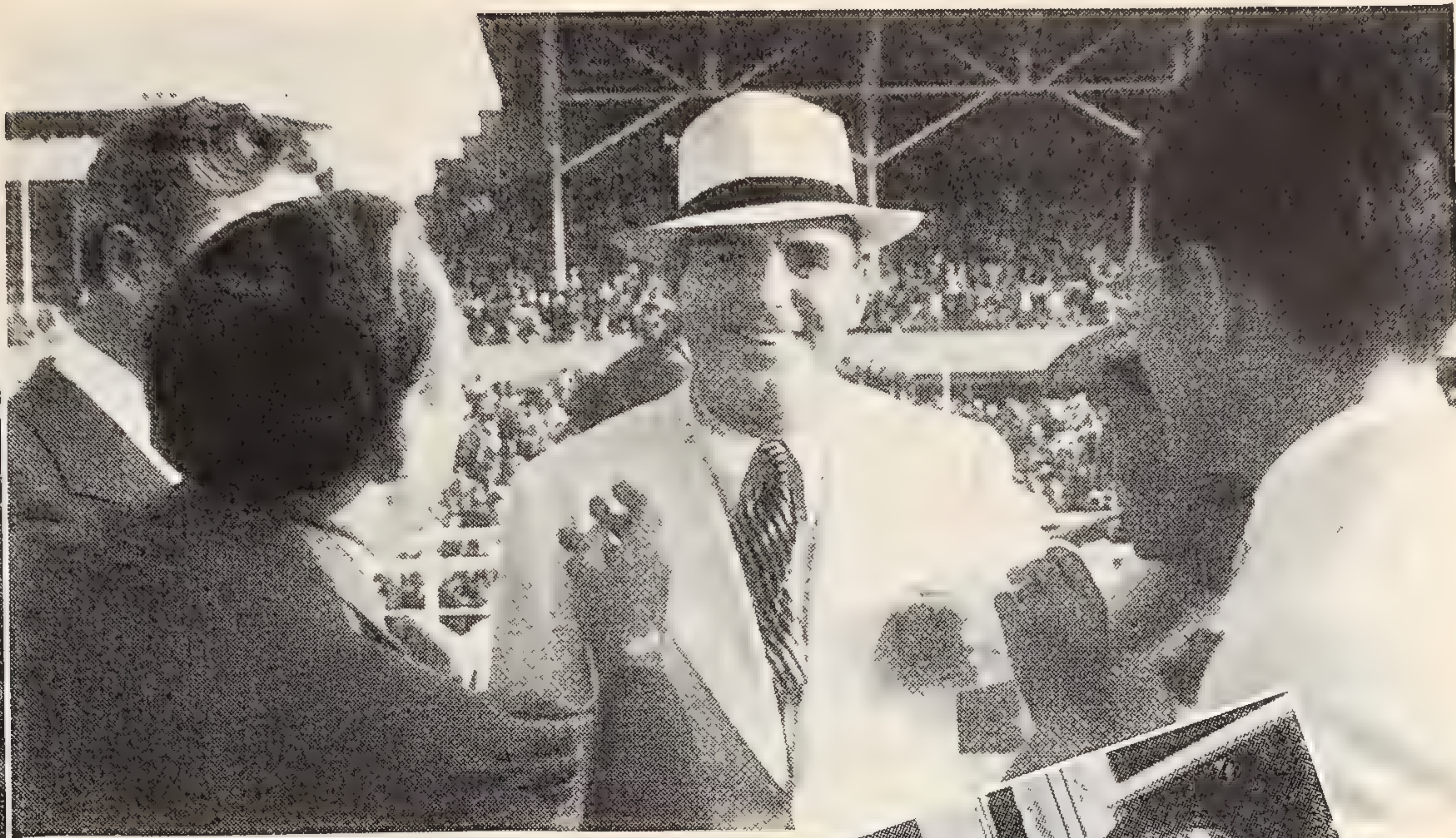
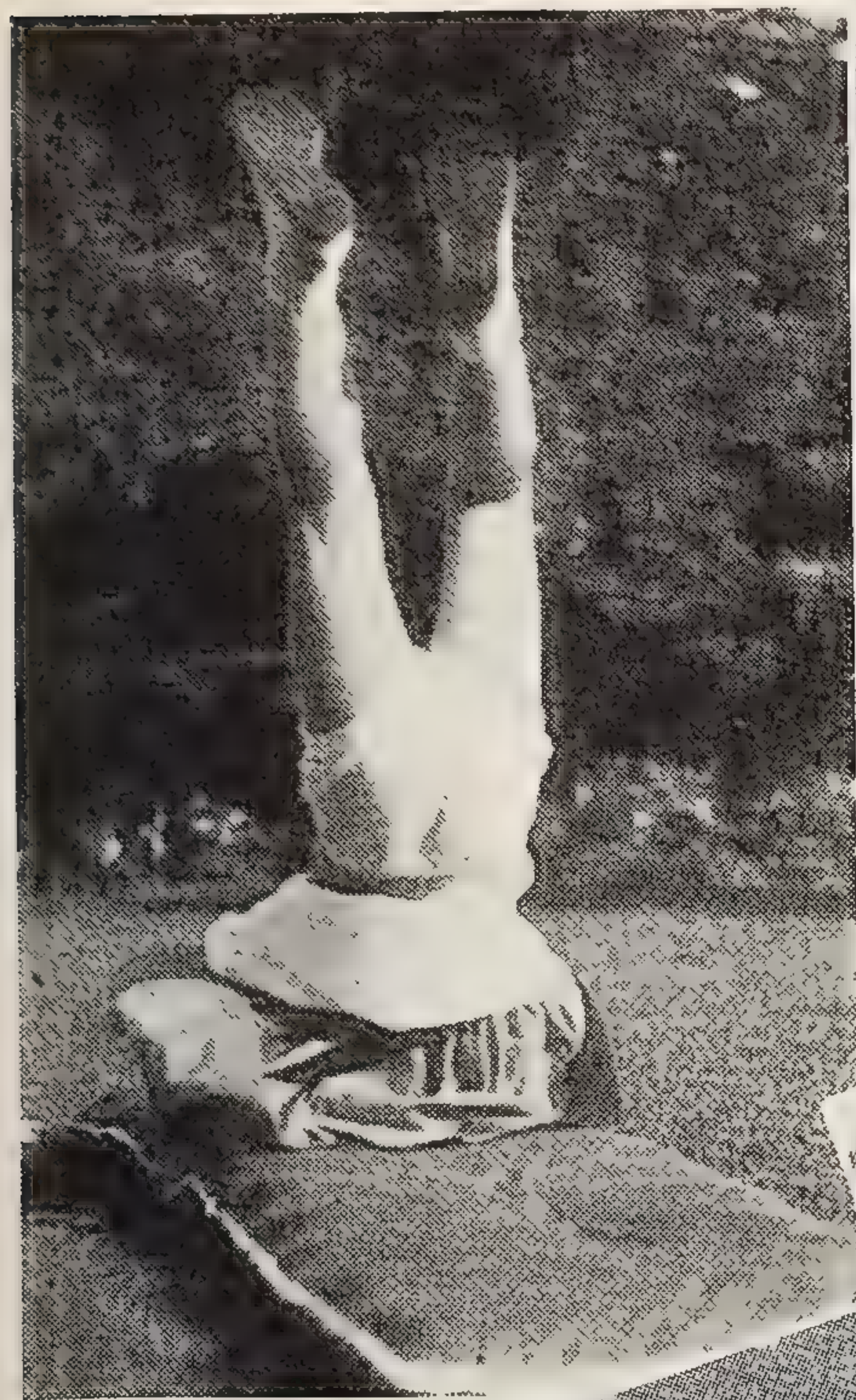
Says Pat O'Brien, Kodak Kibitzer. He has lots of cameras of his own, but will borrow yours—to prove the best shots should hand you a laugh

By Ruth Tildesley



There's life, and a smile, in all the pictures in the O'Brien family album. Left, Pat's favorite subjects, daughter Mavourneen and son Sean—the lad seen in two other shots in center and right above. Mrs. O'Brien tells a fish story, above. Left above, harmony by Bing Crosby, Joe E. Brown and Bert Wheeler.

Pat taken—at the races, right. Below: a very informal shot of Mavourneen. Left to right below: Marion Davies at Palm Springs; Doris Warner LeRoy, Mervyn LeRoy, Dick Powell, also at Palm Springs; James Cagney and Joan Blondell—all snapped by Pat.



shots when I'm rushed. Henry Fonda was out here with his Leica, snaring some of his famous birds-in-their-nests-pictures. He was crouching among the shrubbery, looking like Bring-'em-back-alive in person, so I grabbed the nearest camera and got this. It should have been swell, but he stood up suddenly."

"Good or bad, Pat keeps them," commented Eloise, with a smile. Eloise is Pat's charming wife. "Pat is a born collector. He keeps matches from every place he visits, he collects pipes, he saves theatre programs, stage or screen, he keeps stills from every picture, and as for snapshots—! Here are a few of the family albums—these are home pictures, these are baby pictures, these belong to Mavourneen—these to Sean—these are taken on trips—well, just look!"

The den, where we were sitting, is lined with bookcases containing items from Pat's collections. The actor ran an approving eye over the shelves and drew out a fat album.

"Look, this is full of programs from plays," he observed, 'Little Old New York'—I played *Bully Boy Brewster* in that—Plainfield, New Jersey."

"You are supposed to be talking about candid cameras,

aren't you, Pat?" cut in Eloise.

Pat put the album back, regretfully. "What I don't know about cameras! When I was a kid, somebody gave me one of those little box cameras. I took it and went out all over the neighborhood, clicking the shutter. I took some great human interest shots—kids playing marbles, baseball, throwing jack knives and what-all. I had some comic shots, some thrills, and was I pleased? But when I came home and told about it, it was broken to me that I'd gone out without any film in the thing. I tell you I was disillusioned!"

"I'm always shooting with the other fellow's camera, so my pictures are all different sizes, which isn't so good for albums. We have four or five cameras here, but somehow they're never there when I see something good. Here's a few from the last time we were in Palm Springs—Al Jolson, taking a sun bath—Marion Davies resting after a game of tennis, just as her dog jumped up on her lap—and this is Dick Powell, Doris Warner Leroy and Mervyn at the swimming pool. But I like the pictures of the kids best. They're not old enough to be self-conscious yet."

Mavourneen and Sean (pronounced Shawn), aged four years and twenty months, respectively, catapulted into the room just then, fresh from their baths. Sean wore pink pajamas and a blue robe, Mavourneen's blue robe came almost to the tiny blue mules on her shuffling baby feet. They brought out their albums, enthusiastically. The shots in Mavourneen's album began when she was very tiny. There were some tempting ones showing her in action—learning to walk, and so on, but when I tried to take out samples, she threw herself on the book, crying: "My Daddy's pictures!—No-no-no-no-no!"

Explanations from Eloise and me that the pictures would be returned, that we merely wanted to put them in SCREENLAND to show all (*Please turn to page 79*)

The Host of Hollywood

A week-end at Basil Rathbone's luxurious home, where the screen's suavest "villain" is unmasked to reveal the perfect host and husband, proves both novel and newsy

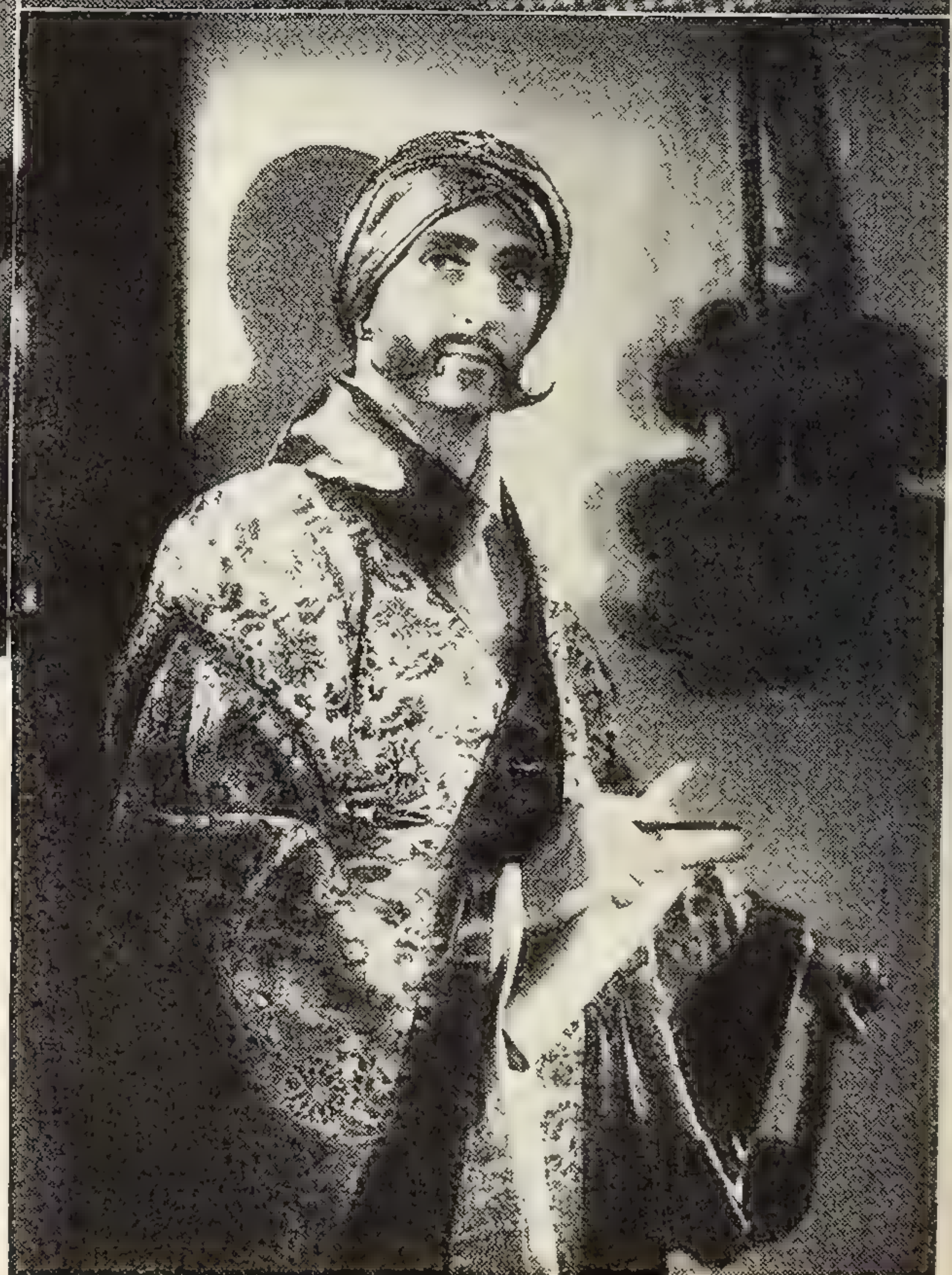
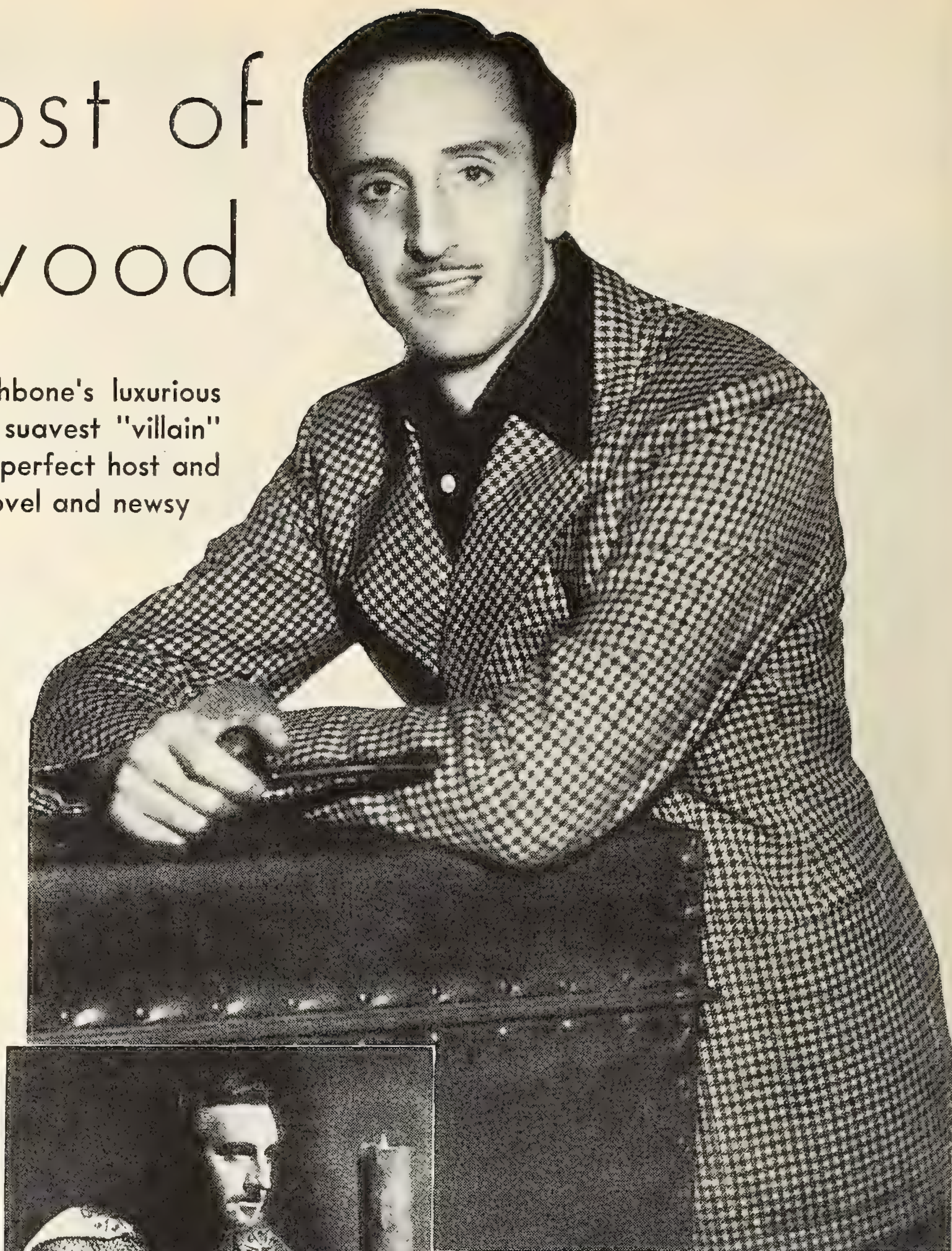
By Dick Pine

BASIL RATHBONE and I were members of the same regiment in the late, not too lamented war. We didn't lie in the same trench, nor did we save each other's lives, or anything. We didn't even join the London Scottish at the same time. In fact, he had never laid eyes on me until we had both been in Hollywood for some time. But there's something about that old regiment which makes us all kin (once we find out about it), and that is the reason for Basil's invitation to spend a week-end with him *en famille*.

In fairness to him, I warned him that I possessed a nose for a story, and that I might, for the benefit of SCREENLAND's readers, unmask him—Rathbone the villain, Rathbone the elegant, Rathbone, Hollywood's Number One party-giver. And if you have any preconceived notions (as I had), prepare to shed them now (as I did).

I arrived shortly after noon on a Saturday, clutching my bags, and asking foolish questions about where to leave my car. Rathbone has room for forty cars or so at the rear of his vine-covered house. Nellie was patient with me. Nellie is the trim little English maid whom the Rathbones imported when they returned from England on their last trip. Two West Highland terriers in the hall were not quite so patient as Nellie. They nearly knocked me flat, although, after a little cautious conversation, I gathered that their exuberance was distinctly friendly. Then, Ambrose made his quiet appearance.

Ambrose is an extremely important member of the Rathbone menage. He, too, is English,



Rathbone the villain, Rathbone the elegant, Rathbone the perfect host, and Rathbone the friend and "war buddy" of the author—you meet them all under the most cordial circumstances in this stimulating story. Right, Basil as Ahmed in "Marco Polo," and above, in "Robin Hood."

and has the most uncanny sense of anticipation of one's wants, whether they be Basil's or a guest's. Ambrose took me in tow, and a moment later, I found myself in an enormous chair in Rathbone's own particular sanctuary—a dark-walled room with gay Venetian blinds, monk's cloth sort of stuff here and there, scores of books, a white desk, and another dog who looked at me, but said nothing. Then Basil burst in.

"Didn't know you were here, old chap! Did Ambrose take your bags? You're just across the hall. Ouida—Mrs. Rathbone—will be here in a second. Did you find a cigarette? Let's talk a few minutes, and then we'll do something." In the few minutes which elapsed before Mrs. Rathbone appeared, Basil and I had dismissed the War, discussed tennis, and touched on motion pictures. He interrupted before we got very far with that subject. "Are you interested in 16 mm. film?" he inquired. A truly fanatic gleam came into his eye. "Before you leave, I simply must show you some of my film. I have thou-

sands of feet of it. There's London, Paris, Vienna, Budapest. First shot I made was when I was leaving Pasadena for England, and I've a complete record from then on. I've also taken a lot of stuff on the sets. Ambrose cuts the film for me. You *will* see it, won't you?"

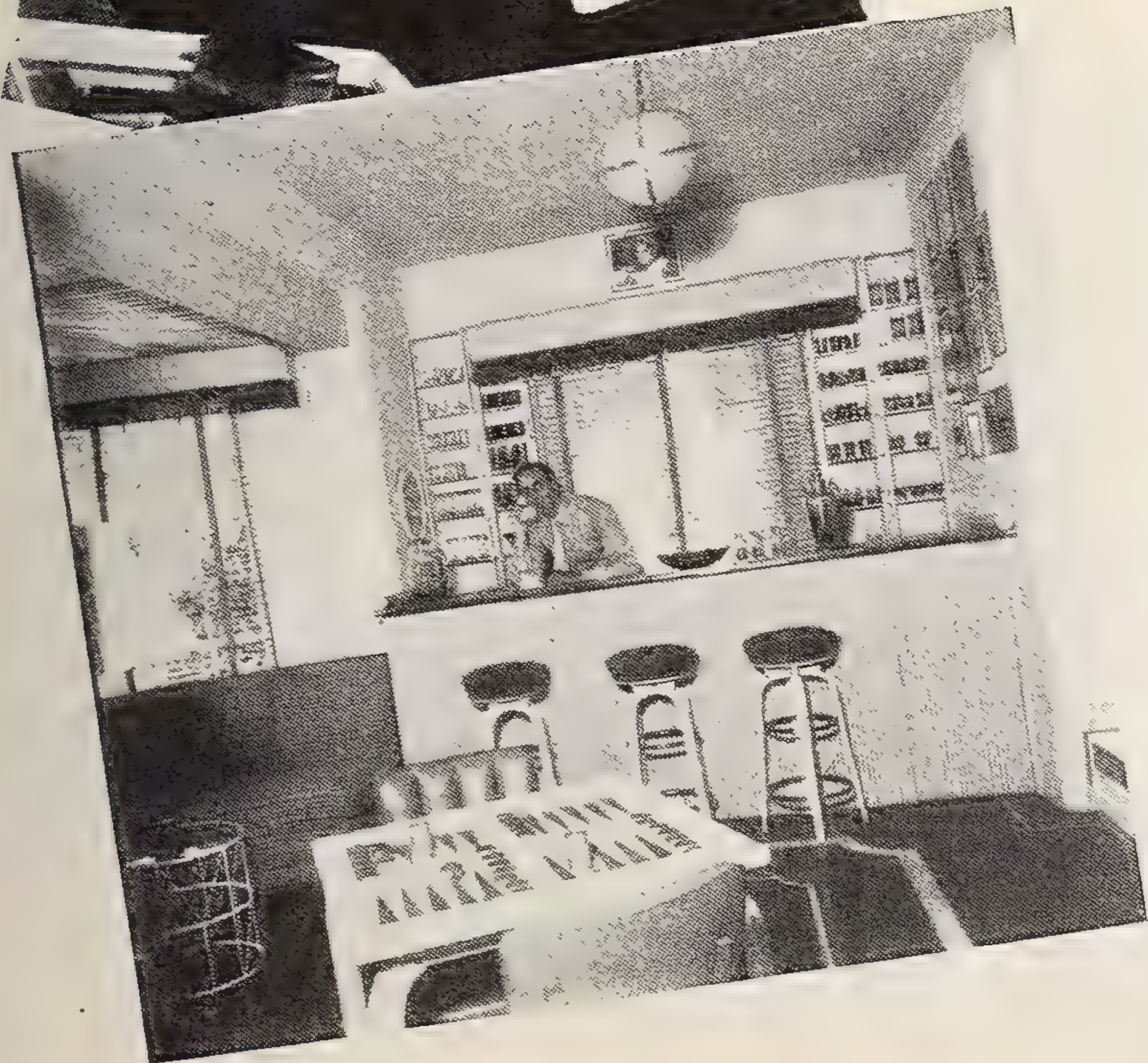
I was mumbling something which I hoped sounded enthusiastic, when Mrs. Rathbone, vivacious and pretty, came in to greet me, to bustle with brief plans for her own afternoon, to ask after Basil's plans, to hope that we would remain cheerful and good friends until she could join us before dinner. "And don't let Basil bore you with his motion pictures," she concluded, before she was off like a gay and busy breeze.

"You're going to see pictures, if it's the last thing I do," said Basil grimly, as Ambrose entered the room. Ambrose went quietly to a cupboard, and drew therefrom a tattered sweater, an old pair of crepe-soled shoes, and the most disreputable pair of brown trousers I have ever seen. At the sight of these habiliments, Leo, the spaniel, who had been reposing on the studio couch, suddenly went mad, dancing, leaping, yapping.

"Ambrose and Leo think I'm planning to go walking," Basil explained. "Ambrose always knows what I want to do, before I know it myself. Leo doesn't know he is going walking until he sees these trousers." He held them up and chuckled. They had holes in the knees and in the seat. "Dog-walking garments. Had 'em for years. And they're not done for, yet. Hope you brought something disreputable with you. Rodion, my son, you know, is coming, too."

I nodded, and went across the hall to my room, where I found that Ambrose had laid out some flannel bags, a sweater, which looked almost indecently new to me, and some sports shoes. I hadn't expected to feel overdressed with this Rathbone man, but I really did wish I had a hole in something.

I eventually found Basil and Rodion out by the six little dog houses, where Rodion was putting them on leash. Recently from England, where he has taken a course at Bristol University in electrical engineering, he had just received news that day to report to the sound department at Warners' studio, the following Monday. As Rodion went ahead of us with the dogs, Basil explained: "I thought, maybe, he might like to try the acting end of the business, but after watching me he decided that he couldn't stand the extra obligations of an actor's life—I mean the conferences with agents between pictures; conferences with publicity representatives; interviews; dentists, (*Please turn to page 88*)



The beautiful Rathbone home, left above, is in Los Feliz Hills, just outside Hollywood. Center left, Basil and Mrs. Rathbone (Ouida Bergere) leading the cozy, simple life—between parties for celebrated friends. Left, the cocktail bar, and at right another corner of the Rathbone home, the library, with Basil showing his son Rodion a sword with which his uncle was knighted by King Edward VII.





Set to shoot the works in a new film. Jack Benny with Zoe Lantis and Betty Grable.

Here's Hollywood

Good news in brief
about the latest doings
in cinema circles

By Weston East

NORMA SHEARER knows that one way to be different is to *be* different. At Hollywood evening parties Norma's given to wearing a hat and being the only woman so bedecked. When Marion Davies threw the party of the month, in honor of William Randolph Hearst's birthday, everyone was supposed to come in American Colonial costume. Norma couldn't resist showing up as *Marie Antoinette*. There were eighty tables for the midnight supper, a merry-go-round in the garden-by-the-sea, and Marion's guest of honor was seventy-five years old. Louella Parsons was a century late, in her Lillian Russell gown, but no one reproved her.

EVEN Robert Taylor has embarrassing moments! Now imagine how he felt the other night when the lights went on too suddenly after the last show at Warners Theatre on the boulevard. So enraptured at the final romantic close-up, he'd forgotten there were still half a dozen people also left in the balcony. When Barbara Stanwyck rose and preceded him up a flight of stairs Great Lover Number One reached forth and pinched his lady fair. Of course she gasped. The lights burst on at that very moment and, of course, the curious six who had managed to spot the duo despite the darkness gasped. Bob himself would have gasped—if he hadn't been so busy blushing!

THE head waiter at the Hollywood Brown Derby has a little-publicized job. It's up to him to see that the caricatures which line the café walls are placed appropriately. For instance, Tyrone Power had to be switched from Sonja Henie's side to Janet Gaynor's. Now what next? If you want to know who's

THERE'S never a routine touch to those Bennetts! Just when Hollywood had stopped giggling over Joan Bennett's being "chaperoned" every time she dined and danced with her favorite producer, Walter Wanger, Joan nonchalantly strode into a popular café with none other than the torch-carrier in her case—Gene Markey. They had a cozy chat, minus chaperonage incidentally. Gene's also a producer, but not the gal's pet one any more. Not since she divorced him. With Mrs. Wanger having divorced Mr. W. it's apparently all set for a third marriage for Joanie. Then she'll be even on the records with sister Connie. Speaking of the eldest Bennett reminds one of the really forgotten man. Isn't he the marquis Constance is still wedded to? While he lingers on abroad Connie continues to go places with Gilbert Roland. She doesn't use her French title, as Gloria Swanson did when the identical marquis was hers.

Charles Boyer, not to be outdone by Benny, also has two charmers for close-ups in his new picture, "Algiers." They are Sigrid Gurie and Hedy Lamarr.





James Stewart is a private in the army, but his love-making to Margaret Sullivan seems very public with Walter Pidgeon looking on, in "Shopworn Angel."



Luise Rainer pictured with her mother, Mrs. Amy Rainer, on the set where Luise is making "The Toy Wife." Alice Faye in a scene for "Alexander's Ragtime Band," below, suggests a top choice for SADIE THOMPSON if "Rain" is re-filmed.

going for whom in a big way just check at the Derby. That's where the snoops pick up their gossip cues! You can see why a head waiter has to be such a genius.

DO you know what the average girl extra earned this past year? Approximately \$898. Divide that by fifty-two weeks and the income is \$17 weekly. Now imagine trying to maintain a keen wardrobe on that, to say nothing of peace of mind when stars go about dripping minks! Add rent, meals, carfare, and who says an extra is dumb? She has to have genius.

YOU can't daunt Herbert Marshall. He and Lee Russell have been dining at the Beverly-Wilshire in spite of her husband's blow-up. Mr. Russell, it seems, valued her lost affections at \$150,000. She came to Hollywood, anxious to become a movie actress. Instead, Lee met Herbert at a smart cocktail party. It all goes to remind us that Gloria Swanson, Mr. M.'s previous steady date, is supposed to actually make her come-back picture this month. 'Tis said she's getting \$15,000 for starring in it. Republic, the leading independent studio, is sponsoring her long-awaited appearance. Once upon a time Gloria regally turned down the same salary per week—! But since she's at Republic, why don't they team her with Ramon Novarro, who's also there?

STAR-studio row of the month: Ginger Rogers vs. RKO. She won. She wanted vacations between her pictures. She took one at Sun Valley while the bosses were coming 'round. Important come-back of the month: Charlie Farrell's. He's not only beginning again in Hollywood, but he's re-debutting in a romantic lead at the studio where he first skyrocketed. He's the adult hero in Shirley Temple's latest, tentatively titled "Lucky Penny." New-star send-off of the month: Olympe Bradna's. She was rushed away for a dozen key-city stops as soon as her first starring film was previewed. Just eighteen, Olympe never was kissed by a man—except by her father—until she enacted the love scene for her epic. Gene Raymond gave her a hint of what's ahead for her. It sounds like a gag, but Olympe's French and her parents chaperone her—even on the picture sets. Shock of the month: Deanna Durbin will sing only popular tunes in her new show; someone with a swing complex has handed forth this edict! Upset of the month: Wesley Ruggles, Jr., four-year-old son of rich producer-director Wesley Ruggles and actress Arline Judge, tested a picture at 20th Century-Fox and lost the part! Sentimental note of the month: the reception of Valentino's "The Sheik," first a riot in Hollywood's revival theatre, means more silent films will be dug up for your benefit.

In Paris, the town where she was born, Claudette Colbert found a fete awaiting wherever she went. Here you see her in an admiring crowd at a theatre.





Variations on a theme by Cupid: Henry Fonda and Madeleine Carroll; and, above, Mary Maguire and Henry Wilcoxon, in two new films.

ROSALIND RUSSELL has profited by the experience of the Hollywood stars who've preceded her to the English studios. They've been plunged right into picture-making and have to do their sight-seeing in a terrific rush and amid a ballyhoo that precluded any freedom. Roz fixed her co-starring with Robert Donat so she'd have her month of luxuriating before she reported for work. She took her younger sister Mary Jane, who'd like to get into the movies, directly to Italy. They started at the bottom of the continent and gaily worked up.

ACTUALLY Gene Raymond was merely being gallant when he pulled the snub of the century. If he made a complete *faux-pas* it proves how love can rattle even a great lover. Maybe you've wondered how Gene could have greeted those photographers in Kansas City with the shout, "I'll bust the first one of you that takes a picture of us!" It was hardly the reception the boys expected from the touring Mr. and Mrs. Raymond. The whole story is that Jeanette MacDonald was attired in slacks and goggles and was hardly up to snuff in the glamor way when the twosome piled off the train for a brief stroll. Gene didn't want her to be caught at such a disadvantage, so he acted impulsively. Note to G. R.: the suave fellow invites the boys to have a drink and appeals to them as pal-to-pals to hold off! While vacationing in New York Gene took Jeanette driving through Central Park in a Victoria cab. At first they thought it was the horse that was causing the attention. Then they realized it was their public. The top was down and they were very much on display. When they wanted to eat at Child's they had to go into three restaurants before they hit the one where nobody gaped alarmingly. Jeanette patiently idled while Gene made two weeks of personal appearances on a theatre stage. That's love!

WHAT'LL happen when ambition for movie glory is ultimately balked? Claudette Colbert had a swell time on her five months' European toot with her husband. Eventually settling down to being just a doctor's wife wouldn't, she admits, be a bad fate. But she's honest, as usual. She'll have to find another career. "I know I can last only so long in pictures," she

asserts. "I've never confessed my secret plan before, but it's to have a theatre and manage a stock company of novices. I believe we re-live our own thrills in the triumphs of others. If we aren't blessed with children, we can assist and guide, anyway. If I can wind up teaching young people to act I shan't miss my own success."

LUISE RAINER does everything by spontaneous desire, including her airplaning across the continent. The past few months she's guaranteed her brief hours of joy, however; she learned that the night planes are run on reservations and so she's made friends with the bureau that books the passengers. When Luise has a couple of days off she phones that she wants to depart on the four o'clock plane, and—because she's so ver' charming—somehow one passenger finds himself held over. Luise drops in on her husband, Clifford Odets, whenever she thinks she wants to. (He's busily play-writing in New York City.) She tells the studio to phone her there whenever she's needed; she can be back the next day. Yes, she's made a point of being ver' charming to the booking bureau at the Eastern airport, too!

WAYNE MORRIS continues to be so naïve. He and Priscilla Lane went strolling down Hollywood Boulevard, holding hands. A gang of admirers collected and trailed them and Wayne was surprised no end. His sense of unimportance is what gets you, Hollywood gals declare. Incidentally, he's hit his second wind as regards his career. So he isn't mad because he asked for a raise and didn't get it. After all, good parts are what he needs most and he's being handed 'em.

STUDIO shake-up of the month which interested the most ladies-about-town was Travis Banton's departure from Paramount. Whether he resigned is unimportant. He's been designing those Lombard, Colbert, and Dietrich gowns—and now he's available for personal wardrobes! The rush is on. Lombard still won't dream of appearing in anything but a Banton creation. Mr. Banton has this to say about the new mode:

Watch the skies, not your step, is the idea Joan Crawford had in mind as she arrived in New York on vacation, right.

"Tailored suits are passé. Women no longer need to diet radically. Clothes are to be flowing, to fit curves." For good measure he adds, "Veils are passé, also." It'll be fun to take a second helping, but what to do with all that black net around the house?

VIRGINIA BRUCE had to prove her much-touted tact the other afternoon when she was allowing her daughter Susan Ann to entertain. Susan Ann is four years old. Among the guests were Gary (son of Bing), Crosby and Ricky (son of Richard), Arlen. The gentlemen are likewise aged four. The two young men, pals for years, came to personal blows over Susan Ann. Before either could effect a knockout, Virginia pulled them apart. She's explained to papas Bing and Richard that she did her durndest to keep peace. This four-year-old triangle is the talk of the town's youngest set!





ANNABELLA'S actor husband Jean Murat has returned to Paris, acting bids not flooding in on him here. So she's been spending her spare time sightseeing with the Charles Boyers. They've done the Southern California playspots and most recently have ventured to Phoenix. Practically no one recognizes the trio. Mrs. Boyer is Pat Paterson. They don't dress fit to kill, nor behave conspicuously.

Encore love! Joel McCrea tells Loretta Young he loves her to beat the band that's playing. Above, Stuart Erwin courting Marjorie Weaver.



BETTE DAVIS has been having an unmentioned fight, too. According to report, it's with her agent, Mike Levee. As soon as he releases her from his contract, which provides that he shall represent her on business deals, it is said, she'll sign with Leland Hayward, equally prominent agent who's Margaret Sullivan's husband to boot. Bette conducted her recent Warner tiff herself, Levee being not in sympathy with it. She says she's changed since coming

to Hollywood, and about reading gossip of all things! "When I was on the stage I never cared what other people did. But out here I'm like all the rest now. I find myself eagerly reading the lowdown columns and speculating avidly as to exactly who the columnist was taking the crack at! I should be ashamed to admit it, shouldn't I?"

NATURALLY the fireworks which have to explode in the film version of "You Can't Take It With You" have to be seen and not merely heard. So there was quite a quandary for a spell. Jean Arthur had visions of her come-back (she was on strike against her studio for a year) going up in rockets and Roman candles. But she was relieved when informed that cold fire, thoroughly non-inflammable, was being employed in the fireworks scene. When Jean began in pictures she was on the receiving end of custard pies, in two-reel comedies. On the Fourth of July she'll add fireworks to her list of taboos. She can't stand pie in any disguise!

THERE'S something about portraying movie detectives in one picture after another that brings on nervous breakdowns. First Warner Oland had to get away from *Charlie Chan* for a prolonged rest. Now Peter Lorre has had to watch his health since he's been *Mr. Moto*-ing it so mysteriously. Indeed, Pete's been troubled by insomnia to the point where he was quite upset. He finally has been cured by the combined efforts of two doctors. Whimsically, he's taken the two physicians to Arrowhead as a special treat. Maintains they need a rest cure after fussing with him!

BURGLARS have been annoying the stars. Louise Fazenda went East for a couple of weeks and thieves stole all her valued keepsakes in the jewelry line. The Fred MacMurrays went out to a bridge game and returned to discover a man had been there taking his pick. Miriam Hopkins visited her husband in his house across the street and had to call the police when she'd said good night and had come home. Carole Lombard dated Clark Gable and was she sorry they drove in the moonlight so per-

sistently! While gone \$25,000 worth of favorite possessions were stolen. She particularly missed a jeweled watch which Clark gave her. Who says she isn't sentimental, regretting that most?

JANE WITHERS had established the fact that she was quite a grown-up lady round home. She was treated as such, to her glee. But her new reputation is ruined. In her last picture she pulled a table cloth from a table, leaving all the dishes on the table and whole. She politely finished dinner at home one evening when there was company, and when she'd been complimented highly on her sweetness in person. The gush was too much for Jane, who thought a bit of startling action wouldn't be amiss. Nonchalantly she rose and, with a deft flip of the wrist, off came the table cloth. With all the dishes smashing on the floor! There was a stunned silence. Jane explained she'd done it at the studio. "But Jane," her mother reminded her, "they had a trick kind of table cloth there!" Ah, me.

NOT all of these Hollywood Cinderellas are in the big money, however. Arleen Whalen, for example. She and her family have moved from the unfashionable part of Los Angeles to a more select section nearer the studio where she's being groomed, but—believe it or not—Arleen still wipes the dishes after supper. She worked in the beauty salon in the Roosevelt Hotel on the boulevard for a year-and-a-half. Simone Simon used to tell her she ought to try for pictures. But Arleen never thought she'd do at all. One day in walked a director, next day she was tested, and the following day she signed on the dotted line. Today she has a dressing-room not far from Simon's.

JOHN HOWARD is the steppingest young man in all Hollywood. But at last he seems to be concentrating—on Laurie Lane, a young actress who is in the stock company at Paramount, where Johnny's a leading man. In spite of his click he still lives in a very modest bungalow with his mother and father. Laurie's earnestness got him. She's even been spending her own money to have her teeth straightened. Usually studios attend to such details; when they didn't care enough about Laurie's smile she budgeted more sternly.



A new Columbia contract "in the bag," Marlene Dietrich vacations abroad, before tackling new radio and film jobs.

Sunburn, Freckles and Tan

Hollywood's answer to the burning question is "Prevent!" Here are ideas on prevention and cure

By Courtenay Marvin

Joan Crawford, her skin oiled, sits in the sun and gets an extra quota of copper tone. Carole Lombard tans in the well-approved manner with a protective lotion on her skin, dark sun glasses to cut down glare on her eyes, and straps removed for smooth, unmarked shoulders.



OF COURSE, you're going somewhere. Perhaps on your first cruise, or on just another one. An incredibly long ticket, promising new adventures, may snuggle already in your bag. Or maybe you've decided upon the seashore with surf bathing and sand to your heart's content. Train, plane, boat and car, thousands will soon trail off to Vacation Land.

The great summer beauty problem seems not so much what we do with our hair or how we make up, but what sun and wind and glare do to our skin. To burn or not to burn—that is, indeed, the question. Before summer sets in in earnest, decide whether you are a copper, a golden, or a platinum-skinned girl by nature, then follow the rules of the game, according to type. If you can tan like Joan Crawford, a deep, mellow tone, dramatic with her large eyes and definite face, then tan! If you're like Janet Gaynor, whose flaming hair means a fine, delicate skin, prone to freckles, then the sun is not for you. Or if you're porcelain blonde like Anita Louise, the *Snow White* rôle is yours!

You have to be the type to tan effectively. And there are two classes of tan—the warm, golden tone that comes to golden blondes and in-betweens, and the copperish beauty that the sun brings out in the real brunette. Carole Lombard is an example of the golden tan and Dolores Del Rio, the deeper tone of Latin sun-kissed beauty. Go about your sun-tanning in a business-like way; don't just let it happen, or it may not turn out to be as attractive as you expect.

Perc Westmore, who knows just about all there is to know on such subjects, offers some sound advice for the deeper-dyed beauties. He suggests that you pre-condition your skin with warm olive or other rich oil. Warm it and rub it well into the body skin as you would apply a softening cream to your face—to lubricate it and make it

supple. Then—and this is the whole secret of your success—begin with gradual exposure, about twenty minutes, slowly increasing the time until you can take the sun comfortably and becomingly. Use a sun-tan oil before exposure to insure an even, comfortable tan, and remove shoulder straps and turn your body frequently so that strap or other designs are not burned on your skin. You had just as well remove your sandals, too, because straps or designs will be marked by the sun and may show through sheer stockings. Use dark glasses at least part of the time. There are Hollywood favorites that cut down noticeably on the burning rays so that eyes remain clear, fresh, and unstrained by sun. When you're through your sun bath, rub oil or cream well into the exposed skin to keep it satiny. Mr. Westmore further suggests that white, yellow, and medium blues are becoming costume color accents. This goes also for skins that are naturally of a tan or sallow hue, the white and blues especially giving good contrast and more clarity of tone.

When you're through the above sun schooling, you may go free as the wind, if you'll use oil or cream to keep that skin silky and soft. Most girls think of cream and oil as a winter need. If anything, I believe they are even more necessary in summer when drying heat, wind, and glare actually burn up natural oil.

Make-up for the tanned skin should be definitely of a matching skin tone, with rouge and lipstick either a clear true red or of an orangey cast. Unfortunately, the delicate pinks and rose are not for you. Fortunately, however, the new powders have a definite ochre or peach cast, far removed from the muddy, brownish tones that formerly

were generally known as sun-tan powders.

Kay Francis and Myrna Loy freckle, and so do plenty of the stars, just like ourselves. Freckles are harder to correct than tan or burn, because they are a discoloration of the pigment or coloring matter of the skin. In fact, some freckles seem to last forever. But take heart; you needn't even get them if you're careful. Hollywood's idea is most convenient. Use plenty of make-up foundation and powder. This gives you a double protection. If you have dry or normal skin, apply a cream or lotion foundation liberally and serve three good purposes. You will help to keep your skin normally lubricated and youthfully moist; you will make your powder and rouge look smooth and lovely, and you will ward off those freckles. If your skin is oily, use a liquid powder base. Over either, use plenty of skin-tone powder, and powder the Hollywood way, which means the same amount all over the face, instead of just nose and chin. You can use much more powder this way and with far better effect. When a vacation is over or when summer is done, give yourself several weeks' or a month's nightly treatment with a mild bleach cream, and you'll be peaches and cream almost before you know it. If you have a blonde or red-head skin, take heart in this: these freckles are light and usually fade quickly. It is the rare brunette who freckles and keeps these little tell-tale marks a long time. They're harder to fade, because they are dark.

Now we come to the part that hurts—the plain red burn that sometimes blisters. It may attack any color type, is exceedingly painful, and should be treated like a regular burn. If at all severe, call a doctor. To prevent, your cue is to use a sunburn cream. Sunburn creams are different from the usual creams, because an ingredient is in them to filter out the burning rays, which cause the hurt. Use them lavishly, and finish with a dusting of powder to increase the sun-proofness. They are as easy to apply as a hand lotion, sink into the skin, and do not leave it messy or sticky. Also, they will not stain clothing. However, it is still advisable to keep out of intense sun. This exposure is hardly ever necessary. You can wear a big hat or find a foot of shade somewhere. Avoid coming out of salt water and sitting in the sun. Salt and sun on the skin are a bad burning combination, and avoid, too, the overcast day that is likely to fool you with a bad burn.

When this skin has been burned, cleanse with cleansing cream and apply one of the skin ointments that have a tendency to take the sting out of burn. If blisters form and peeling follows, don't try to hurry this process. Skin will scuff off naturally in time, but if you hasten it, you may leave discolored or scarred patches. Body skin burned in this manner needs exactly the same treatment as your face skin.

Care and make-up kits are a boon to the vacationist or traveler, because in them you will find about all you need, in related sizes, enough for a week, two weeks or a month. You can get these combinations from a neat little box size, costing slightly more than a luncheon, up to pure luxury, meaning a piece of smart luggage in addition to beauty-giving contents. They make grand gifts for others as well as for yourself, and they're easy to pack or carry, compact and complete.

As you get toward the end of summer, you will find that all skin and hair need a little reconditioning, for hair dries and streaks badly with too much sun. The gay bandanas and floppy hats are not only style. They are protection, also. But we'll go into this reconditioning later on. Meanwhile, "Bon Voyage," "Happy Landing," or however you say all that means a happy, happy vacation!

Yours for Loveliness

News for Vacation—and All Times



The new Dorothy Gray Portrait Face Powder, with a number of counts in its favor. See Special Blend and Glo-Rachel tones. Lovely.

WITH the summer fashion picture a riot of pastels; with hats romantic and slightly mad, face powder seems more important than ever. And here's good news! Dorothy Gray Portrait Face Powder, new in formula, box, and tones. Chemically, it's suited to the most sensitive skins and an emollient ingredient makes it protective but it won't cake or look pasty. It's fluffy; spreads like a mist to give that "soft focus" look in "close-ups." In the regular Dorothy Gray powder shades plus the new Special Blend and Glo-Rachel tones. Above, you see the new box, which this column thinks should meet all summer skin needs and that belongs in the vacation bag. Priced to please, too!

ANOTHER vacation "special"—La Cross Glycerated Polish Remover Pads. They are discs of cotton saturated with La Cross remover, a preparation that is kind to brittle nails and harsh cuticle. One pad removes polish from ten fingers. These pads come in a neat jar that means no liquids to spill, no extra cotton. An original thought, grand for travel or general use. And modestly priced!

In one jar, the new Jergens All Purpose Face Cream offers complete cream needs for healthy normal skin. Easy to use; to remove.



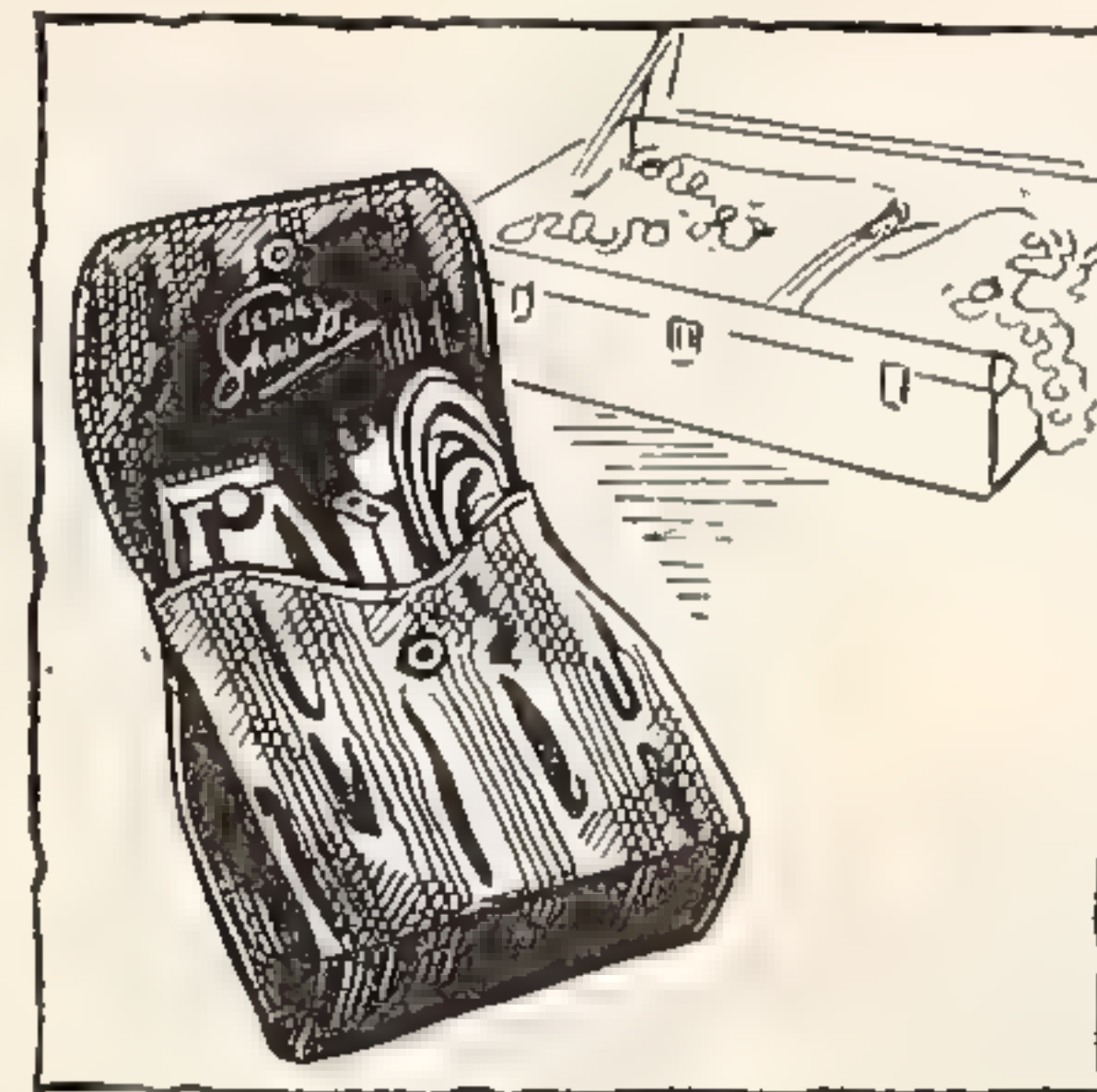
HEALTHY, normal skins will welcome the new Jergens All Purpose Face Cream. The light, creamy consistency cleanses thoroughly and wipes away easily, but leaves that consoling and softened feel. Special ingredients have a stimulating effect and a tendency to combat dryness. The cream, when removed, leaves the skin feeling revived and with a fresh, slightly moist surface, ideal for make-up. I think the jar, illustrated above, will prove ideal for the average normal skin that needs real cleansing, mild stimulation, and lubrication. I think, also, that this cream is the answer for the user who would like to find a number of skin aids contained in one jar. Vacationists will certainly find Jergens All Purpose Face Cream a way to less packing and to more good skin care. Here's cleansing, stimulation, softening and a good foundation—all in one. You may use it generously, if you like, because it is not expensive.

RECORD your summer in pictures, if you want to relive those happy days. An efficient means to this end is the Agfa Clipper candid type of camera. It's sturdy, compact, easy to carry and economical to operate. Technical details are easy to master and handle, and fine pictures are your reward. Model PD16, which you can see at your Agfa dealer's, will fit in with your vacation budget plans.

Subtle perfume, refreshant, body toner, all in one bottle—the new Coty Parfume Cologne in Chypree or Ambree. A Summer "must."



WE ALL want luxury—of course. And we can't all have luxury—of course. But here's an exception, Coty's Parfume Cologne in Chypree, or Ambree. The zest of a Cologne is combined with glamorous fragrance, and the result is that you may go refreshed, dainty, subtly perfumed through the Summer from one bottle. Chypree, perhaps, is the most popular fragrance ever conceived, and Ambree is one of those lovely scents, almost impossible to describe. But you can take a deep whiff of each in your department or drug stores, and make your own choice. Both are unusually richly perfumed for a preparation of this type—indeed, they are a perfume of a lighter nature and very lasting. So if you pride yourself on a good, practical sense combined with a flair for luxury, indulge both by all means—from one bottle—and know you have luxury without luxury cost. In a classical flacon that makes it a lovely idea for gifts, too!



For ladies only—Schick's Dry Shaver. Rapid, neat—and safe—for those who prefer this method. Comes in a blue jacket.

TO THE ladies—exclusively—is dedicated Shavette, the women's Schick Dry Shaver. Wives who have misused their husband's razor and husbands who have felt very put-upon by this misappropriation will find a way out of this situation, for unquestionably there are many women who insist upon an under-arm device that works practically instantly, safely, and cleanly. And Shavette does just these things. Efficiency, speed, safety and neatness are synonyms for Shavette. Deodorants and perfumes may be applied immediately after its use. Under-arms simply must be flawless; legs smooth and velvety through sheer hosiery; so keep Shavette in mind for an easy solution. It's very feminine and smart looking in its own blue moire bag, sketched, and easy to pack. C. M.

Boyer's Loveless Years

Continued from page 27

the rôle. If I made you believe him, then it's only because I believed him myself!"

Mr. Boyer says that his experience is not comparable, and of course it's not, not in respect to importance or history, but in the building of a man, and an actor, those "periods of devotion" to which he refers were vastly important, and they do deserve looking into. There have been several of them, and they were varied, but most dramatic of all is that period which began when he was in his early twenties. This was more than a devotion, really—this was a love, a love which held him in abject slavery, in complete submission, in intense adoration for eleven long years. Yet it was not, as you might expect, a love for any woman, though in a way it was as rapt as that. It was, instead, his love for the theatre. As an artist lives for his painting, as a writer is possessed by his greatest book, yes, and as Napoleon was submerged in his warring, so was Charles Boyer transfixed by this idealistic love which meant more to him than all the beautiful women in Paris. Which brings us to the beginning of our story.

It began while he was still a student at the Sorbonne, working for his license of Philosophy—it was then that this love first showed itself to him in all its glory. Charles went to see the great Lucien Guitry, one of the most celebrated actors of all time, and from then on he could never get the theatre out of his blood. There was a glamor and an excellence in that performance, a perfection throughout the entire theatre, and a tenseness in the air, which, like some hypnotic perfume, was to linger with him always. After that he attended his philosophy classes less often and during the next month he saw Guitry's play no less than fifteen times. He pursued his lady fair in other theatres too, saw every play there was to see, and upon receiving his diploma from the University, entered the Paris Conservatoire de Drame—and it was there that his wooing began in earnest.

But as all young lovers in the first stage of amour are over-anxious, so was Charles. And as he looks back on it now he is a bit sheepish about those early too-affectionate advances he made to his love. He finds in them something a little ridiculous. But they prove how intense was his pursuit. "I remember the play in which I made my first little success. It was called 'The Battle,' and years later I appeared in a film based on the same play, 'Thunder in the East,' which I made with Merle Oberon. But in

the film I played the lead; in the play I was only a subordinate character, while my director, Gemier, who was also an actor, played the part which I later played on the screen. It is quite a joke, really.

"You see, we were both supposed to be Japanese. It took me two hours to make up for my rôle, my unimportant rôle. Yet Gemier, to make up for his part, the leading part, never spent more than twenty minutes. I shall never forget it—and the first time I stepped on the stage in that play the audience gasped, breathed a great simultaneous 'Oh!' Of course I took it for admiration, but I have often wondered since if it wasn't the shock that made them gasp. You see I was completely yellow, my hands, my arms, my neck, all over! A most elaborate make-up! And for weeks before I had followed Japanese men all through the Quartier Latin, trying to copy myself after them exactly. There were many who were students at the University at the time, and they became my models. There was one Japanese friend of mine with whom I used to play billiards a great deal, and always he used to beat me because I was more intent on his walk, his mannerisms, and his expressions than I was on the game. But perhaps I couldn't have beat him anyway," Mr. Boyer added, quietly chuckling, "the Japanese are excellent billiard players, you know.

able to wait until the papers were brought to the door, he had dressed quickly and gone out into the fresh early morning sounds of the Paris streets. His concierge, unused to seeing him so early, had ceased her busy washing of the steps to stare after him as he strode off. She had heard he had turned actor—well, when a man became an actor he began to do strange things. At the corner he paused. The newsboy hadn't yet arrived, and for a few minutes Charles stood restlessly, first on one foot, then the other. Then the flower woman came along, set down her baskets on the curb, and began arranging them. He felt foolish to be standing there so long at such an early hour and when the woman, smiling, showed him a boutonniere, he bought it quickly. She watched him plant it tenderly in his lapel, thought surely, because of that and the anxious look on his face, that it was a girl for whom he was waiting. Then a moment later she saw him, not with a girl's hand tucked through his arm, but with a bunch of newspapers there. One he also opened wide, and read it avidly.

"I soon got over that," Mr. Boyer laughed, as he carried on with the story. "It lasted perhaps a year, my great attention to reviews; after that I found it was better to avoid them entirely. I soon found that I never remembered the good things which were said about me, only the bad, and they



Charlie McCarthy, at left below, starts off the day with Edgar Bergen's assistance. Above, he meets Andrea Leeds at the Universal Studios where they are working together in "Letter of Introduction." "Be still, my fluttering heart!" sighs Charlie.

"It was he, strangely enough, who had the greatest fault to find with my performance. One night in a tiny café, after the theatre, I ran into him. 'You do the part with too much exaggeration,' he said. 'My people do not walk like you walk in your play. Look, watch me closely, copy me!' and he stood up and walked around the table. Copy him! It was a bitter come-down, since that is what I had been trying to do for a month!"

But, even if his Japanese friend did not approve, Charles Boyer did attract the attention of the critics in "The Battle," and it was obvious that he would be a success. They pointed out that not only was he a sincere actor but that he had all the attributes of the matinée idol; the dark hair; the thoughtful, liquid eyes; the gentle intimacy of the voice—in countless flamboyant adjectives they painted his romantic possibilities. The young actor blushed when he read this part of his reviews, hurried on to find something more constructive about his work.

It was at five o'clock in the morning when he read them. He had risen early, actually trembling at the thought of this, his first rendezvous with a review. Not

upset me. Oh, I was very sensitive in those days, too much so. The slightest thing threw me into despair. Yet it was Gemier's fault-finding, even more than the papers, which upset me the most, and from that I never could escape. He was a hard taskmaster; I worked with him in a number of plays, and it was always the same, even after I was established. For days after he had made mockery of me I would go around in agony—and he would let me, too! Then he would decide that I had been tortured enough—suddenly he would slap me on the back, make some joke, or order a bottle of the best champagne—and these little gestures would show me that it was time the blue mood should pass.

"The thing for which he used to reserve his greatest ridicule was my tendency to live the parts I played. My second big part was the rôle of an Arab. By this time I had learned that make-up was not so important as acting, but now I was going to another extreme. As my rôle was a bit sinister, so was I becoming in my own life, showing an inclination for seclusion and morosity. While I was preparing for the play I left my flat, because there my friends were always trying to entice me into some



entertainment, and took refuge where no one might expect to find me—in a hotel. When Gemier discovered this he laughed and said if he had only known, he would have been glad to have set up an Arabian tent for me with a little sand strewn around! It was an exaggerated spirit in me, I suppose, but I couldn't help it—getting ahead in this profession I loved so much was the only thing that mattered.”

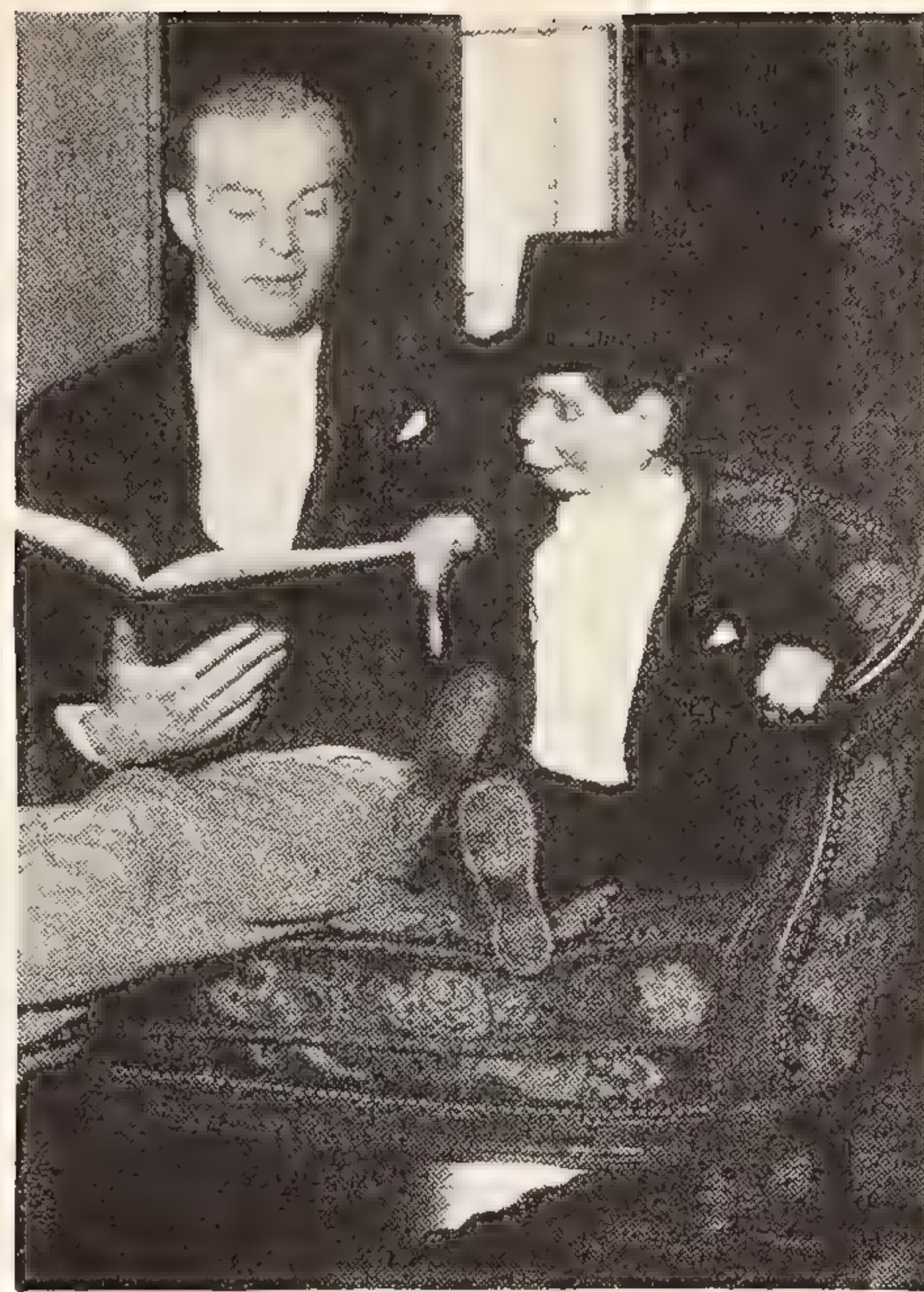
There were other things too about which Charles Boyer used to be teased a great deal, and not the least of them was his lack of interest in beautiful women, and his fanatic disapproval of marriage. Oh, he approved of it for the rest of the world, but he firmly believed that marriage could not be mixed with the theatre, and he was so passionate in his belief that his actor friends were inclined to laugh at him. But one evening when a group of them were gathered together in his tiny flat, Charles said that he would show them how serious he was. He would take an oath. He would prove to them how completely he meant to devote himself to his work. And suddenly in the midst of that scoffing group, all laughter was wiped away. Solemnly, Charles Boyer swore that he would never marry as long as he was in the theatre—and they knew that he meant it.

This, then, was the young man whom all France was acclaiming as its most popular

fellow-actor. These five were inseparable, bound together by a common love, and they spent hours discussing this love, over coffee and brandy, in innumerable Paris cafés. Incidentally, their rise in the theatre world could be easily traced as they moved from the poor cafés to the better ones. In the beginning when Charles appeared in “The Battle,” his salary was fifty francs a day, (at that time about a hundred dollars a month), and during that fifty-francs-a-day period he haunted only the cheaper, more dimly lighted cafés. Bit by bit, success by success, as his salary increased, he found himself joining his friends in the better restaurants, the more glittering night spots. But if the wine, women, and song of these better places attracted him it was only to watch and observe, to learn more about life and how it should be portrayed.

Thus eleven years passed, and while they may seem like unexciting years to many people, to Charles Boyer they held all that he wanted of life. His strict devotion had been rewarded a thousand fold, not only as money and fame were concerned, but the happy realization that he had succeeded in the thing he set out to do. He had won his goal. He could go no further.

Then came pictures and a new zeal seized him. A desire to do on the screen what he had done on the stage. Basically it is just as strong a devotion as was the



Up in the Air with Wally

Continued from page 59



A hard day's work has earned a good dinner—but Charlie is allowed only a glimpse of Edgar's steak, above. Back to your glass of milk, little boy! After all, Charlie is only eleven. Well, to make up for it, Charlie hears a bedtime story, upper right.

stage lover. On the stage he was all that women longed for, yet off the stage he was completely oblivious to them! Many of the great ladies of society sought to meet him. They sharpened their wits, perfected their beauty, polished their wiles for days in advance. But it was no use. When at last they did meet him they found a sombre young man whose face came to light only when they talked of the theatre, or of books or of music. And it was the same with adoring schoolgirls. Lustrous-eyed, they sought him out at the stage door to tell him of their adoration, but he was interested only when they offered intelligent, impersonal comments. Only then did he stop to chat with them for a while. Once he was impressed when a young girl told him that she had seen him thirty times in the same play. He was impressed, but he was not intrigued. It never occurred to him that she might be in love with him.

His only companions in those days were the great men with whom he was associated. There was Bernstein, the famous playwright, who wrote many of his successes for him. There was the novelist, Phillip Heriat. Then there was Gemier, of course, and there was Pierre Blanchet, a

first, but physically it is different. He saw from the beginning that a screen career would allow him more time to himself. It would allow him, for the first time in his life, an opportunity to find romance if he wished. And so as he came to the end of his life on the stage he came to the end of that vow he had taken. Shortly after he came to America Charles Boyer met Pat Paterson.

As was natural to a man who had been immune to love for so long, it was love at first sight, and six weeks later they were married. Today Hollywood is bewildered that such a sudden marriage could have lasted so long, but in the light of what has just been told, it is no longer necessary to wonder. The same steadfastness which kept his life so empty of romance for so long, will protect the love that he knows now. Charles Boyer is a man whose ideals have always been unassailable, and to him this marriage is an ideal.

Thus he has come to the end of his loveless years. He is still eager about his work, every characterization is a new thrill, but because pictures have so rearranged his life, he has time now and—what's more important—he has heart for both!

before Wally. It was truly that, being a steak some fifteen inches in diameter and fully two and a half inches thick. Wally looked down at it rather sheepishly, but without a word bravely started on it with his knife and fork.

Wherever Wally goes he is an ever-constant source of surprise to the people who see and meet him. He is not the baggy-trousered, ambling-gaited man they've seen depicting “The Old Soak,” the ruffian of “Bad Man of Brimstone” nor the blustering fish-shop-man in “Port of Seven Seas.” Surprisingly to them, he reflects the polish of a well-groomed man, though plain-spoken with a deep bass voice that booms, and who appears far younger than his screen characterizations. He never travels without at least a half dozen suits, and more often takes along from ten to fifteen, all beautifully tailored by the same man who does Gable's and Taylor's. At least three times during the day Wally steps forth in fresh apparel, and in some ways reflects the sartorial elegance on occasion of an Adolphe Menjou. Especially is he particular about the appearance of his feet and wears a very narrow shoe, trim and always new and of modish cut and design. He keeps his hair slicked well back, and there any further tonsorial efforts end. Wally has never had a manicure. “Just sissies who are afraid of roughing it and getting a little dirt under their nails, go in for them manicures,” he says.

At regular intervals a small freckled-nosed kid with pencil and paper pad came up to our table and asked Wally for his autograph. Wally obliged. By the time we had finished, the boy came up again. “Say son, how many autographs have you asked me for today?” Wally asked him.

“Twelve, sir,” was his reply. Wally looked rather suspicious, and he followed him out of the hotel right down to a newsstand, where the boy was selling Wallace Beery autographs for 25c each. And folks were clamoring for more.

“I don't mind signing autographs, but I don't want to set someone up in business with them,” he told the boy. Turning to the rest of us, who'd followed along, Wally said: “I've never turned down a request for an autograph, but once. The other day I was sitting in the cocktail lounge of one of the hotels in Hollywood when a lady with a little fuzzy dog all rigged up in a sweater with a bow of

ribbon, sitting in a little kiddie-car-contraption, which she was pulling with a leash, came over and gushed that she'd like my autograph. I took one look at that dog and I said: 'Lady, I don't mind giving autographs, but I wouldn't give one to a person playing parent to a dog. Not while there's so many orphan children in the world who need parents.'

Children are Wally's pet subject, especially his adopted daughter eight-year-old Carol Ann. And you'd laugh if you could see the mothers who offer their babies and children to be kissed "until you'd think I was in politics or something."

Before the evening's rodeo, Wally suggested that the three of us should get some air. And so unlike most celebrities, Wally headed down main street to window-shop and walk. This walk constituted a parade, for behind admiring fans fell in and kept step. At the first big department store, Wally suggested we go in and look around. But scarcely had he walked ten feet, than customers rushed to him for autographs. An enterprising store manager ran to the front door and yelled to the sidewalk pedestrians, "Ladies and Gentlemen. Mr. Wallace Beery is in the store signing autographs." Needless to say business boomed, and Wally might have been there yet if Mr. Ortmann hadn't elbowed and piloted him out, with the aid of a couple of policemen from the street.

We started out freely enough, but we needed a police escort to get back to the hotel. There we found the mayor, with a motorcycle escort ready to take Wally to the rodeo. First Wally excused himself and changed into a white suit and donned a big cowboy hat. With sirens shrieking Wally was escorted to the rodeo in a white car, with Mr. Ortmann and me trailing along.

In the flag-bedecked grandstand bands played while fifty thousand people cheered and applauded. Wally watched the rodeo, made a typical Beery speech over the "mike," and said "he'd of rode one of the bucking broncho's only he didn't want to get bucked and land his clean white pants in all the dust." He presented prize saddles to the winners, ate ice cream cones and hot dogs and gave the kids half dollars for popcorn. But after the celebration was over, and we were taken back to the airport, came the surprise of the day. Even Wally, despite his six feet and two hundred and twenty pounds became as shy as a school girl, when a delegation of business men, in all solemnity, informed him they

were going to start a petition for Wally's candidacy as president of the United States for 1940. They had already conferred with the editor of the main newspaper, and they showed him right there on the front page, where the editor had written his belief that if Wally ran, he could be elected by the people.

"Aw, I wouldn't know anything about being president, unless it's that I can fish as good as any of them," was his answer. "Besides," he smiled, casting his eyes down at a little hill of earth he was kicking with the toe of his shoe, "Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal would miss me splitting my movie salary with them in income tax, if I stopped making pictures. So I guess I'll just keep right on pluggin' along in Hollywood."

And once more we were up in the air, headed home. I learned that Wally often flies from Hollywood to similar celebrations, all in a day and is home by nightfall. Sometimes his destination is New York Chicago, or other eastern cities. Then he's gone for two or three days. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has long since stopped trying to keep track of him. He always telephones home every night after seven o'clock "because the telephone rates are cheaper then," and talks with his family. He'll talk dollars' worth with Carol Ann. She may tell him about a party she's been to that day, or that she wore some new patent leather slippers that rubbed blisters on her heels, and other news that from a financial viewpoint could well await his return.

Many of the country's biggest rodeos from Wyoming's Frontier Days to Pendleton, Oregon, are opened annually by Beery. Sometimes picture schedules interfere. Wally once wrote: "It's terrible when your home work interferes with your outdoor sports." He said he usually maneuvers around to accept these invitations.

The trip back was much smoother. We played radio music most of the way. Wally concentrated on his piloting. First thing I knew we were right back where we started from.

"Well, I hope that trip gives you a story as is a story," Wally told me as he helped me to alight from the plane—and I had to get my earth bearings all over again. But strangely enough though I'd been with Wally all day, I'd been so up in the air between actually being up there, and the excitement that I hadn't had much of a chance to ask him some questions I'd been wanting to.

Noah Beery, Wally's "big brother," was there the Wednesday I finally made the luncheon appointment at which Wally promised to answer my questions.

"Aren't you a sort of Hollywood Flying Ambassador?" I asked, "flying around all of the time, attending all of these celebrations and everything?"

"Naw, I ain't no ambassador," he drawled and winked at brother Noah who sat quietly eating his steak. "I ain't had enough education for that fancy title, but if I can help folks out with their celebrations, by giving them my time and saying a few words, I'm right willing. But don't ever label me 'Ambassador.' Shucks, that title's too fancy for me."

"No, Wally's title, if any, should be Flying Fisherman," Noah spoke up for the first time. "June never finds Wally knee deep in beauty," and he chuckled at this quip, "but knee deep in fish. You'll notice he scheduled his whole European trip so he could get back in time to go fishing at one of his favorite haunts when the season opens."

"Well now, I can't spend all my time picture-making, and at celebrations," Wally answered, "so I get my innings in fishing."

Between mouthfuls he informed us that he'd fished almost every good place in the United States and Canada. "I met a judge once who lives up in the north end of California. He told me any time I'd come up he'd take me fishing to the swellest place in the whole universe. So one day I flew up to his town. But he was holding court. In fact, a murder trial was going on. I sent in word that I'd come up to go fishing and I'll be dog-gonned if he didn't adjourn court there and then, and postpone the case until next day, so's he could prove to me about his fishing hole. I've made a lot of wonderful friends flying around the country looking for fish."

"Yes, about eighty of them come to Wally's house each Thanksgiving and Christmas from all parts of the country," inserted Noah.

"And I can swap fishing yarns with the best of them," beamed Wally. "I got a new car all equipped with fishing and hunting paraphernalia, even to boats. I drove it home from the studio yesterday to sort of try it out, and at every stop sign people rushed forward—thought it was a bus."

Later I saw it there on the lot, a twelve passenger cabin car on a 160-inch wheelbase with a coupling device to hook on a trailer stocked with provisions. Small wonder people mistook it for a bus!

Paris, London, Budapest saw the Beerys—Wally, Mrs. Beery, and Carol Ann—but perhaps their most amusing experience was at Naples, where they landed. Reporters told Wally it was being rumored that Greta Garbo would wed Stokowski, and had he arrived for the wedding? "Sure, I'm going to be best man!" Wally answered. The next day he saw headlines in the newspapers, "Beery to be Garbo Best man!" taking the joke seriously.

Carol Ann was the most thrilled little girl in the world as the Beerys progressed through Europe, and her collection of dolls now threatens to outnumber Shirley Temple's.

Coming out of the studio I ran into Nat Pendleton, and told him I'd just been lunching with Wally Beery and hearing about his European trip.

"I believe every pretty or ugly girl in Europe knows Wallace Beery," grinned Nat. "Everywhere I went in Europe last year, the girls asked me if I knew Wally. They'd always add: 'Isn't it cute the way Mr. Beery calls all of the girls Honey!'"



An old Spanish custom seems to baffle a boy from Arkansas, as Bob Burns finds himself between Martha Raye and the too-close-to-be-comfortable horns of a bull. Don't look now, but can that be GRANDPA SNAZZY's egg basket we see Bob wearing for a hat in this interlude from "TROPIC HOLIDAY"?



Escapade Espagnole! In other words, further adventures of Martha Raye and Bob Burns in "Tropic Holiday." Now everything will be just dandy if the bull doesn't show up.

Youth Preferred

Continued from page 26

in her struggle toward the top in pictures.

Unlike Lynne, who had to serve a long apprenticeship before the cameras, petite dancer-*deluxe* Ann Miller won outstanding recognition in her second picture as the dancing companion of Ginger Rogers in "Stage Door." Her next assignment was in "Radio City Revels." Funny thing about that picture is the fact that when it was previewed Ann had only a small part—the lowest ranking featured billing—but because on two preview showings audiences received her with such unexpected applause RKO built up her part until it finally became an important one, surpassed only by the stars: Bob Burns, Jack Oakie, and Kenny Baker.

It is indescribably difficult for one to realize how great is the chasm spanning the gap from obscurity to motion picture fame; also to appreciate the extreme determination, courage, and rigorous training since early youth that most of these youngsters have undergone. Each of them realizes that the making of a screen star involves a heap of learning, a lot of heartaches, and a great deal of experience. Although their backgrounds differ widely they are unified in one thing: they all have youth, vitality, talent, and courage enough to make the best of every opportunity presented to them.

Take, for instance, the case of Jane Bryan. Jane is the outstanding starlet on the Warner lot and is distinguished for her "little sister" rôles. She is a typical starlet representing a goodly measure of pulchritude, intelligence, versatility, a sweet-girl smile, lots of humor, personality plus, a wholesome American background, health, much talent, a willingness to work and an extreme determination to succeed. If you could see and chat with this dainty miss you'd know why her studio has such ambitious plans for her. Those who saw her in "Marked Woman" and "Kid Galahad" will remember her as the little sister of Bette Davis and Edward G. Robinson, respectively. But Jane did not fall into those rôles without much preparation on her part. Born and reared in the environs of Los Angeles this freckled-faced daughter of an attorney has always directed her efforts toward a career of acting. Yet Jane believed that she would never make the

grade in the movies since her beauty is not of the typically Hollywood breath-taking type; she had her heart set on the stage. However, now that she is in pictures, she is trying very hard to make a success for she can't bear to think of disappointing the people who have helped her along the way. Jane admits to owing much to Jean Muir and Bette Davis, both of whom took great pains in bringing her to the attention of motion picture executives.

After a high school career with a major in dramatics, Jane spent a long period of preparation in Miss Muir's school of the theatre before she was finally given a leading rôle in "Green Grow the Lilacs," and subsequently signed to a motion picture contract. Now jumping from studio stock to an important rôle is something like having a hitherto unheard-of uncle leave you a fortune, or discovering oil on the south forty. But when such things do take place they happen quickly. And such happened with Jane—because Bette Davis was so struck with her charm and ability.

It was like this. Mr. Jack Warner had tested dozens of girls for the "little sister" rôle of "Marked Woman," without success. He had gone so far as to dispatch a talent scout to the east in search of such a girl. Then one day Bette Davis chanced to talk with him about the rôle. "Why not use the little Bryan girl!" she suggested. "She has more ability than any youngster I know. Why go to such expense to find another when you have the right person on the lot!" And so it was that Jane was cast for the part, but it was her previous training that made it possible for her to make of it a success.

In similar fashion Dennis O'Keefe was brought from the ranks of "bit" players to that of a leading man in "Bad Man of Brimstone" by Clark Gable and Director Jack Conway. And again a background of long and intensive training (most of his life had been spent on the road with his parents who were vaudeville players), proved to be of worth.

College training in dramatics helped Andrea Leeds and Gordon Jones, both of the University of California, Los Angeles; Marjorie Weaver (University of Indiana); Jayne Regan (Washington University, St. Louis); and Alan Bruce (Northwestern) to make the best of their opportunities when they did come, though Bruce got his first big chance as a result of his being a guide at the World's Fair in Chicago. But being a guide was not for him; he was destined

for public attention. When a contest was staged to select the three handsomest guides at the Fair, Alan was among those chosen. It was their task to squire the winners of a toothpaste contest about the Fair for a week, with all expenses paid.

During that same week a national magazine published a full page advertisement carrying a picture of a man who was the image of Alan. Seeing an opportunity to cash in on the likeness Alan purchased several copies of the magazine, presented them at the office of a large advertising firm, and offered himself as a model for commercial photography. He was tested and accepted, and for the next two years posed for advertisements for everything from beans to bedroom slippers. Finally Hal Horne, associate producer at RKO studio in Hollywood, met Alan, gave him a screen test, and took him to the screen capital. That was in February, 1937. In this Milwaukee, Wisconsin, lad Hollywood soon recognized another prize package and no time was lost in catapulting him up the ladder of fame. He was immediately cast as the romantic lead opposite Anne Shirley in "Meet the Missus" in which Victor Moore and Helen Broderick had the top comedy spots. This was followed by an important rôle in "Super Sleuth," "You Can't Beat Love," "Crashing Hollywood," and "Radio City Revels." So Alan joins the list of preferred young players who are helping to make cinema history.

Others who started on the upward track by way of professional modeling include Phyllis Brooks, the Ipana toothpaste girl ("In Old Chicago," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and "Walking Down Broadway"); Vicki Lester, one of "The Twelve Most Photographed Girls in America" ("Vogues of 1938," "The Patient in Room 18," "Maid's Night Off"), and Lucille Ball, mannequin with Hattie Carnegie and the original "Chesterfield Girl," ("Stage Door," "Having Wonderful Time," "The Joy of Living," and "Go Chase Yourself.")

When illustrators and commercial artists were seeking two-fisted masculine punch for advertisements, they called on Alan Curtis. His brown hair, blue eyes and square jaw, familiar to millions of magazine readers, brought him to the attention of Hollywood and a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract. After six months with the studio he was given a star-making rôle as Joan Crawford's husband in "Mannequin," the second male lead to Spencer Tracy.

Born in Roger Park, a suburb of Chicago, Curtis graduated from the Senn high school where he won letters in football, track, baseball and basketball, but discovered that athletic prowess counted for little in the business world when he went job hunting. He finally landed a job with a small loan company as a bill collector. That was in 1929 and before the year was over his company, along with many other firms, had folded. Then came the mad scramble for any sort of work. Proving that opportunity can strike in strange places, it caught up with Curtis while he was driving a taxi, his next job. A customer, impressed with the young man's pleasant personality and square jaw, offered him the chance to make a few dollars on the side. He explained that as an advertising man, he could see possibilities in Curtis as a model for a snappy sport suit. Curtis took the man seriously, posed for the advertisement which was used by a Chicago department store, and was unexpectedly launched upon a career.

The advertisement attracted much attention and within a few weeks Curtis ceased driving taxi cabs because artists, photographers, and advertising agencies sought him for their pictures. Two years of posing for everything from automobiles to refrigerators followed, then Curtis went to

New York, where he found immediate success. Not only was he in demand for advertisements but also for many magazine covers. Working diligently for a year he saved ample funds for a European vacation, and sailed for Paris where he remained for some time. This vacation led to his first motion picture experience. One day he was introduced to a charming Russian actress who, through an interpreter since Alan could not speak French nor could she speak English, asked him to consider making a travelogue for an automobile manufacturer. The offer was accepted and immediately they set out with a French director on a three weeks' tour of France. The picture was a silent one wherein Alan and the Russian lady played the parts of a young couple on a honeymoon, but at the end of the trip they were speaking off the screen only by means of an improvised sign language.

From Paris, Alan went to London. Later he returned to New York and was offered a screen test which turned out to be successful. This resulted in the rôle of a sailor in "Winterset" and a motion picture contract. He then played small rôles in "Between Two Women" and "Bad Guy" but his work in those two productions at-

years. Her Freshman year was spent at the University of Kentucky and while there the ROTC made her an honorary Colonel, a rank which she also holds as one of the famous Kentucky Colonels. While she was at school she took part in dramatics and excelled in other extra-curricular activities, notably swimming and volley ball.

When those who have not seen Marjorie do see her on the screen for the first time the chances are that they'll ask themselves, "Where have I seen that girl?" The answer is that they have seen her before—on the covers of nearly every magazine in America. For while she was in New York (her prize in the national contest was a dance scholarship in New York upon her graduation from the university), she managed to find time to pose for some of the biggest advertising accounts in the country: Chesterfields—although Marjorie doesn't smoke; Budweiser—although she doesn't drink, and Lux.

Marjorie's name seldom if ever appears in the movie columns among those mentioned as being present at this or that night spot. She takes her film-career too seriously to spend her evenings in the night-spots. Instead, she remains at home to study her script. And not only does she study her

Beloved Scatterbrain

Continued from page 34

guilty, spoiled the "take." When the scene was finally completed Marie dropped into a chair beside me, saying wistfully, "That was my most important sequence and now, it's all over!"

In a serio-comic voice she went on, "I am so excited to be in this picture! I liked 'Fools for Scandal,' of course—but I had hoped to have some dramatic scenes with Mr. Gravet, who is one of my idols, and with Carole Lombard, another idol. But my part was so small that I had to read the script through twice even to find it! After waiting around two whole days to make my first scene, I was so jittery when they called me that I barged in at the wrong door, and then, couldn't remember one word of my one line of dialogue. Whew, that was an awful day! When I served the soup, I stuck my thumb down into it, then climaxed the whole thing by spilling water over Carole's beautiful dinner gown. I thought she'd want to kill me, but gee, she was grand. She let out one of her whooping laughs, saying she was going to adopt me for I was just the balmy sister she had been looking for all her life. She insisted we must make another picture together. I hope we do, for that would justify my comedy career."

"And today's mishaps?" I prompted.

"I began early," she replied. "Whizzing around a corner of the stage I caught my apron on the door and tore a big hole right in the middle and the wardrobe department had to hurry to make a new center before I was called for this scene. At noon, trying to be polite to a girl in the studio café, I spilled tea on my dress. But it is black, see? It doesn't show, and that was once when luck was with me. Sometimes it isn't! Once I innocently walked onto the big courtyard set of 'The Adventures of Robin Hood' waving cheerily to everybody I knew, when suddenly, Director Michael Curtiz yelled 'Scram!' And I ran, but ran the wrong way, going right across the set and into the cameras. Then, when everybody laughed, Mr. Curtiz said it was a joke, the scene was finished but he wanted to see how fast I could run. I ruined a big scene once, while we were making 'King of Hockey.' I thought they were all through shooting and came aimlessly zigzagging onto the set in my stocking feet, carrying my shoes, and I must have looked dumb!"

"You can't guess how troubles pile up. I told a girl she looked like her boy friend's first wife, and now she won't speak to me. I like her, too, and I didn't mean any harm but just forgot the connection and anyway, the wife was pretty so she shouldn't mind so much."

Perhaps Marie is allergic to glassware—she's always smashing it. At a swanky cocktail party she was raving over the exquisite imported glasses and finished her remarks with a little sweeping gesture of her hands, when down tumbled two of the rarest ones. She still can't believe she actually touched them, but there they lay on the floor in a hundred pieces. Once, all dressed up and making her first call on friends in their new honeymoon home, her hand touched the door knob as she rang the bell—it was just a wee, tiny touch, but the knob dropped off and rolled at her feet as the austere English butler opened the door. From his look she's positive he thought she was a "strong girl" let loose from a circus.

"There was the time when I ate up most of the fancy *hors d'oeuvres* at a grand cocktail party," wailed Marie. "Not that I intended to, not at all, but I don't drink,



In the garden of one of Hollywood's most palatial homes you see gathered, above, the Harold Lloyds: the star, his wife (Mildred Davis), and their three children.

tracted such favorable notice that Joseph Mankiewicz, the producer suggested that he be tested for the rôle of Eddie in "Mannequin" which lifted him to a high spot. On November 14, 1937, he was married to Priscilla Lawson, popular young actress also under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

Marjorie Weaver, the Twentieth Century-Fox white hope, who won a glittering cinematic crown for herself in "Second Honeymoon" and later in "Sally, Irene and Mary," will go perhaps farther than many of the young players in Hollywood today. Marjorie is outstanding in many things. Her loveliness is triumphant, having brought the prize her way for four consecutive semesters at the University of Indiana and also in a nation wide beauty contest conducted by a motion picture magazine. She is one of the five beauty queens, out of thousands during the last decade, who has won laurels or enduring fame in the movie industry. Most contest winners have tried Hollywood but have fallen by the wayside on the difficult path to fame.

Marjorie graduated from the University of Indiana where she attended for three

own part, but she makes a point of borrowing scripts of other pictures on the production schedule and takes them home for analysis at her leisure. In this way she feels that she is preparing herself for any part that might be offered her.

So the ranks of our young hopefuls are definitely filled with first class material. There are others at this writing who are perhaps batting with as great a degree of success though space limits our discussion of them at this time. The probability is that most of these young players won't find failure. Right now they're pretty far up the ladder that will lead them to a point where their names will be billed above the title of pictures rather than beneath them. Naturally some have a greater scope for acting than others and some will receive breaks where others will not, but right now each is a logical subject for eventual stardom. All are consummate performers and the plums of the studios are being tossed their way. They are all on their race to the peak—which ones are favored to win? And who are the long shots? At the moment it appears to be anybody's race, and your bet is as good as mine.

and I was hungry, and those cunning canapes fascinated me. That is, until I caught the look of agony on the face of the hostess as she stared at the depleted trays. I was so embarrassed that I dropped the baconette I was eating and scampered into another room.

"The prize trick of all happened at Jean Muir's home and the memory of it still gives me the shivers. Jean had invited a select group to hear her fine classical records and everybody looked so highbrow—you know, sitting around with half-closed eyes and dreamily listening to the world-famous symphonies and operas. I was wondering how I happened to be there when Jean sweetly asked what record I would like to have played, and for the life of me I couldn't remember a single title; so, desperately, I blurted out the name of a song we had been listening to all day at the studio, 'The Love Bird Will Get You.' It didn't make a hit; you could have cut the silence in that room with a knife."

Now, Marie is wondering if her boy friend, the good-looking, sanely balanced Director Nick Grinde, is taking on her goofy talents. At a recent Sunday buffet supper, Nick was nonchalantly leaning against the dining table, a beautiful and treasured antique, when all of a sudden it crumpled under the turkey, the baked ham, and all the "fixings" and went down on the lovely beige rug.

The romance of Grinde and Marie is one of the happiest in Hollywood. Her scatter-brain antics amuse him immensely. He thinks she's more than a hundred percent, that she has the kindest, most generous heart in the whole world.

They met four years ago and she was staging a comedy scene at the time. Driving up a narrow hillside road and discovering she was out of gasoline, Marie attempted to turn the car and go back, but it stopped crossways, completely blocking the road. In no time, a flock of cars were held up on either side, all furiously honking, and Nick, hearing the commotion, came out of his home to witness a perfect comedy set-up. He laughed so heartily that the entire crowd caught the joke and joined in. It was while he was unraveling Marie's difficulties that they discovered each other, and discovered, also, that it was love at first sight.

Born twenty-one years ago in the little town of Anaheim, a few miles from Hollywood, there's never been a moment in her life when she wasn't determined to become an actress. Yet Marie has never had the benefit of any particularly lucky breaks but has overcome all obstacles through her ingenuity and a tenacity that wouldn't let go. She was sixteen when she persuaded her mother, her sister and three brothers to move to Hollywood so she could start her career; then she refuted her screen portrayals of dumb girls by selecting the finest drama teacher available and devoting her entire energy to learning to act. Her chance came via the Beverly Hills Little Theatre, where she appeared in three stage plays that won her a screen test and a contract with Warner Brothers' studio. She's played in some dozen pictures and now, after keeping her fingers crossed, hoping earnestly that she would be given the coveted rôle, Marie is playing *Susie*, in the film version of "Boy Meets Girl."

"I never wanted anything so much in my whole life as I wanted this part," Marie told me, seriously. "Down deep in my heart I felt it must come because for a year I've studied and loved *Susie* and I was confident she would prove the wedge I need to prove what I can do. Anyway, with two such good friends as Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien heading the cast and pulling for me, it seems to me I'll just have to be good!"

Meet The Jones Family

Continued from page 31

were cast in the same mould. The final seal of approval came when the cameraman even discovered that the faces all required identically the same lighting.

With a single exception, the original Jones Family of "Every Saturday Night" has remained intact throughout the series. In that first picture, June Lang portrayed the eldest daughter, Bonnie. Shirley Deane has played the rôle in subsequent productions.

You know the characters: Jed Prouty plays *John Jones*, small-town head of the family whom his wife, *Louise*—enacted by Spring Byington—twists around her finger, all the while making him think he's acting on his own. And Florence Roberts, in her interpretation of *Granny*, is the grandmother of every family in the country. She has her counterpart everywhere. Shirley



Mary Carlisle and her mother stroll in their garden, above.

Deane, of course, portrays *Bonnie*, eldest of the Jones children, while Kenneth Howell is seen as *Jack*, the oldest son, forever getting into trouble. The money-lender of the family—and he's a Shylock!—*Roger*, is impersonated by George Ernest; June Carlson plays the movie-struck *Lucy* and Billy Magan is *Bobby*. Altogether, as swell a family as any mother and father in the land might care to call their own. And typical, too, of any family in moderate circumstances. That's the charm of these Jones Family portraits—they might be the family next door.

"We saw at first glance that we really had something in that initial picture," Producer Max Golden tells you, proudly. He's nursed the series through infancy into its present highly popular status. "Even before the first returns started to come in, we had decided to try a second film using the same general idea. Of course, the second led to a third, and so on up to the present. We expect to continue until the public no longer wants to see the Jones Family."

One reason why these films bear such homely feeling, why they seem to open up a typical American home and show what makes it tick, is the fact that the members of the Jones Family act as a unit. There is absolutely no jealousy, no



Hollywood family! Mr. and Mrs. Frank McHugh and son, Peter.

attempt to steal scenes from each other. On the face of it, this is unusual. Few pictures bearing famous names can boast such a record. For with fame, individual fame, comes a desire, however unconscious it may perhaps be, to win personal glory. No such feeling exists on a Jones Family set.

A glimpse here probably would reveal at least one of the youngsters with both Spring Byington and Jed Prouty. Both are called "Mother" and "Dad" off the set as well as on, and each helps solve the small day-to-day problems that arise in the lives of their "children." Like the typical American mother she represents, Miss Byington lends her charm and intelligence to tying up the loose ends in the family's life both on and off the screen. The elders' influence may be seen in a concrete case. Some time ago, Kenneth Howell—who plays the eldest son—was considering a jaunt to Europe, following the completion of the picture they were currently making. He couldn't come to any definite decision.

"Of course, you're going, Kenny," Florence Roberts told him. "When I was your age I already had been in Europe with a road show. Get your ticket, and pack your bags—you're going just as soon as the picture's finished." That Kenny abided by his "grandmother's" advice is attested to by his entraining east the next week.

You'll find no highly involved plots in the Jones Family pictures. Each story is built around problems of common appeal. That is why writers and directors are never permitted to remain with the Jones series for more than three pictures—new blood, fresh outlooks are wanted and needed. The real appeal, anyway, of these pictures lies in the homely little things that happen in the life of every family—situations that arise, mannerisms of the members, storm and tempest and sunny skies—and it's been pretty conclusively proved that writers soon exhaust their store of this particular type of material.

If, in one picture, such as "Hot Water," for example, Pa Jones is the center of things, the next, "Borrowing Trouble," throws the major part of the action to the children, Roger especially. And "Love On a Budget" hinged around the newly married life of Bonnie, and her new husband, played by Russell Gleason. With Gleason a newcomer to the fold, he will, of course, be seen henceforth in every picture. Every

effort is made to give all members equal importance.

It's a curious fact that as a rule every member of the real families that see these Jones pictures regularly have their own favorites among the Jones household. The older theatre-goers follow *Granny Jones* with breathless enthusiasm; parents share *Mr. and Mrs. Jones'* varied vicissitudes with rare understanding; young people are most interested in *Bonnie and Jack*; while the youngsters prefer the younger Joneses. That is why the appeal of the Jones pictures is so universal.

As Producer Golden explained, "the theory back of these stories is that family life can provide topnotch entertainment. These are the things that happen in every home, and therein lies the success, and the secret of these pictures' strong appeal to a great mass of people."

How far-reaching is the effect for good that these productions exert is shown in a recent experience of Spring Byington's. At a preview one evening, in near-by Glendale, a woman approached and asked to speak to her. She was one of the heads of Glendale's schools, and she had a strange and interesting story to recount. Three boys of her acquaintance were going to a movie. One, an orphan, wanted to see a gangster film. The other two voted him down, and the trio attended one of the Jones Family films.

"Y'know," the orphan, inclined to be hardboiled and tough, confided to her, later, "I've never had a mother. I never really wanted a mother before. But after seeing that picture I know now what I've missed. From now on, in my own mind, I'm going to think of that mother in the picture as *my* mother."

It's only natural to assume that others react similarly. There, very definitely, is justification for the series' extraordinary success and popularity.

On a certain homey, quiet street in Los Angeles, members of the Jones Family aren't looked upon as "movie actors" but as friends. Spring Byington and Jed Prouty know most of the residents by name. George Ernest, June Carlson and the other younger members of the cast swap stories of their latest escapades with the neighborhood youngsters, and compare hobbies and interests. Florence Roberts joins the elderly ladies of the block in their sewing circle. This particular street was chosen by the studio more than two years ago to represent a section of the mythical town of Maryville in which all the Jones Family films have taken place. One of the homes represents the Jones residence. It was selected for the purpose because, in architecture and general appearance, it possesses no distinctive features to classify it as belonging to any particular section of the United States. Four times a year the company visits this neighborhood, for exterior scenes, and regularly the good people who live there gather to watch the proceedings and renew acquaintances. Never a day passes but some of them serve homemade cookies, cake, lemonade and ice tea or coffee, and for the moment activities cease as neighbors and the members of the company indulge in an impromptu lawn party.

It is incidents such as these that explain more clearly than words why the Jones Family series rapidly is becoming the most popular series of films ever produced. "You seem to belong to us," is the tone of the myriad of letters that pour in to each cast-member. In proof of this, strangers often stop the different ones on the street and chat, others nodding in friendly greeting. These pictures are made by real people for real people, and they fill some of that "close to the heart" place in entertainment left vacant when Will Rogers passed on.

What Price Motherhood in Hollywood?

Continued from page 18

woman. I want a baby because I'm normal and healthy and no woman is complete, fulfilled, until she is a mother. I want a baby because, Hollywood's opinion notwithstanding, I think I can be a better actress—and thus help my career—if I am completely happy; and motherhood will make me completely happy.

"I want a baby because a child will be a bond between my husband and myself; because it will be company to me since Herbie has contracts in other cities and we must be separated much of the time; because I had a poor kind of childhood and I want to make that up somehow to someone of my own flesh and blood."

Although it was kept a secret by the studio until a year ago Dorothy has been the wife of Herbie Kay, well-liked orchestra leader, ever since 1932. Dorothy was pretty low on funds and running an elevator in Marshall Field's in Chicago when Herbie Kay and his orchestra were signed to play at the Morrison Hotel there. Herbie started the custom of having

which makes a delightful total of \$2250 a week. When she has her baby she will have to be away from the screen for at least six months, four months before and two months afterwards. She need only be off the air for six weeks. (We are doing this on the minimum—some stars take a year off the screen, and several months off the air.) A baby, in salary alone, will cost Dorothy \$40,500. An awful lot of money to lose! (Twenty-four weeks at \$1500 and six weeks at \$750—add it yourself). And while she is losing all this money she will have to put out quite a neat sum, for motherhood in Hollywood is in the nature of a luxury. If you are a star. The doctor's fee is from \$1500 to \$2000, which includes care and treatment before and after, and the actual delivery, but nothing else. A *de-luxe* suite at the hospital (including bedroom, sitting room and bath), usually costs \$30 a day, and the star must stay there at least two weeks—oftentimes three weeks. And thirty dollars a day for two weeks is \$420. And the nurses—they work in eight hour shifts now, which means three nurses every twenty-four hours, and the nurses usually get \$8 a shift, so that makes \$24 times fourteen days which adds up to \$336. Of course everything at the hospital is extra, including the anesthetic, and of course the star must take a registered nurse home with her to look after the baby until she can find a capable practical nurse. Her friends will give her "showers" so the baby's clothes and nursery will be well provided for. She won't need a new wardrobe for six months. And there is always the pleasant thought that if you don't work you don't have to pay so much income tax. But approximately speaking, Dorothy Lamour's baby will cost her in the neighborhood of \$44,000. Rather dear! But Dorothy doesn't mind. According to her it's worth it, and a lot more. It will cement forever the bond of love and understanding between Herbie and herself. A modern marriage, at best, is a fragile thing. Dorothy and Herbie will be adding security to a marriage that they hold precious.

"But an actress is not like other women," the Hollywood defender said. "She can't



"amateur nights" and encouraged all the local talent to step right up to the microphone and show what they could do. Encouraged by Dorothy Dell (who died so tragically in Hollywood several years ago), Dorothy learned "Dancing on the Ceiling," rehearsed it for a week, and in a new dress contributed by the generous Dorothy Dell, she stepped up in front of the "mike" and Herbie Kay. She completely forgot the words, Herbie was amused and handed her the sheet music—and soon afterwards she had a contract to sing with his band and a wedding ring. Then came a Paramount talent scout with a screen offer. And separation.

But Dorothy and Herbie are together again, and in Hollywood. Herbie's orchestra is playing at the Cocoanut Grove and two nights a week Dorothy makes a "personal appearance" with him. They are both very busy young people as you can see, Herbie with his orchestra, and Dorothy with her pictures (she's making "Spawn of the North" now), and her weekly radio broadcast, but they are finding time to build a house, charming and unpretentious, out in Coldwater Canyon.

On her present contract Dorothy is getting \$1500 a week from Paramount and \$750 weekly from Chase and Sanborn,

Human interest story pictured in stills on this and the adjoining page. Richard Dix plays the rôle of a blind man in "Blind Alibi." The "Seeing Eye" dog is Lightning, son of Strongheart.



afford to take time off from the screen. Her fans will forget her." Well, that I should say is a lot of hooley. Every year several of our best glamor girls take six or more months away from the screen for some reason or other. Sometimes it's to travel. But most times it is because they have turned down pictures and therefore are "suspended." Barbara Stanwyck hadn't been near a movie camera since she refused to do a little epic for RKO last October. But when her new picture, which she started just last week, is released I'll guarantee you that Stanwyck will be just as popular with her fans as ever. A long "suspension" and a trip to England didn't hurt Bette Davis. She is "hotter" today than ever before. Two years ago Claudette Colbert was off the screen for seven months, and this year with her European tour she will be off even longer. But it didn't hurt her, and it won't hurt her. Joan Crawford, Irene Dunne, Carole Lombard, Greta Garbo, Myrna Loy, Norma Shearer, Loretta Young, Jeanette MacDonald—all the most popular and glamorous stars in Hollywood have been off the screen during the past few years six months, and more, at a time. But they seem to be doing all right.

As a matter of fact, between you and me, and if you want to bring in the gatepost it's all right with me, I think it's a hell of a good idea for a star to keep her face off the screen for six months at least every two years. I can do without seeing Dorothy Lamour for six months, and no doubt you can survive it too. I think the public gets awfully bored seeing the same face on the screen month after month. I may be wrong but I think a little absence, when it's a movie star, makes the fans grow fonder.

As high as it is, it can't really be the costs in actual dollars and cents that keep a star from having a baby. And she'd have to be awfully stupid and conceited honestly to believe that she can't stay away from the screen for six months. So it must be the glamor angle. And I think there we have hit the nail right smack on the head. If the enthusiastic editor of the national woman's magazine should ever ask me why there are so few children in Hollywood I would simply direct her to the nearest theatre playing "Mad About Music."

In that picture Gail Patrick as a typical Hollywood movie star couldn't admit that she had a daughter as big as Deanna Durbin because it would spoil her glamor with her public. And how true that is. It's the tradition of the cinema, or it's false pride, or it's Hollywood, or something, but there's an unwritten law that no exotic lady of the screen, no pretty-face simpering ingénue

of the celluloid should have a growing child. A little baby—yes, perhaps—but little babies most unfortunately have the habit of becoming big gawky boys and girls just when Mamma wants to play seventeen-year-old *Scarlett O'Hara*.

Gloria Swanson is still a youngish woman. Gloria isn't nearly as old as some of the glamor girls who now rate high in box-office beauty and allure. But Gloria, as everybody knows, has a seventeen-year-old daughter who has graduated from school. That makes Gloria matronly—and much, much older than some of the stars who are Gloria's age.

Mercy, if you could just see how some of the stars fight against playing mothers on the screen, you might understand how they wouldn't want to play mothers in real life either. Very few actresses would do what Joan Blondell is doing: retiring from the screen temporarily, right in the midst of a run of good pictures, to have a second child.

Does a child hurt a screen star's glamor? Well, you can discuss that pro and con in Hollywood until the cows come home. As far as I am concerned Dorothy Lamour has summed it up very neatly.



"If I am still playing glamor girls when I return to the screen," says Dorothy, "after the birth of my baby, I'm certain audiences will not think me miscast just because they know that essentially I'm an uninvolved sort of woman with a husband and a child. I believe I will be able to play my rôles with greater realism, greater feeling, if I have known the fullest experience a woman can have—if I am content in the possession of a child of my own."

"After all, there is nothing more glamorous than motherhood!"

"Focus on the Fun Angle"

Continued from page 63

the other little girls and boys, failed to move her. A picture in an album was worth six in a magazine to Mavourneen. What she had, she'd keep. "No-no-no-no-no!" she repeated, hanging on grimly to the album. We gave up.

"I have some in the family album," said Pat, philosophically. "Here's one of the kids taken in late afternoon—one of Sean right after he took the comb away from his nurse—and one of Mavourneen in her idea

of a hula dance. Oh yes, and here she is upside down. I think I must have taken those with my own camera for a change."

Pat went through other albums, tearing out shots as he talked: Sean, ambling down a walk in his first pair of slacks—sitting triumphantly on the arm of a garden seat. The brown eyes of Pat's small son widened as he watched. He approached me with a worried frown and began to chatter earnestly in a baby-Latin. But he wasn't as definite as his sister. If I was determined to take his pictures, he'd protest but he wouldn't get violent. After all, look at the difference in our sizes. He pointed to his robe and remarked: "Boo!" approvingly.

"Blue is Pat's favorite color," smiled Eloise. "We all wear it a lot. Just ask Pat what color anything should be and you know the answer before you ask."

Pat's smoking jacket was dark blue; Eloise's hostess gown of blue satin with a chiffon coat of the same hue.

"Look—here's a still from my first picture, 'Front Page,'" cut in Pat, pausing among a still-collection. "Wasn't it funny? I played *Hildy Johnson*, the reporter, in that picture, because Howard Hughes saw the stage play and thought that was the rôle I played in it—and all the time what I had really been playing was the managing editor!"

"Now, Pat! We're talking about candid camera pictures," Eloise reminded him.

"Yeah, I know." He put away the collection, reluctantly. "What shall I tell you? I think, unless you are a real artist and have something to say in your pictures, the best thing to remember is not to get too arty. Let your pictures be as natural as possible. If you let people pose, they are usually stiff—unless they are giving you a purposely posed thing, like this of Wheeler and Woolsey and Mona Rica. Or this shot I made on the boat on the way to Honolulu. Things like that are fun because they bring back memories—you live again the good time you had that day."

"Sure, I'm sentimental. I want to be sentimental. All Irishmen are. You miss a lot of happiness if you try to be hardboiled and unsentimental. Think of those baby albums, what they will mean some day. Why, they are records of some of the sweetest days of our lives!"

"We kept a record of the house we built down in Del Mar. I took pictures of the lot when I bought it, and kept snapping pictures every time the workmen finished anything. I tell you there's a difference in each shot!"

"Oh, look here—I know I've been saying you shouldn't let people pose for your pictures, but look at Mavourneen here with Lloyd Bacon when we were down on location for 'Submarine D-1.' I was just shooting around when he grabbed her and called: 'It's a take!' Is she sweet?"

You may have gathered that Pat is an enthusiastic parent.

"In spite of working before cameras all day, Pat likes to have his picture taken," commented Eloise. "He's always a willing subject. Sometimes I think it's too bad I'm not a candid camera fiend myself—I'd get co-operation. I did this one of him down at Grand Canyon—oh, and this at the races! I suppose I shouldn't take bows for the race one—someone handed me the camera, already focused."

"You'll notice that the finest pictures aren't the most valuable ones in your collection, because it's the memory behind the picture that really counts. The horse that won, the kid at play, the fish you caught, the party you gave—you don't need perfect balance of subject, beautiful shadows, correct lighting and so forth to bring back the thrill. All you need is a shot you made yourself."



Milland's Manor

Continued from page 23

had a friend, who could get Ray ten per cent off on a vacuum cleaner.

Shortly after construction was started, Ray left on location to make tropical movie love to Dorothy Lamour. Every night the Millands discussed cornice boards and mouldings over the long distance phone. Finally Ray returned to Hollywood again. Still wearing his water-stained dungarees from the picture, Ray headed for home. But instead of calling for his wife first, Ray just couldn't resist sneaking up to see how his home was getting along. It was quite dark when he reached Briarcrest. Looming up against the sky stood the skeleton of his future home. Man's chest swelled with pride as man gazed at man's castle!

"What's the big idea of tresspassin' on private property?" a voice boomed out of the dark. "What you tryin' to do, steal the workmen's tools?" Ray stood there dumfounded, while a lighted match burned his fingers unheeded.

"I'm Mr. Milland. I'm just the owner of this building," Ray answered sarcastically. "Who are you? What are you doing here? What right have you got to go creeping around and scaring people right in their own homes?"

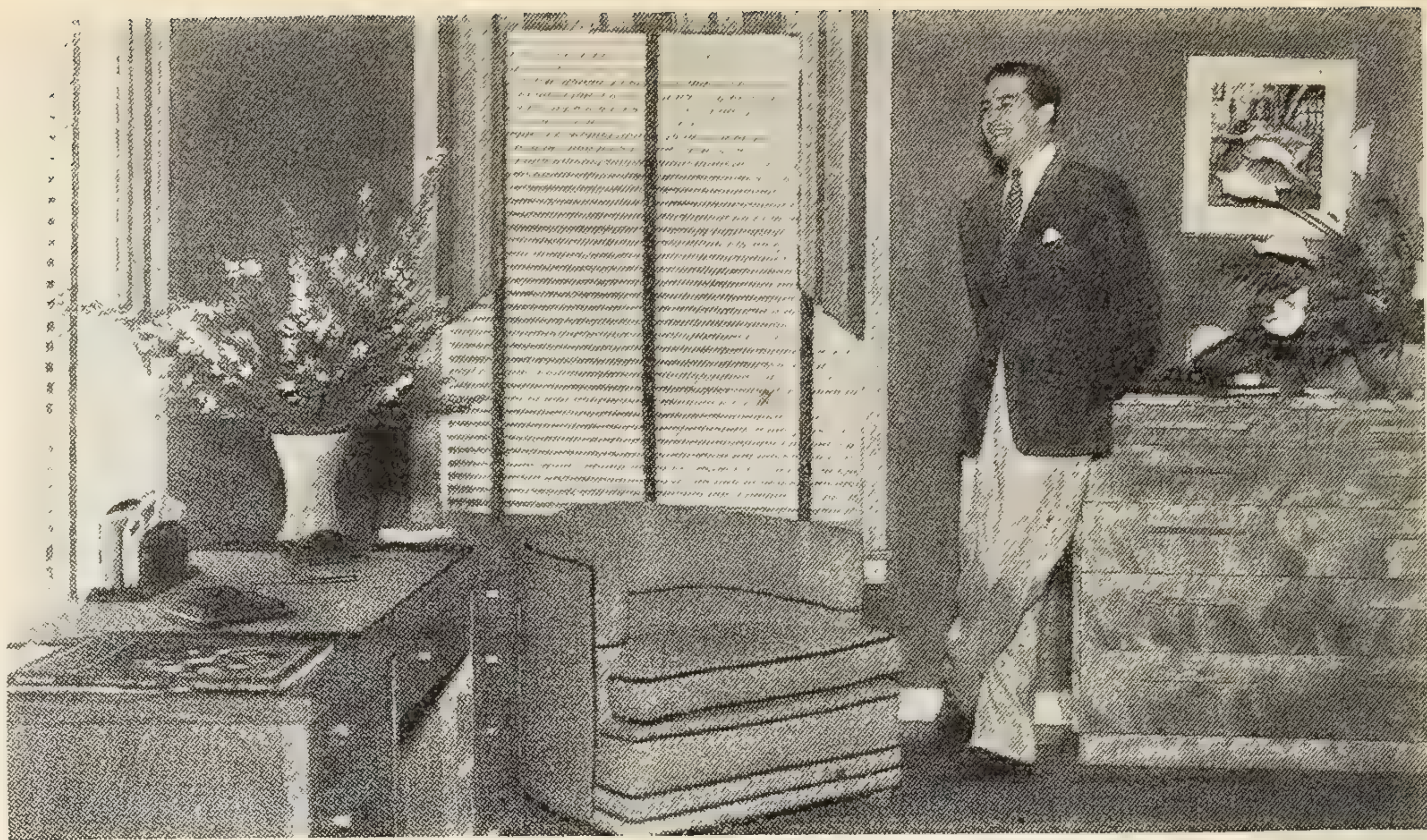
"Oh yeah?" said the man, as he eyed Ray's old clothes suspiciously. "Mr. Milland is away on business. I was hired by Mrs. Milland to watch this place. Now beat it before the patrol comes by and I turn you in!"

Long before the home was completed, Ray discovered that building commissioners lie awake nights, trying to think up ways to harass enthusiastic property owners. The little matter of which way the bath tub would face became a problem of international importance. And there were other little problems too. Perhaps the one that presented the greatest "air" of importance, was a skunk wandering down from the hills and selecting Ray's basement as a final resting place. The offending animal was removed from the peace and purity of Briarcrest Valley. But for several days progress was held up, while the workmen waited until the last traces of the uninvited guest had been wafted away by the evening breeze.

Souvenir-seeking fans presented another



Mrs. Milland at the dressing-table in her new boudoir.



Ray Milland surveys his own bedroom in his own home, built recently in accordance with his own and his wife's ideas, and finds it all most satisfactory.

little problem to the busy little builders. When Ray came up to the house, the fans came crawling out from under things. They asked for autographed bricks and old hunks of wood. Ray met all requests like a champion. But when over-zealous admirers were so carried away with their enthusiasm, they carried away doors and window casings, Ray decided it didn't pay to be popular.

Ray wanted a home that was simple, livable, and not too expensive. He wanted it to reflect their own personalities and not the glory of an "Early Hollywood" decorator. He wanted it exactly the way he had long visualized it. Eventually the home came close to living up to expectations and specifications. Then came weeks of attending auctions and visiting little out-of-the-way shops. Every piece of furniture the Millands selected themselves. They chose their own color schemes and bargained personally with upholsterers. Then came the day of the big preview.

No Hollywood premiere ever drew more stars than the Millands' housewarming. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone were the first to arrive, followed by Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor. Next came the Fred MacMurrays, the John Waynes, Francis Lederer and Margo, this writer and Ann Sothern. Tennis started at two in the afternoon. While the others changed sets, Joan and Lily MacMurray refused to stop knitting on those new sweater tops for evening gowns—the latest fashion note in Hollywood.

Promptly at five everyone crowded around the radio. Charlie McCarthy was on the air and this is a Sunday afternoon duty in Hollywood that is sacred. Then came the buffet supper. Next Ray conducted the ladies on an inspection tour of the house. The gentlemen took to the bar. And the bar took to the gentlemen. Later on everyone gathered in the drawing room. While Joan and Lily put "Madame La Farge" (you saw her knitting away like mad at the guillotine in "Tale of Two Cities"), to shame, Ann Sothern took over the piano.

For fully two hours the men gathered in close and not-so-close harmony around Ann. Bob Taylor requested an old number called "Sometime." Ann played it beautifully and put Bob in a reminiscent mood for the evening. When Fred MacMurray asked for "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," they all ganged up on him, but good. On the High C they stopped and Fred took it like a man. But it was Franchot Tone who really gave the evening an informal note.

Franchot suggested that they sing the really old numbers. In face of all the publicity as an opera lover, a collector of recordings, etc., Franchot, without batting an eyelash, blandly requested, "I Met a Bimboo Down In The Bamboo Isles."

After Ann had played some of her original compositions, it was Barbara Stanwyck who suggested that they play the game of quotations. "I'd like to see how it feels to act again," Barbara cracked. So they began pantomiming "A loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou," all over the place. When all the quotations had been exhausted and all the actors had out-hammed themselves, coffee and cake was served. All evening each person had been extra careful not to harm a thing. But no housewarming is official unless there is at least one casualty. To the relief of everyone, it was Ray who spilled a cup of black coffee on the new green rug. For a moment there was an awful silence. Then Barbara Stanwyck who has an inimitable way of relieving a situation, turned whimsically to Mrs. Milland and said, "You know de-ear, I think you're just going to love that rug—died RED!"

With their party voted a huge success, life was all quiet on the domestic front for the Millands. Ray discovered he could see Kay Francis (who lives on the next hill) on a sunny day. And Dorothy Lamour showed up one morning and announced she was building a home on the hill above. But for the most part, everything was peaceful and calm at last. Then came the big flood.

With the torrents carrying houses down the canyon, Ray at the studio was terribly worried about his wife. On the third day as the water kept rising Ray was really frantic. Then when he called his house, the line was busy. He tried for hours and the line was still busy. He knew his wife couldn't be talking that long—so something must be wrong. Dashing out of the studio he fought his way home through the flooded district. When Mrs. Milland met him at the door, Ray almost collapsed with thankfulness. Then he cursed the elements that had put their phone out of order.

"But it wasn't out of order, dear," Mrs. Milland explained sweetly. "You see, it was this way. Fred MacMurray was on Louella Parsons' program. Lily MacMurray called from home and said all the electricity was off in Brentwood. So she couldn't turn on the radio to hear Fred broadcast. She was so disappointed. So I tuned in on Fred, moved the radio over near the phone, and Lily listened in from the other end. That's why you couldn't get me."

"SKIN-VITAMIN" SCORES HIT WITH WOMEN



Scientific findings in different countries awaken interest of leading hospitals. A certain vitamin is found to heal wounds, burns, infections, *when applied direct to the skin!*



New York! Tested in Pond's Cold Cream, the "skin-vitamin" brings definite results! Slides thrown on screen show skin of animals is rough, scaly, when diet lacks "skin-vitamin"—show skin smooth, healthy again, when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" is applied daily.



Telephone calls and letters greet the first Pond's advertisement offering Pond's Cold Cream with beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" to women (October, 1937, magazines).



A young wife in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, N.Y., writes: "I have never used anything like this cream. It's grand! In two weeks roughness was entirely gone, my skin felt velvety and smooth."



Society beauties tell of greater benefits from Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin" — (reading down) **FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB**, now Mrs. David S. Gamble, Jr.; **WENDY MORGAN**, now Mrs. Thomas Rodd, III; **MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES**, grandniece of **MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT**—"Texture finer." "Skin softer." "Color better than ever."



Druggists — answering increasing requests from women for Pond's Cold Cream with the "skin-vitamin" in it—explain to them that it comes in the very same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Announced nine months ago, the "Skin-Vitamin" was quickly accepted by Thousands of Beauty Seekers

Thousands of women have already tried Pond's Cold Cream containing the "skin-vitamin," special aid in maintaining skin health and beauty. New thousands are constantly learning of its increased benefits.

Women's satisfaction is recorded in the mounting sales of this widely known beauty aid. Today Pond's Creams, long famous as largest selling creams in the world, now with the beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" have reached the largest sales in their entire history!

**Tune in on "Those We Love," Mondays,
8:30 P. M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.**

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

The Butler Builds a Castle in the Air

Continued from page 51

and the house, it had already been decided that his option was to be taken up. Mr. Treacher wrote a note thanking Mr. Zanuck and expressing his delight that he was to continue with Twentieth Century-Fox, which he considered his professional home. To his further delight, busy Mr. Zanuck took the time to reply, insisting that their continued association would be more pleasant and more profitable to TCF than it could possibly be to Mr. Treacher, himself.

And so the initial step was taken, the beginning of a dream come true. Mr. Treacher found himself a very busy man, involved in countless small details, and an infinite amount of red tape, but he was sustained by the fact that he would not have to live in a rented house much longer but would soon be a home owner himself. It should, of course, be a big house, to accommodate this large and genial person. For Treacher is six-foot-four-and-a-half—a height he has often considered a handicap but which has definitely been an asset in his butlering career.

With a pencil, he sketches fairly unintelligible marks designed to show you just how convenient the house will be. For instance, contrary to custom, the kitchen will be in the front and above it the maid's room and bath, the living rooms and master bedroom overlooking the spacious lawns and gardens in the rear. There will be a curved driveway up to the house, a gate in the high wall and within, a door. Everyone who comes to see Mr. Treacher will go in through that door, but not everyone will progress much further.

"For those I don't particularly like," Mr. Treacher explains, "there is this little hall, leading past the coat closet, the powder room (the only feminine touch, and designed so that the ladies will not have to go upstairs and throw their things on my bed), a lavatory for the men and beyond, the bar—with linoleum on the floor. Some men, you know, just don't know how to drink. These men, and anyone I don't care about, can go in the bar and have a lovely time and find their way out again down the little hall and out the front door, and never see my house."

For the secret of this delightful plan is a second door, off the entrance hall, but closed and, if need be, locked. Beyond this inner door is, in all essentials, the House. Here, on the ground floor will be a spa-

cious living room with a wide fireplace, on each side of which is a low niche with a mirror set back above it.

"The mirrors give a sense of space," Treacher commented. "You've no idea how much they add to a room. And on the shelves you can put 'vawses' or vases, with flowers, you know. . . ."

He already has some furniture—a favorite outsize bed to fit his long limbs and a favorite huge chair in which to sprawl. He plans to keep it all simple. "That's the advantage of just a house," he explained. "You don't have to have period furniture—anything will do."

Upstairs, his bedroom overlooks the lawn and gardens and to the right of it is a study, behind another door with a good and useful lock. Here the master of the house can be comfortably at home but not at home, serene and secure, locked in with his books and his comfortable chair and maybe a siphon of soda and a bottle of whiskey. Because there is one thing certain—Mr. Treacher's house is not going to be a goldfish bowl. He has had enough of Hollywood's lack of privacy, of the parties where you invite ten and five hundred come, of gawping sightseers and people who use someone else's home more freely and more roughly than they would ever use their own.

Outside, in course of time, will emerge tennis courts and a swimming pool and a croquet ground. "Real croquet—not just pushing a ball around, but a full-size man's game," Mr. Treacher elucidated. "This won't all be done at once, of course—the swimming pool can wait—I can always use Edward Horton's or Charlie Ruggles'—"

Next to his house, obviously, Treacher's outstanding interest is exercise. "Without it," he insists, "I am simply a vile and terrible fellow. Unbearable!"

But with it, he is most pleasant and agreeable, and it is hard to picture him any other way. In any case, he always gets plenty, for he goes in daily for miles of golf, for set after set of tennis, for more miles of billiards—and it is surprising how many miles you can walk around a billiard table, he confides—all varied now and then with swimming or squash or horseback riding. Weighing only 185 for all his height, he is well-knit, solid, strong. "If I weighed any more, 'I'd be horrible,' he grinned.

Treacher the man is inevitably colored



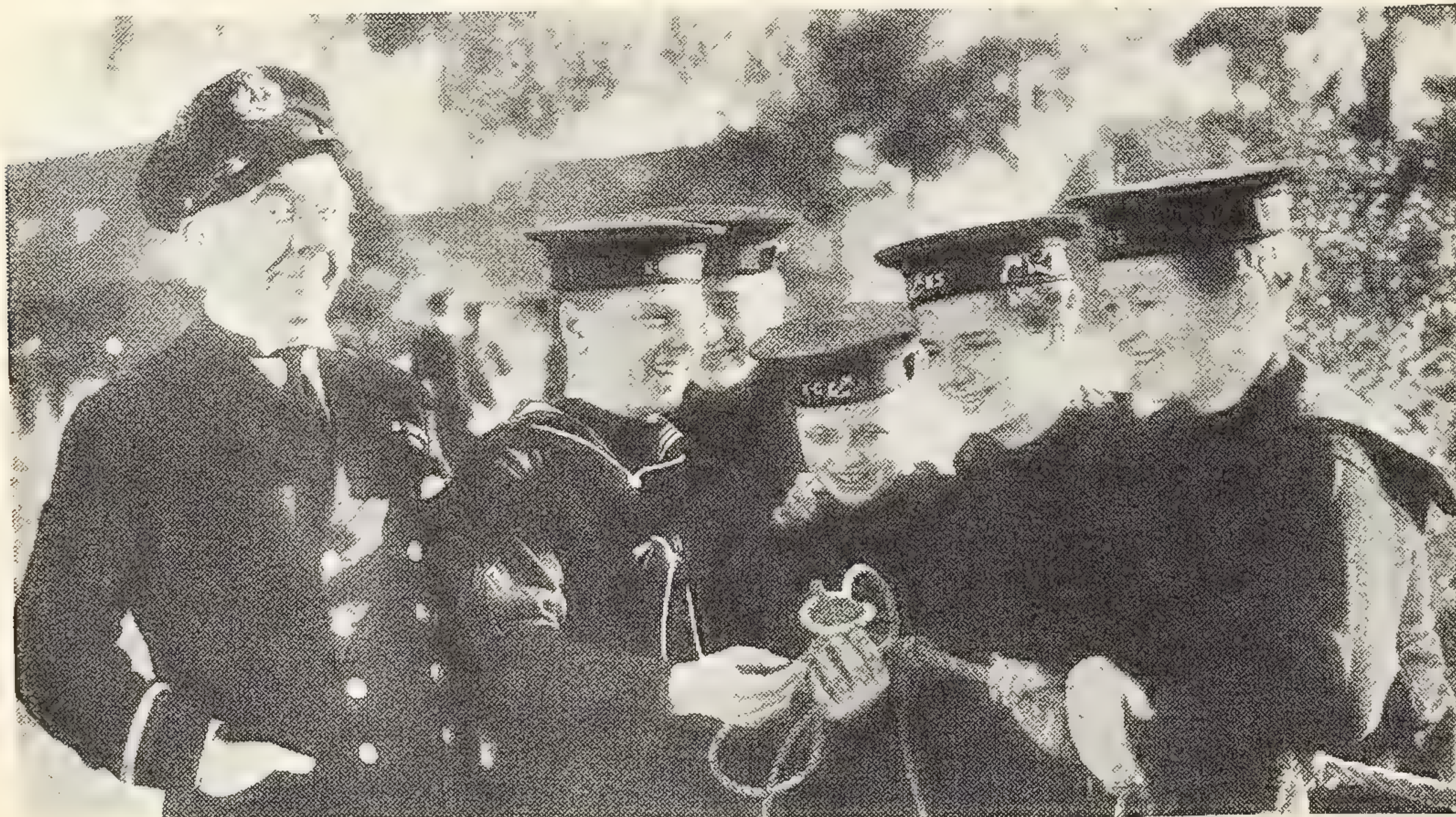
Nan Grey puts on an amusing new bonnet, and looks lovely.

by his priceless delineation of Treacher, the butler. To hear his name is to call up a vision of that supercilious personage, with his elevated eyebrow and air of cynical boredom. It is a lazy rôle, Treacher insists, since he rarely has to learn new lines or vary his voice or expression. Although he maintains that on occasions when he has had a different part he has been hard put to it to act, after years of slipping indolently into this one caricature, he does contrive to give it delicate shades of interpretation that make his characterization varied and unfailingly delightful.

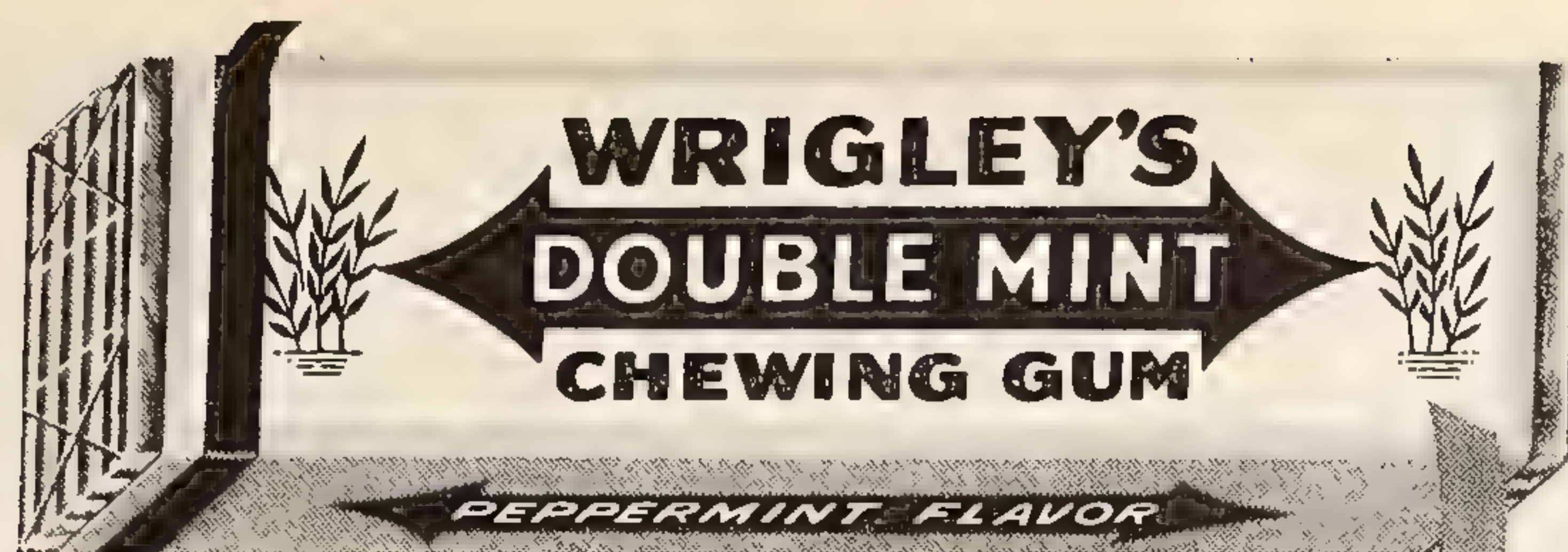
It is faintly startling to be reminded that Treacher began his career on the musical comedy stage, that he sang and played comedy rôles expertly, rôles of monocled Englishmen that only faintly foreshadowed the type by which he was to be so universally known. That he danced and sang duets with Evelyn Laye and played in "The School for Scandal" with Ethel Barrymore. But Treacher, the man, is not in the least bored or cynical. He has a tremendous vitality, a great zest for living and above all, an inordinate sense of humor, as outsize as his great frame. It is this humor which alone makes his recollections of the Great War bearable. He suggests the depths and horror of his experiences when he says: "I didn't care for it at all. You know, four and a half years is an awfully long time to be frightened." And so he seldom talks about those days at all but, if pressed, responds only by recalling the humorous anecdotes.

With a certain caste-consciousness, Treacher still had little respect for army regulations. He had either no sense of dignity or fitness (his superiors' point of view), or too much sense of true values. In any case, while obeying orders on duty, he could not see why a major-general was any better than he was in the Mess. Not, of course, until after the Armistice could he express his sentiments properly but he likes to remember the time, after November 11th, when he rode onto the parade ground, his lanky legs trailing down the sides of a small pony, his feet dragging on the ground. There was too that guest night to end all guest nights when he and a few friends plied some hostlers with beer and took them to the most formal party of the season, revelling in their inevitable failure to give due obeisance to the officers who were so consciously superb in their dress uniforms.

"I asked one of the officers what in the world he saw in it all—it's all so futile, so stupid. Nothing to talk about—ask them a question and they mumble something unintelligible—" And here Mr. Treacher's voice trailed off into those unintelligible



Mickey knows the ropes. "Can you tie it?" says young Rooney to young Freddie Bartholomew as they train for the navy in "Lord Jeff." Herbert Mundin looks on.



A doubly lovely *You* this healthful Double Mint way...

HERE is a charm secret which everyone knows brings admiration from men—women, too, for that matter. It is that doubly lovely look which refreshing *Double Mint* gum adds to your smile and style. And this is more than a pretty promise as you see by reading below—

Add loveliness to your smile • The daily enjoyment of delicious Double Mint gum, in this soft food era, supplies beneficial chewing exercise... In a normal, natural way, this double-lasting mint-flavored gum firms sleepy face muscles and saggy chin lines, keeping facial contours young. It gives an easy, gentle chewing exercise which safely

massages your gums, stimulating healthy circulation—helps mold round, shapely lips and whitens your teeth. The added loveliness of your smile is apparent and friends like you better. Enjoy Double Mint gum any place. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.

Be alert to new fashions • Through Double Mint gum you can dress beautifully, flatteringly, in the most advanced style. *Below left*, is an attractive, new dress of real feminine appeal. *Below right*, is the new Snow White Double Mint party frock. To make these dresses available to you, Double Mint gum has had them put into McCall Patterns.

"Oh yes," you say, "I now see how Double Mint gum adds to my Smile and Style." Enjoy healthful, delicious Double Mint gum. Millions do. It aids digestion, relieves tense nerves, assures you pleasant, inoffensive breath also. It satisfies craving for sweets, yet is not fattening. Buy several packages today.



S-132



Scenes from Walt Disney's Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs



COPYRIGHT 1938 WALT DISNEY ENTERPRISES

*For Travel, Schoolwear, Business, be your charming best in this smart **DOUBLE MINT** dress, designed in **NEW YORK** and made available to you by Double Mint gum in **McCALL Pattern 9758**. (Sizes 12-20) You can buy pattern at local department stores. Or write to McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.*

*For Parties — look as lovely as Walt Disney's star "**SNOW WHITE**" in this Snow White **DOUBLE MINT** dress made available to you by Double Mint gum in **McCALL Pattern 558**. You can buy pattern (6-14 yrs.) at local department stores. Or write McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.*

Are You a MODERN CLEOPATRA?



THE GLAMOUR-QUEEN of the Nile knew this fascinating secret—the lure of a smooth and deliciously fragrant skin...



TAKE A TIP from History's No. 1 Charmer and keep always adorable with the romantic, lingering scent of Djer-Kiss Talc.

START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day... Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable... Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?"

—full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. B, New York.



... genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff, Paris.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS

mumblings he does so inimitably and which alone seem as much a part of the man as of the actor. Finally words emerged again and while I was still admiring his merciless portrait of an army officer, I found he was saying: "Prating about seeing the world when all they do is while away their days in a port in Gibraltar—stupid, isn't it?"

A picture of Treacher would not be complete without telling a story to illustrate his more serious side. Not long ago, during a rest period, he went to La Jolla. He was feeling rather lonely—his mother had been visiting him, but had gone back to England. Incidentally, he had given her a marvelous time, entertaining her royally and including a trip through the Panama Canal and to Havana before she went home. His main idea was to relax and rest, but the very first morning his peace and quiet were rudely dispelled by a small girl who refused, with much clamor, to eat her breakfast. Treacher surveyed her icily from his imposing height.

"Why are you so vile?" he demanded. "I came down here for rest and quiet, and what do I get? A foul child who makes all kinds of a fuss because she doesn't like her wheat puffs! Look here—you eat your wheat puffs and I'll get you an autographed picture of Shirley Temple."

That was the beginning of a beautiful friendship. The little girl, whose appetite lagged because she was not well, was shocked out of her indifference by his attack and thrilled into good behavior by his promise. She proceeded to eat her "wheat puffs" then and thereafter and began to get well. After Mr. Treacher returned to Hollywood, she visited him and was introduced to Shirley and had her picture taken with Jane Withers and lunched at Sardi's and all in all, had the most perfect time.

"I even took her to Grauman's Chinese Theatre to look at the footprints," Treacher confessed, "if that isn't noble! Because after all, I'm not at all the sort of person that goes to look at footprints!"

What sort of a person is he, then, exactly? A most entertaining conversationalist, a fine actor, a humorist, a sentimentalist, a loyal friend.

As to his personal ambitions, he has no desire to return to the stage. Eight performances a week now seem altogether too much. "I've grown lazy," he confessed. "Oh, of course I have some ambition left—I want to have good parts, to do them well, to go on working—"

"To buttle, even?"

He smiled. "Of course, why not?"

For the rest, he is modest and unassuming—a virtue which was rewarded when a small part in "You Can't Have Everything" led directly to his being signed for a much meatier part in "Mad About Music." He is conservative, putting his money—what is left after paying taxes, meeting his living expenses, and saving for The House—in annuities. His only sweetheart is Shirley Temple, to whom he is devoted and whom he considers a wonder-child—and invariably beneath the lapel of his coat, he wears his official badge as a member of her police force.

He is a dog-lover, Miss Hannah of Hollywood, his absurd little Yorkshire terrier, standing high in his affections.

One of his minor ambitions is to see his face on the commissary wall with other celebrities, an honor which will soon be his.

Since he came to Hollywood in 1933, he has, he maintains, hardly been east of Hollywood and Vine. He had enough of New York in the lean and hungry days when the theatre was slipping and parts were few and far between. Hollywood has been good to him. He is well content with things as they are—and with the House that is at last to be something more than a dream, more than lines on paper.

In Defense of Autograph Fiends

Continued from page 21

But not all stars become transformed in person. Mae Mest, for example, while considerate of her public, in no way seems to differ from her characterizations, except that the screen is kindly to her figure and lends a certain excitement all its own to her personality. But her manner is the same; that devilish glance out of small narrowed eyes discomfits as it excites on the screen. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is his usual exuberant self, hurrying to get quickly from one thing to another, afraid he might miss something interesting, stopping for a moment outside the Legion Stadium on fight night to bestow his personal charm on one of his army of fans. And Randolph Scott, caught during intermission at the theatre one night, is also pretty much what any one would have a right to expect from seeing any of his pictures. Poised, considerate, quietly the man of breeding, he made my short contact with him remain one of my most pleasant, for he was the only star to take a personal interest in me as autograph collector. We chatted pleasantly until curtain time and it was not till afterward that I realized he had asked most of the questions.

Then there are others, so unexpectedly different from their reel selves that they, too, have become, in their own way, memorable, and it has grown hard for me to reconcile them personally with the parts they have long been associated with. Joan Bennett, who is so near-sighted that she is obliged to wear glasses when not before the cameras, looks like nothing so much as a prim little old-maid school-teacher, even though she has a smart, distinctive flair for clothes and even though her manner on all occasions is that of the true sophisticate all members of the clan Bennett stand for.

Henry Fonda is a nervous, diffident young man, shy to the point of fear, and resents having to bother with a following out of business hours. He accepts the genuine adulation of his many fans with such bad grace that, despite the increasing appeal of his characterizations, he may well lose many who wish to be his friends. But he is still new to the game and, like many of the others, will undoubtedly improve with time.

Back in the early days some years ago when I first started to develop the hobby that has since become a definite mania with me, I had two distinct surprises that have stayed with me through the years. The first was Tallulah Bankhead, then at her zenith as a glamor gal, ambling down the street with Jobyna Howland, both attired in a nondescript assortment of the most ordinary garments and both seeming utterly oblivious to their surroundings. I think Tallulah was always inclined to be contemptuous of Hollywood and, accordingly, she was never really accepted by the town. Her reception of my request was characteristically casual and, with a word or two of the gayest badinage, she and Miss Howland passed on, continuing their conversation.

The very reverse of this scene, however, came when I approached Barbara Stanwyck, then a demure little slip of a girl, firmly attached to the handsome Frank Fay, her husband through thick and thin for so long. She was devoted to this man and, apparently, couldn't venture the smallest step without his approbation, or at least his consent. In contrast to her flamboyant parts on the screen, she was dressed simply in brown and would have looked quite un-

distinguished if it had not been for the commanding figure by her side. At my request, she turned to him and when he finally nodded approval, she took my pen and wrote, proudly, "Barbara Stanwyck Fay," as though being his wife were of more importance in her mind than anything she might herself achieve. I have not seen her recently, but I can only hope that her new career and her friendship for Robert Taylor have been able to release her spirit, for a spirit such as hers was never meant to be subdued as it was that day years ago.

And then, of course, there are always some that position and large salaries seem to embarrass to such a point that they are aware of little else and their surroundings take on a new sheen so that they begin to believe in the importance of position and that veil of glamor so cleverly thrown over them by the studios. Sylvia Sidney often appears a trifle self-conscious and one is inclined to wonder if she can see through her own bright success. And Gary Cooper, until his marriage, was in dire peril of losing his sense of humor and, thus, his balance on his own important peak. His elegant clothes and his swanky cars, each a little more extra-special than the last, and, above all else, his growing air of disdain for most of the rest of us, were beginning to affect his work. But Sandra Shaw has changed all that and he is delightfully human again, with his work taking on a new importance.

Of course, the autograph collector's path is not entirely the bed of roses it seems later in looking back, with a long list of "names" to show for it. I have had my failures, as who hasn't, and I can scarcely be blamed for a small grudge at those few celebrities who saw fit, for quite good reasons of their own, no doubt, to refuse the favor of their signature to a sincere fan. Among those whose autographs were thus



Joe E. Brown throws in a gag that's good for a laugh with every autograph he signs for a public that prizes the comedian's signature very highly indeed.

denied me are Miriam Hopkins, who shook a determined head and fled down the crowded street away from me; Wallace Beery, whose brother Noah is the soul of good cheer and spacious charm; and Harold Lloyd, sans glasses, but with a distinctly menacing aspect as he refused.

But, on the whole, my way has been a pleasant and a constantly profitable one. Although it requires a certain amount of

perseverance and patience, as well as a definite knowledge of a subject open to all, there is no hobby that calls for less in initial outlay or in general equipment, no hobby more immediately satisfying. And it makes those weekly trips to the movies a more exciting and a more intelligent event when we recognize on the screen those personal friends we have been acquiring all along the way.

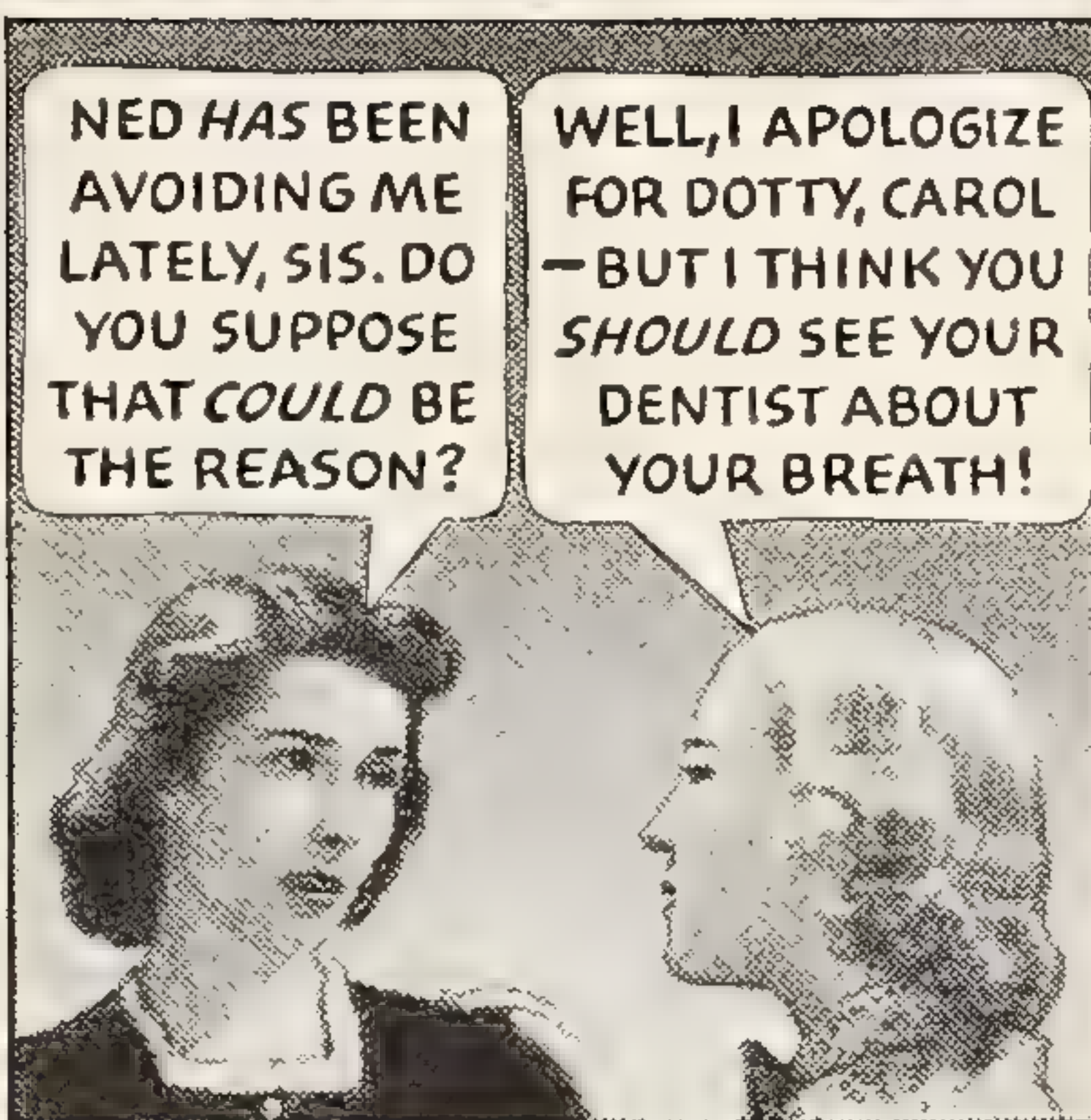


GO 'WAY! YOU'VE GOT BAD BREATH!

I DON'T CARE IF YOU DO TELL MAMA ON ME, AUNT CAROL! 'CAUSE IT'S TRUE! AND I BETCHA MR. NED THINKS SO, TOO!



NED HAS BEEN AVOIDING ME LATELY, SIS. DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT COULD BE THE REASON?



WELL, I APOLOGIZE FOR DOTTY, CAROL - BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH



"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

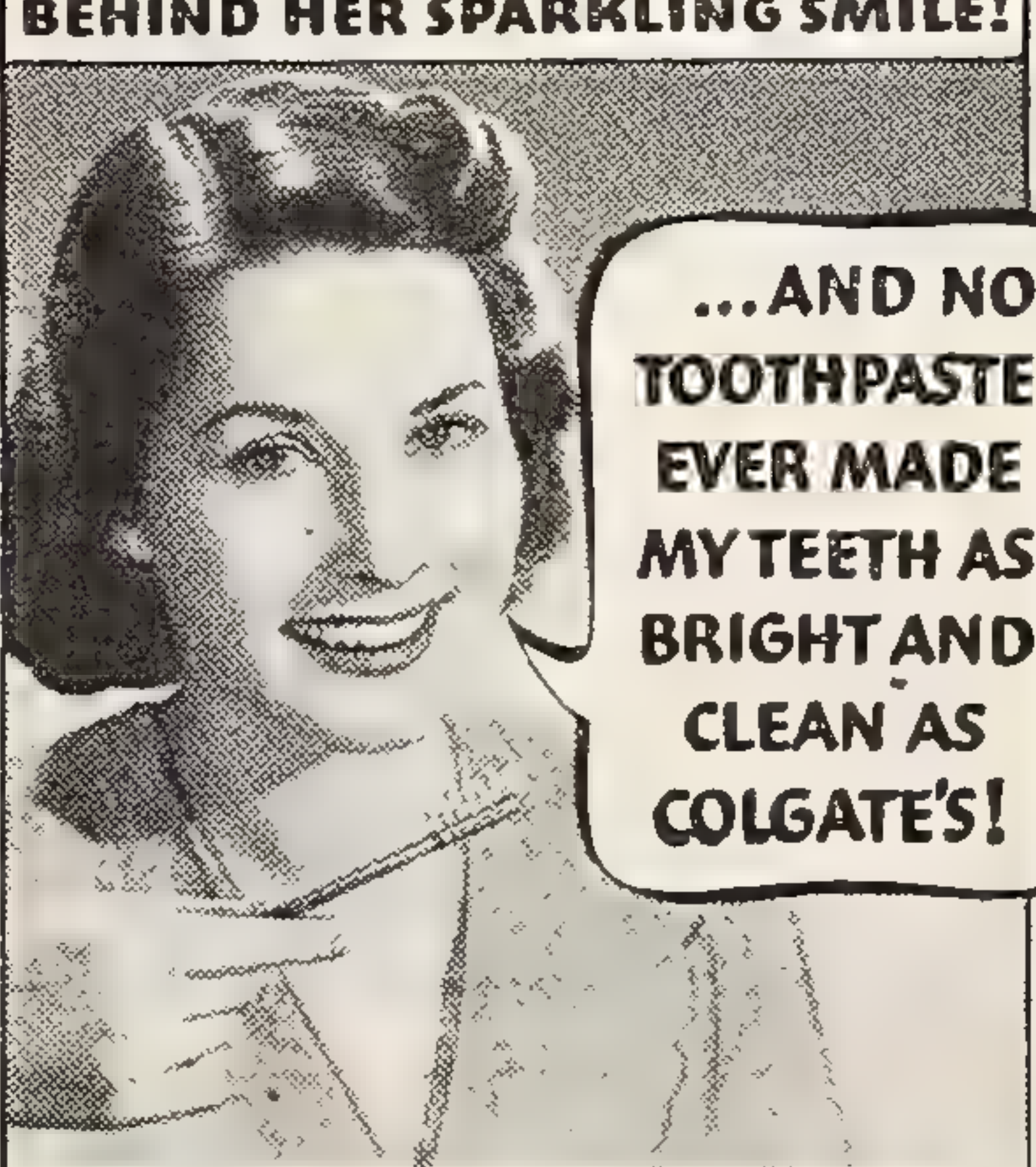
6 WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

I'M GONNA TELL MAMA ON YOU, AUNT CAROL!



ATTA GIRL, DOTTY! AND TELL HER THAT AUNT CAROL'S JUST PROMISED TO BE MRS. NED, WILL YOU?

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

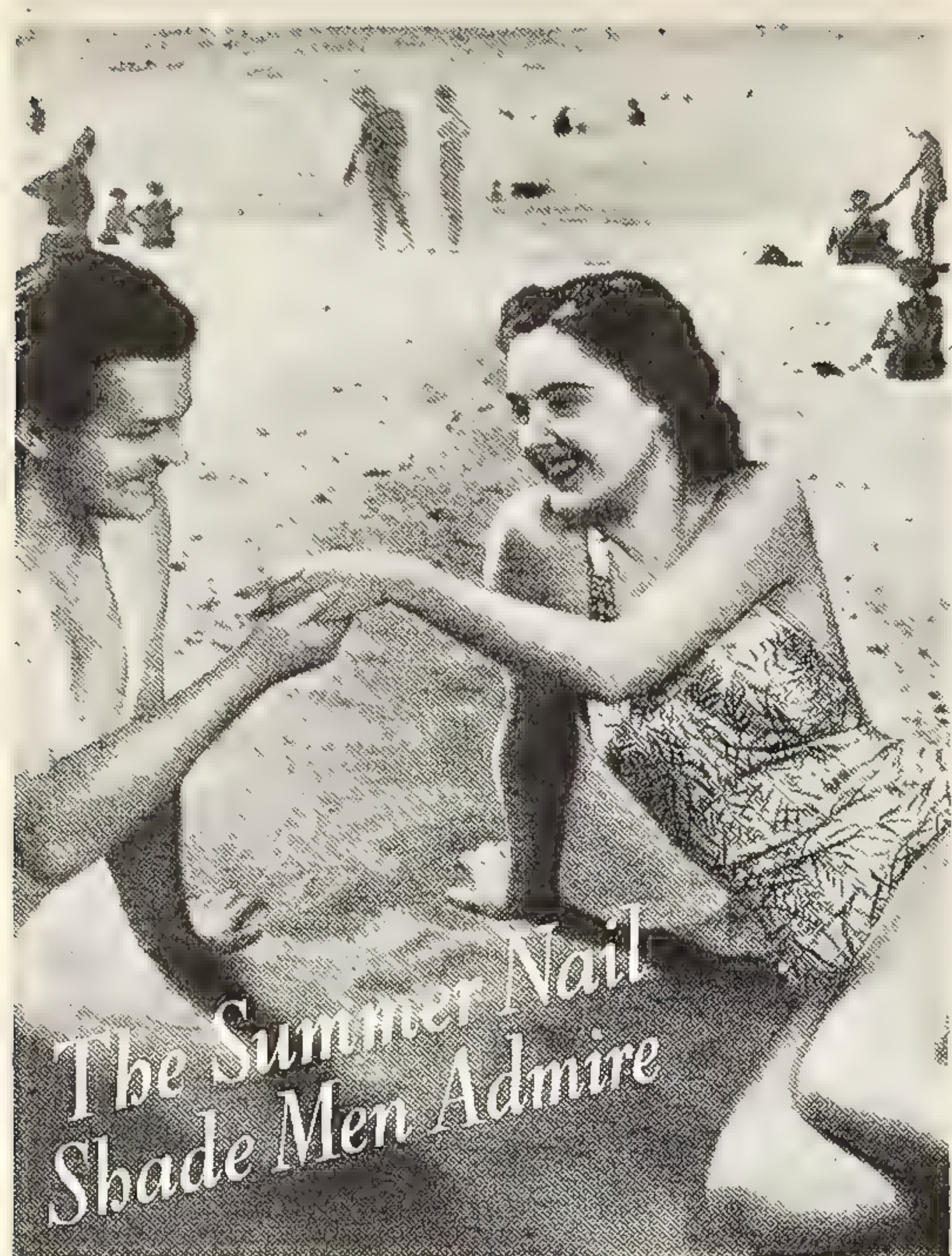


...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



What Makes You So Funny, Mr. Auer?

Continued from page 61



You'll find a dash of Magic in CABAÑA!

MAKE your summer nails lovely with CABAÑA, the color men admire. Here is a flattering, tawny red . . . fresh, gay and stimulating . . . a color that throbs with romance!

You'll want CABAÑA in the city to wear with stylish blacks and beiges. You'll need it in the country for your South Sea prints and whites. At the beach CABAÑA suits the scene . . . it makes moonlight dances forever memorable . . . it holds a promise of thrilling things ahead.

Use this striking shade to accent summer highlights in your hair . . . the sunny undertone of your complexion . . . the glamour of your summer self. Get CABAÑA today!

Glazo Is Ideal For Summer!

1. LONGER WEAR — new Glazo lasts days longer without peeling or chipping. Slightly heavier—clings to nails.

2. EASY TO APPLY — goes on evenly. Will not streak or run. Dries quickly.

3. BRILLIANT LUSTRE — won't fade or become dull in sun or water.

Get Glazo's smart new colors — CONGO, SPICE, TROPIC and CABAÑA — at all drug counters. Extra large size, only **25¢**



GLAZO

The Smart Manicure

books and their eyes were tense and excited.

"When's he coming?"

"Why doesn't he hurry up?"

"Aw, this is nothing," preened a child-about-town, evidently an old-timer at the autograph game. "Last summer the kids waited four hours for Martha Raye." She looked disdainfully at me as though I were a big bully, waiting to snatch autographs from the hands of babes.

"Four hours?" exclaimed a small boy, striding up and down the room, his hands in his leather jacket pocket. "Then the kids were suckers. I like Mischa Auer, but I wouldn't wait four hours for any man."

And then Mischa appeared, tall, lively-eyed, and far more handsome than he is on the screen. The children loosed themselves against his knees, proffering autograph books. I managed to shout over their heads that I wanted an interview.

"I have no time now," he said. "I tell you what. Go inside and see the show. When the acrobats appear, come back here again, and I will give you an interview."

I cast a haughtily triumphant glance at the know-it-all child-about-town, whose mouth was agape, and disappeared into the movie palace via the "strictly-private" route.

As soon as the picture was over I returned back-stage. Four young and tender little girls—reporters for their school papers—sat patiently in the reception room. Mischa appeared, and beckoned to all of us with a wave of his long arm. "Follow me," he said.

He led the procession, executing a few dance steps, and waving an imaginary baton. The four schoolgirls and I followed after him, single file, through the wings—pausing when he paused to chat to a stagehand, and then onward, up the stairs to the dressing-room.

There were only three chairs in the room. He placed them all together and said, "Now, two of you can sit in the cracks. This is a mass interview, so fire

away. But one question at a time, please."

He began to divest himself of his shirt, and his broad chest gleamed before five pair of startled, quickly lowered eyes.

"Oh, Jane," I thought, "what you missed!"

Silence answered him. Neither I, nor the four representatives of their school papers, pencils poised above notebooks, could think of a thing to say.

"What is it?" he demanded, his eyes widening in hurt surprise. "The chest? But you see the same on the bathing beaches, do you not? In a dressing-room, one undresses. That is logic, is it not? Ah, well!" He disappeared into the bathroom and poked his head around the door.

"We came to find out what makes you so funny, Mr. Auer," said one of the little girls in a high, intense treble.

"Call me Mischa," he shouted. "I do not like this business—'Mr. Auer.' Even my little boy calls me Mischa. As soon as he sees me coming into the house he giggles, 'Haw, here comes Mischa.' He only calls me Mr. Auer when I have displeased him."

"How old is your little boy?" asked the girls.

"Four years old."

"Does he go to kindergarten?"

"Soon he will go."

The little girls said oh and ah, and looked meaningfully at one another.

"We want to be kindergarten teachers when we grow up," they explained.

"My son loses out by having been born too soon," said Mischa gallantly, and reappeared in the room buttoning his white evening shirt. "But you have asked me what makes me so funny. I do not know. Personally, I do not think I am funny—it is just the situations the directors put me in. I am no Charlie Chaplin, no artiste. My wife has been married to me for seven years, and she still roars at me. I cannot understand it. I did not take her on this tour with me because I knew she would sit out front for every performance. The act is routine; it is all set; it bores me. I would not wish to bore her five times a day. So I would put new twists in the routine and mix it up and she would laugh but the audience would stare solemnly."

"I bet when you were in school all the kids in your room had a circus," said one of the little girls.

He lifted first one shoulder and then the other like a pulley. "I sat in class, lifting my shoulders, like so. Maybe, even then I was studying to be an ape. All the children tittered. The teacher looked at me over her glasses. She was a stern one; I was afraid of her. 'What are you doing, Mischa?' she asked. I told her I had wool underwear on and that it was scratching me. She couldn't punish me for that." He smiled with disarming innocence.

The four little reporters laughed delightedly.

"I never laughed at my own acting," he continued, "until I saw the preview of 'My Man Godfrey.' We had put the ape act into the picture because we were in high spirits while making it. I supposed it would be cut out. Well, at the preview, we were all sitting in a row—Powell, Lombard, and I. I saw myself swinging from the chandelier. To me, it was funny. But I did not dare laugh at my own acting. Then I looked to left and right, and saw that Powell and Lombard were roaring. So I let go, too. But understand," he repeated, lifting a palm, "it was the situation that was funny—not me."



Maureen O'Sullivan, Dennis O'Keefe and Buck, in "Hold That Kiss."

"We had a riot making that picture. Powell had sciatica, and was supposed to be in bed when he wasn't in a scene. But he wouldn't go home. He sat on the sidelines, haw-hawing. Some days, Lombard would not be due on the set until noon, but she would come there at nine, in her pajamas, afraid she might miss some of the fun."

The four young reporters beamed and nodded their heads at the casual reference to Lombard and Powell.

Mischa picked his mascot stuffed ape off his dressing-table and patted its head. Then he swung like an ape about the room. It wasn't a stingy act, done with limited movements. He loped and leaped and swung in generous mimicry while his interviewers held their sides and shook their chairs with merriment.

"But where were you born?" asked the most business-like little girl, when the private performance was over. "Where did you go to school and how did you get into pictures?"

"Born Michael Simonowich Ounkowsky," chanted Mischa, running all his words together like a hungry monk running through his pater noster. "St. Petersburg, November 17, 1905. Shipped to Siberia during the revolution, escaped, joined the British military mission as messenger boy; troops evacuated at Constantinople; wandered to Florence, Italy, where I learned the address of my grandfather on a concert tour in America. He cabled me money, I came to America, attended the Ethical Culture School in New York, barnstormed ten years, landed in Hollywood, starved there for three, and ate well ever after."

He cocked his ear toward the music rising from the orchestra pit downstairs. "Two minutes to go. I said the routine bores me. I lied, I always get stage-fright. I hope I won't get bubbles between the teeth when I talk to them. Do you ever get bubbles before the teeth when you talk, excited? Any more questions?"

Adoringly, the little girls nodded their heads up and down, and shook them from side to side. Reluctantly they rose to go. "Goodby," bowed Mischa. "This has been a pleasure."

He extended his hand. The first little girl extended hers, too, and dropped her notes on the floor. They both stooped to pick them up and their heads knocked. He extended his hand to the second one. She dropped her papers, too. Finally they all departed, blushing and beaming.

Mischa turned to me, mopping his brow with a handkerchief. "Ah, I am sorry," he said. "I clown for the children, and you do not get your interview. Well, you must come back for your story—after this number."

"There is only one question I would like to ask you," I said. "You're so much fun, and people always feel light-hearted around you. But don't you ever get low like other people?"

All the comedy faded out of his face. "Low?" he asked quietly. "I am low all the time. I saw rape at the age of twelve. I buried my mother with my own hands. I am like all Russians, with the weight of the globe in the heart. But why sink your head in your hands in melancholy pose and make others sad, too? No, when you are with people, make fun, and their laughter brings fun back to you. That is why I surround myself with people. It is not good to be alone and think."

And then the call boy came up to tell Mischa it was time for his number. With one hand on the boy's shoulder he Susie-Q'd down the steps to tickle the thousands who already sat waiting with expectant laughter tugging at the corners of their lips.

**JIM LOVES TO
DANCE WITH ME!**

**I ALWAYS BATHE
WITH FRAGRANT
CASHMERE BOUQUET
SOAP! IT'S THE
LOVELIER WAY TO
AVOID OFFENDING!**

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A
DANCE TO ROB A GIRL OF
DAINTINESS! THAT'S WHY
I ALWAYS BATHE WITH THIS
LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP
THAT GUARDS DAINTINESS
SO SURELY AND
IN SUCH A
LOVELY WAY!

HOURS LATER—SURE OF DAINTINESS!

YOU'RE ADORABLE, ANN! STILL
FRESH AS A FLOWER, AFTER HOURS
OF DANCING!

TOO BAD ALL GIRLS
DON'T KNOW ABOUT
CASHMERE BOUQUET
SOAP'S LOVELIER WAY
OF GUARDING
DAINTINESS!

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP'S
RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER
REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF
BODY ODOR...AND THEN ITS
LOVELY, LINGERING PERFUME
CLINGS TO YOUR SKIN! LONG
AFTER YOUR BATH, IT KEEPS
YOU ALLURINGLY FRAGRANT!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO:

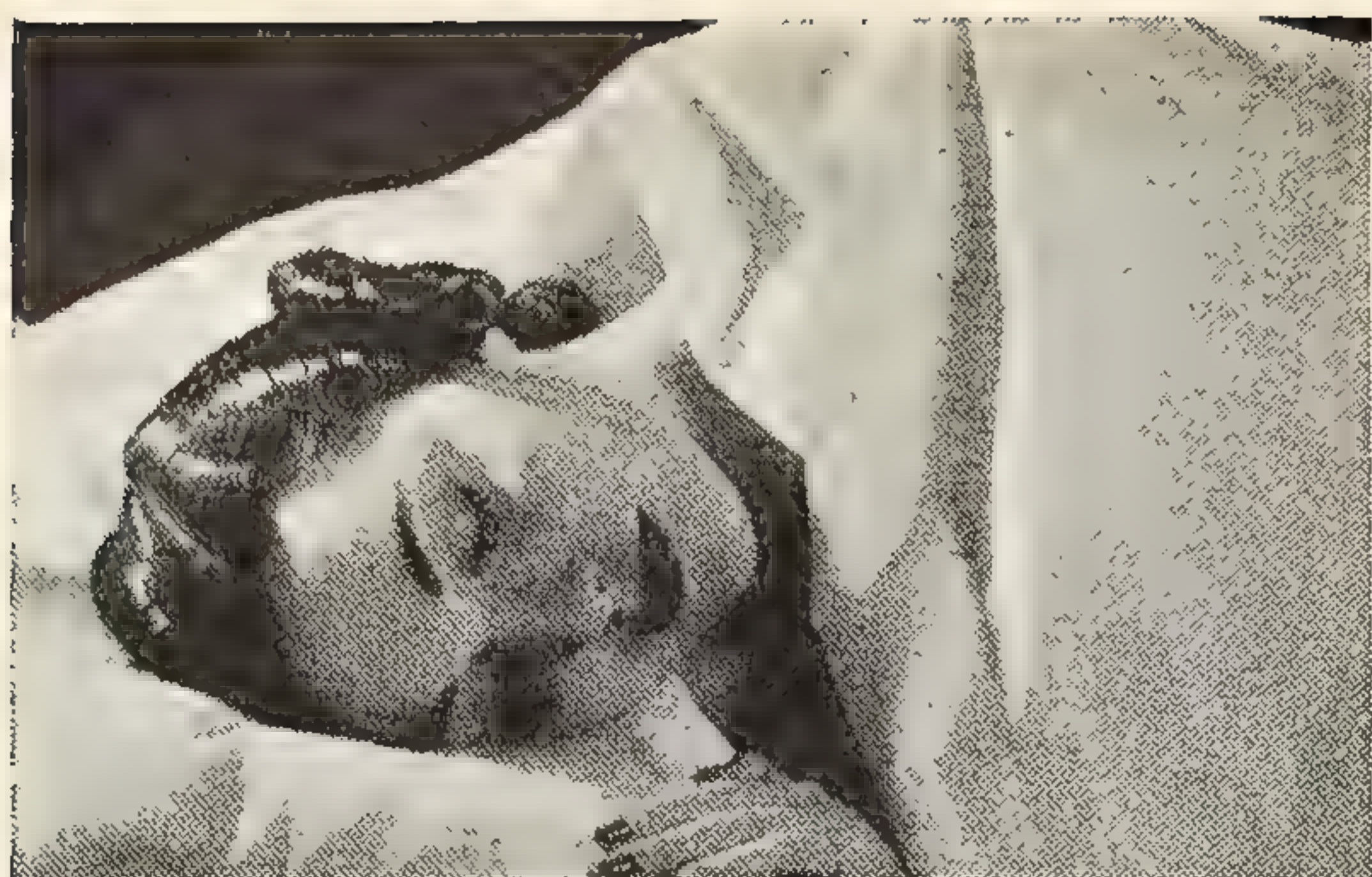
You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!



NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP *Fragrantly Dainty* — **BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**



WILL YOU HAVE CURLS in the morning? Yes, if they are set with Nestle Superset! This wave-lotion keeps your hair beautifully curled and perfectly in place for days.



ALL SET TO GO PLACES, with your hair always well-groomed. You can depend on Superset, the long-lasting, quick-drying wave-set that is never sticky or flaky.

Superset is the superior wave-set lotion that smart women prefer. It moulds the hair in smooth waves and curls; dries in record time; leaves the hair soft and clean. There is no greasy or flaky deposit. Superset waves last longer, too -- your hair is always at its best.

Choose either kind of Superset -- the regular (green) or the new No. 2 (transparent and extra fast-drying). Get the large bottle with the comb-dip neck at all 10-cent stores. 10c
Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Free Examination. Send Your Poems To
J. CHAS. McNEIL
BACHELOR OF MUSIC
4153-V South Van Ness Los Angeles, Calif.



after every bath

use **Hush**
and be Sure

Your bath is only *half* of keeping fresh and sweet. To complete your toilette get the HUSH Habit. You'll stay "bath-fresh" for hours longer. Wise girls find uses for all 3 convenient types.

CREAM—Pure, soothing to skin, harmless to dress fabrics.

LIQUID—Instant, protects 24 hours. Regular, for 1 to 3 days.

POWDER—Ideal for Sanitary Napkins. Keeps feet and shoes fresh.



25c 50c—10c size at 10c counters

The Host of Hollywood

Continued from page 65

and all the other things that are part of an actor's job, but which don't appear on the screen."

We were now thick in the underbrush of Griffith Park, and the going began to be heavy for your sedentary reporter. Basil and I were keeping up a desultory conversation, and the subject of parties arose. I observed that he should be an authority on the subject of parties, since he is looked upon as Hollywood's Number One party-giver. I thought that I detected a slight irritation in his reply.

"We're really *not* big party givers. Last year we gave two—only two. They were extensively written up in the newspapers and magazines because they happened to be somewhat original. They were really Ouida's parties. As you know, Ouida, before we were married, was a scenarist. She is possessed of boundless energy, which has to find a vent. When we were married, she told me that one career in a family was sufficient, and that career was to be mine. Well, I was an actor, and an actor was more or less of a vagrant when it came to setting up a permanent home. A writer can't live that way, and so she gave up her career. Well, since then, thanks be to my lucky stars (and motion pictures) I seem to be fairly well set, and have made it possible for us to put down our permanent roots to such an extent that Ouida is now working on an original story for the screen, and we shall probably see her back in her old harness.

"But returning to this party business. We're really not gay people at all. Three hundred days out of the three hundred and sixty-five, we are dining quietly at home. And when I say dining quietly, I mean dining informally. We never dress on these occasions. As for quietness, I can't say we're *very* quiet. I do hope you don't mind, old chap, but I really should warn you about conversation at dinner. We talk. We all talk. We talk loudly, very loudly. You can hear us for blocks. We *love* to hear ourselves talk!

"I thought, when Rodion came out, he would, maybe, have a tempering effect, but, it seems, he can raise his voice just as loudly as Ouida and I. When the three of us get going, we're really rather dreadful. You'll see at dinner tonight. I don't know what we'll talk about, but, depend upon it, it will be something controversial. Anyhow, we'll have such a good time. At least, we Rathbones will!"

I make my weary feet work hard, and eventually find myself again in my room, wondering whether the marvelous Ambrose had guessed rightly how I would be feeling by then. There was my robe laid out, and the coverlet of the bed turned invitingly back. I showered, and lay down. Came a knock on the door, followed by Basil followed by Nellie with a tray of tea. Made as only the English can make tea. There were no fancy little cakes, sandwiches, or other useless impedimenta. Just tea.

"We'll swallow this, and then there'll be time for me to show you my 16 mm. pictures," said Basil, with that fantastic look in his eye. "I know you'll be interested. Or will you?" he eyed me sternly, and then answered his own question: "I know you will." I mumble something about not being able to wait until I see them, and we drink our tea and wander over to his den to get out the film.

I look at the photographs over Basil's desk. He comes over to explain. The next voice you hear will be that of Basil Rathbone, screen villain, believe it or not:

"That's Ouida, when I first met her; that's Ouida, when we were married; that's Ouida three years ago; that's Ouida today; that's Rodion when he was born; that's Rodion when he was six months old; that's Rodion when he was ten—" Basil had forgotten his motion pictures, and I led him into other channels. Not that I didn't *want* to look at his motion pictures! Perish the thought! The question of food came up, as it has a habit of doing amongst men.

"I have a Swedish chef. He's perfectly terrific. The soups he makes! Always has an enormous stock pot on the stove, you know. And his pastries—light things of cream and fruit and wine. But you'll see tonight. I *think* we're going to have some of his mushroom soup, and then some squab." As Basil said this, I swear that I detected a squab glint in his eye. We talked then about dishes we had had in London, Paris, Marseilles, and points North, East, South, and West. Then Ambrose entered, and began to lay out some clothes for Basil. I rose, mumbled something about regretting that we had not found time to see the motion pictures, and made my way to my room, where I found that Ambrose had done the same for me.

In due course, I descended to the living room, just in time to see Nellie bringing in cocktails. Mrs. Rathbone waved me to a seat next her, and we drifted into inconsequential pleasantries. Before the fire was a tempting array of canapes. The living-room is not large. It has dark blue glass panels, before which were white flowers. It was a combination of smartness and comfort. Mrs. Rathbone was wearing a gown which was a combination of comfort and smartness; a tea-gownish kind of thing. Basil and Rodion came in, and conversation became lively. We started on dogs; we touched lightly upon the works of Smollet, Fielding, and Dickens; thence to music from Beethoven to Gershwin. We had just embarked on 16 mm. film, when Nellie entered and announced that dinner was served. As we went to the dining room, Basil whispered to me that we might have time, after dinner, to run his films. I wondered if he was being optimistic.

We dined by the light of candles, set amongst beautiful flowers. The dinner was simple yet perfect. Basil was right. There *was* mushroom soup, and there *was* squab. It was served on ruby glass plates. There were glasses to match.

It was just after we had disposed of the soup that the Rathbone family really began to have a thoroughly good time. The conversation turned to food. And the fun began. Mrs. Rathbone, it appears, doesn't find much use for English cooking. In fact, she informed us with a twinkle in her eye that our English imagination in cooking began and finished with boiled potatoes. Into the fray dashed Basil, his eyes flashing.

"Where can you get Melton Mowbray pork pies, except in England?" he demanded.

"Where can you get as good roast beef and Yorkshire pudding?" enquired Rodion, a little louder.

"Then there's boiled mutton and caper sauce, and saddle of mutton and currant jelly," I squeaked, feebly.

Ouida dismissed them all, with an airy wave of her hand.

"Good, wholesome, truck-drivers' food. Did you ever taste *crepes suzette* murdered by an English cook? Did you ever suffer the agonies of an English omelette? Did you ever—"

"Whoever wants to live on crepes suzette or omelettes?" blared Basil.

"Give me something I can get my teeth into," trumpeted Rodion.

Ouida eyed me with a flashing eye, challenging me to continue.

"Mrs. Rathbone," I piped, "I don't think that three hefty English males should gang up on you!"

She laughed. "Oh, I can take care of myself." And she proceeded to do so. The din increased in fury. And all the Rathbones were having a perfectly marvelous time. They love each other, these three, and this is part of their life. It wouldn't be the same without. Ouida and Basil told me separately, that these discussions were the breath of life to them. They have no time for the radio, bridge, or any other indoor game. Conversation is so much more important, and exciting. We sat over dinner until about nine-thirty, when Mrs. Rathbone rose. She had *almost* convinced me that as cooks, we English are pretty good empire builders. And so to the living-room, where we had coffee and liqueurs, and where we knocked the living daylights out of subjects from grand opera to Australian koalas. Somewhere round about midnight, Basil looked at the clock. "Great Scott! I meant to have shown you my 16 mm. pictures tonight. Well, we can do that tomorrow, sometime." I'm sure that I was convincing in my expressions of regret.

I woke, next morning, about ten o'clock, and pressed a button. In a few minutes, Nellie appeared, with a breakfast tray containing Scotch oatmeal, kippers, toast, marmalade, coffee, and a vase containing a perfect rose. As I was finishing my coffee, Basil knocked and entered. "Like a set or two of tennis, old chap? I haven't a court of my own, but Mrs. DeMille, my next door neighbor, is good enough to let me use hers, which is practically in my back-yard."

Well, we played tennis, and the less said about it, the better. Basil chased the legs off me. When I cried "Uncle!" he took



Gloria Dickson strikes an exotic note in "Gold Diggers in Paris."

on Rodion, and was hardly breathing deeply when we went in for lunch, which was chicken à la king, and a salad with a dressing that must have been made elsewhere than on earth. After lunch, Basil, Rodion, and I went to the site of the new home. It lies 1,260 feet above Hollywood. One side overlooks the San Fernando Valley, and the other side looks toward the Pacific. There are four acres, on two and a half of which there are thirty-seven

oak trees, between which wild flower seeds have already been planted. There is a fence around it, and there is a fern dell with a waterfall. Here, Basil expects to spend the rest of his days. We saw the sun set from this eyrie, a mad, red sunset that even Turner never conceived.

On our way home, I asked Basil if he expected any droppers-in; Sunday being the day that generally happens. He was emphatic in his reply: "No, I have never encouraged droppers-in. I suppose I may have offended a few people, when Nellie goes to the door and says that Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone are not at home; meaning, of course, that though we may be home, we are not receiving. We like to *expect* people. After all, everybody has a phone, and can call us."

I had to leave just before dinner, but not before I had met Basil's four guests. There were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cavens. Fred Cavens is Basil's fencing master, and one of the men he calls friend. He is also a metaphysician. His other two guests were Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hill. Howard Hill and Basil went hunting boars with bows and arrows while on location in "Robin Hood." (Basil has pictures to prove it.) Hill was the archery expert on that picture, and made some most amazing shots.

As I was leaving, I heard Hill say, in his delightful drawl: "I think we Americans are more interested in power than bread. We have plenty of bread." As I got into my car, I heard the sounds of battle rising, and I knew that the Rathbones were about to have another perfectly splendid time.

As I drove through the gates, I saw Basil, revealed in my headlights. I stopped. "You know, old chap, you never *did* see my 16 mm. pictures. Give me a ring, and tell me when you can come."

I assured him that I certainly would.



**ALWAYS GRAND
FOR Flaky SKIN**

Now—with the active "Skin-Vitamin" it NOURISHES Skin, too

GLORIOUS days in the out-of-doors!—Are you wondering what you can do for that *flaky skin*?

This year you are doubly fortunate! Pond's Vanishing Cream, always so grand for flaky skin, is now a nourishing cream, too. It contains the active "skin-vitamin" which aids in keeping skin beautiful.

This new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream is never drying! . . . It simply does not come out on your skin in a "goo"! It's a triumph of modern science—a true nourishing cream—yet nothing greasy or heavy about it. Pond's Vanishing Cream is light and delicate in texture!

Put it on always before you powder. Again after coming in from outdoors. And of course for overnight after cleansing.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.



Miss Camilla Morgan

"Pond's 'skin-vitamin' Vanishing Cream is good news. A powder base that actually nourishes skin is almost too good to be true."

**SEND FOR
THE NEW
CREAM!**

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 7S-VU, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N. Y. Time, N.B.C.

Stops
PERSPIRATION
 FOR ONE TO THREE DAYS

ZIP CREAM DEODORANT
 Destroys body odors. Easy to apply; harmless to clothing; and ideal on sanitary napkins. Just a little under the arm and ZIP!—you're free of perspiration odor.

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

THE BEST TO BE HAD
 10c • 25c • 50c

ZIP
 Cream Deodorant
 A PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION

For unwanted hair—
 ZIP Depilatory Cream

HAIR ON FACE ARMS, LEGS and BODY REALLY GONE!

ZIP
 IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
 E P I L A T O R

Simple. Quick. Leaves no trace of hair. With each package of ZIP Epilator, you get a large bottle of BOUQUET JORDEAU, a refreshing fragrance. This is a double value offer. Do not miss it. All good stores.

Treatment or Free Demonstration at
 Madame Berthé, 562 Fifth Ave., New York

the FASHION MODEL
 Home Study Course 17 Quick Lessons
 YOU TOO—Can be a Model. Exp. models earn \$25-\$100 wkly. Send 10c for book D.
 ANNE ARDIS, Box 422, Hollywood, Calif.

SONG POEM WRITERS
 Write for free book, 50-50 plan, Splendid Opportunity
 INDIANA SONG BUREAU, Dept. N., Salem, Indiana

"TRY SITROUX TISSUES
They're Softer Stronger!

BOOTS MALLORY, Grand National Pictures Star....

SITROUX
 (Pronounced "SIT-TRUE")

Stars of stage and screen prefer Sitroux Tissues. So soft, yet so much stronger, they hold together! Care for YOUR complexion with Sitroux Tissues. Get a box today!

AT YOUR 5 and 10 cent STORE!

SITROUX
 face tissues
 CLEANSING TISSUES
 10¢ & 20¢ Boxes

NEXT TIME TRY...

Inside the Stars' Home

Continued from page 13

the Brown Derbies, on most weekday nights, Sunday evening is the home evening at Cobbs'. Gail usually plans the informal dinners they serve, and because he is an authority on good food, the meals are simple but delicious, and not what he would obtain elsewhere. Here is a sample menu:

MENU:

Clear Soup
 Pear Cup Salad
 Creamed Finnan Haddie
 Boiled Potatoes String Beans
 Hot Apple Pie
 Cheese
 Coffee

"Pear cup salad can be served as a luncheon dish, too, if you like a light but nourishing midday dish," recommended my hostess.

PEAR CUP SALAD

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup seedless raisins.
 1 3-ounce package Kraft Philadelphia cream cheese.

1 teaspoon horse-radish.
 2 tablespoons Hellmann's mayonnaise.
 8 pear halves.
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup Graham cracker crumbs.

Chop raisins, combine with cheese, horse-radish, mayonnaise. Dip pears in crumbs. Fill with cheese mixture. Serve on lettuce. Serves four.

CREAMED FINNAN HADDIE

1 cup flaked finnan haddie, free from skin and bone; 2 cups milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup olive oil, 6 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons lemon juice.

Heat the liquid. In a saucepan, heat the oil and stir in the flour, add the hot milk and beat smooth. Add the finnan haddie and blend well together before seasoning with pepper, and salt, as it may require no further addition of salt. Add lemon juice and serve on toast or in individual ramekins.

Mr. Cobb's favorite dish, it transpired, is a certain pink bean concoction said to be most succulent. This is a specialty of his mother's kitchen, well worth trying in your own. The elder Mrs. Cobb is one of those gifted cooks who take a pinch of this and a handful of that and know at a glance how much to use, how long or how often to do anything. Like all people who turn out mouth-watering dishes, she has no hard and fast rules.

PINK BEANS

Take about a pound of pink beans, put them on in cold water and boil slowly 30 or 40 minutes. Then drain the water from the beans and add them to a ham hock, with finely chopped celery, finely chopped onions and a tiny pinch of Ben Hur Japan Chilis. Cook all together slowly for three hours. Sometimes the ham is done first, in which case remove it from the pot and keep hot until the beans are ready.

By this time, Gail, tall and slim and lovely in her white satin-striped hostess gown, had led me into the sunroom, which has a fireplace of whitewashed brick and an odd fish-pond set in tile below a big window.

"Pets!" smiled Gail, wiggling a pink finger at the goldfish who wiggled coquettish tails back at her. "Lately we've had great excitement here. We took some fish eggs from the pond, put them in a bowl, and they hatched; Now they are the cutest pollywogs and we'll have fun watching them grow and develop."

The drapes in the sunroom are basket-weave with a blue motif, and those in the living-room of unbleached muslin, believe it or not, and most charming.

In the dream house, the dining-room will be furnished in Colonial style, providing the sort of background proper for a daughter of the South. Modernistic glass tables, says Gail, may cast interesting reflections and present intriguing effects but they haven't the lasting qualities of a fine antique.

London

Continued from page 60

his auburn-haired wife Jill Moore and Sophie Stewart and Barry Barnes. Rex Harrison comes along to wield the shaker for Liza with his customary nonchalant charm and you're liable to share a sofa with June Clyde or Bartlett Cormack, the Hollywood writer whom Charles Laughton has just signed up on a long contract.

It was coming away from Liza's home that I met dainty Marjorie Sandford, back from a flying visit to New York for radio appearances. She saw her old friend Joan Crawford there and they spent an afternoon shopping together and everywhere they walked a bodyguard of about twenty girls walked too and made admiring remarks about Joan's purchases. "Don't you sometimes want to scream, Joan, always being tailed by your fans like this?" But Joan only laughed and said she would scream if they didn't tail her when she came to New York. "That would be the beginning of my end," she added seriously. And incidentally Marjorie told me Joan is going in for tailored suits and frilly blouses this summer, absurd little things in pastel organdies and muslins, with soft puffed sleeves and cute ribbon bows. She confessed to Marjorie that she wanted a change from elaborate glamorous dressing.

'Tisn't usual for a visitor to set up as hostess but everything about Gertrude Niesen is completely "different," even that forehead fringe which she is now curling under so her huge grey-green eyes have to look through it. She gave a characteristically exotic party at her London hotel, with



England's star, Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, at Denham.

such masses of scarlet roses and yellow tulips all round the walls that the room looked more like a garden. Blonde Frances Day arrived and Stanley Lupino, sad that his British film commitments have forced him to cancel his visit to daughter Ida in Hollywood. Barbara Blair looked in too, wondering how she will like working at Elstree where she is due to sing and dance in a new picture called "Yes, Madam." Gertrude entertained with her songs from "Start Cheering" and impressions of her fellow-player Jimmy Durante.

You get music of a different kind when Flora Robson asks you to tea for our leading character actress is a brilliant pianist who loves Chopin and Schumann and Liszt. Her sitting-room chairs are covered with pink chintz patterned with huge grey feathers and the fireplace was fashioned from rare old Chinese tiles. Above it hangs a valuable Old Master—"Portrait of a Gentleman" by Titian, And Charles Laughton, who is a keen art connoisseur, always declares he is going to burgle Flora's house one night and steal it!

Flora lives in wooded Hampstead, on the northern heights of London, and has Clive Brook and Anton Walbrook among her neighbors. There is music too when handsome Anton invites a few friends for a glass of pale sherry and marzipan sweetmeats in the style of his native Vienna. He has decided to keep the moustache he had to grow to play *Prince Albert* again in Anna Neagle's second film about Queen Victoria. Paul Lukas, here to act in yet another British picture, often calls on Anton and they indulge in long discussions about European politics.

Some of our stars prefer to have country homes. Blonde Anna Lee has a little thatched cottage near the New Forest—she and her director-husband Robert Stevenson return to Pinewood Studios now that baby Venetia has arrived and has her mother's blue eyes and heart-shaped face, thank you. Margaret Lockwood lives with her parents in a rambling old-fashioned house south of London and goes in for gardening when she isn't at work for Alfred Hitchcock in his latest spy film. Even Jean Muir has rented a cottage in Hertfordshire while she plays in her first color picture, a costume affair called "Marigold" reminiscent of Hepburn's "Quality Street" with its demure bonnets and shy spinsters and swaggering military gentlemen.

Visitors from America always angle for a weekend invitation to a quaint little house in the Buckinghamshire village of Sarratt, heart of the Pilgrim Fathers' country and teeming with their history. This house dates back to 1620 and is full of ancient oak beams and inglenook fireplaces in which wooden logs have to be burned. It belongs to Ursula Jeans, whom you can currently admire with Merle Oberon in "Over the Moon," and her husband Roger Livesey who is the soldier hero of "The Drum." They have to use oil lamps and draw their water from a well in the garden and look out at the world through diamond-paned windows with printed cotton curtains. They share the establishment with half a dozen dogs and a delightful brown cat called Clarence who once startled a celebrated Hollywood lady into hysterics when he leapt upon her knee carrying a not-quite-dead mouse as tribute of his admiration.

And of course Jessie Matthews and Sonnie Hale live outside town too, their house beside the River Thames and not so far from historical Hampton Court Palace. There's nothing I enjoy more than a lazy Sunday there, sitting on the lawn after a game of croquet or an industrious hour helping Jessie prune her cacti. She adores these prickly plants and collects them in a special glass-house like any other



Wherever you go
BEECH-NUT GUM
gives extra pleasure
and refreshment



WHENEVER YOU PLAY

... gum helps keep you "on your game"... it helps steady your nerves... keeps mouth and throat moist.

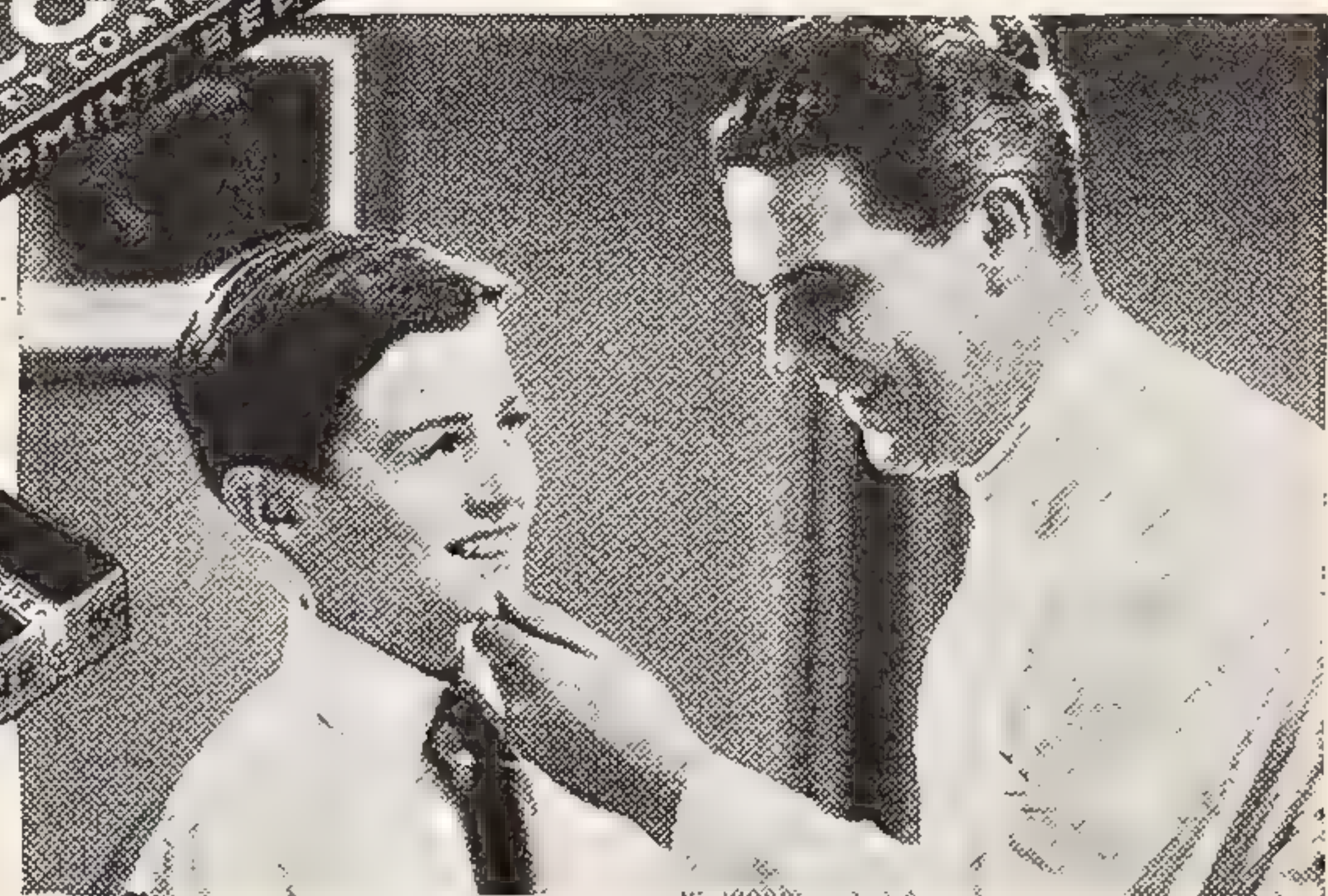
BEECHIES are the candy-coated individual pieces of gum... in three flavors... Peppermint, Pepsin or Spearmint... select the kind you like best.



ALWAYS REFRESHING

Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it's the most popular flavor of gum in America.

Beech-Nut Spearmint has a richness you're sure to enjoy.



"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE"

The use of chewing gum gives your mouth, teeth and gums beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut Oralgen is specially made for this purpose. It's firmer, "chewier"... helps keep teeth clean and fresh-looking.

Always worth stopping for.

When Excitement Makes You Perspire

deu
WILL KEEP YOUR SECRET

Careful women avoid underarm odor
with DEW, the easy deodorant

Hot weather and exercise are not the only things that increase perspiration. When you are excited, you perspire. And it is in exciting, intimate moments that you want to be sure underarm odor does not offend. The other person will never mention it. You must be on guard in advance. Use DEW.

DEW is kind to your skin and easy to use. DEW is the choice of smart women who want the poise, the charm, the assurance that come from freedom from perspiration odor. Ask for DEW today at drug stores, toilet goods counters, 10¢ stores. Three sizes: 10¢, 25¢, 50¢. DEW will keep your secret.

INSTANT
deu
DEODORANT
Stops Perspiration



WRITE A SONG

on any subject and send poem to
us at once for exceptional offer.

RICHARD BROS., 28 Woods Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

IMPORTED SIMULATED RING
DIAMOND 15¢
To introduce HOLLYWOOD'S
Newest ORIZABA Diamond re-
productions, Dazzling, Brilliant,
full of Blazing Fire (worn by Movie Stars)
we will send 1/2 Kt. simulated Brazilian
DIAMOND MOUNTED IN SOLID GOLD
effect ring as illustrated, (looks like
\$150. gem) for 15¢ sent postpaid. Money
back if not delighted. Agents Wanted.
FIELD'S DIAMOND CO.—Dept. SU-510
S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif. (2 for 25¢)
White "Luck" Elephant, Imported from
the Orient, included FREE! Order NOW!

FREE

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

45th Year—Drama, Dance, Vocal for Acting, Teaching, Directing. 3 in 1 course—Radio, Stage, Screen. Graduates: Lee Tracy, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel etc. Student Stock Theatre Appearances while learning. Apply Sec'y LAND, 66 W. 85th St., N.Y.

YOUR YOUTHFUL SKIN A MASS OF PIMPLES?

Take steps now to help keep your
blood free of skin-defiling poisons

Stop being an object of shame and scorn among your friends. Find out what often causes those repulsive-looking pimples . . . and get rid of them.

Between the ages of 13 and 25 your body is changing rapidly. Important glands develop. These glands change upset your system. Waste poisons from the intestines are often thrown into the blood stream and are carried to your skin, where they may bubble out in ugly, shameful hickies.

You must help keep your blood free of these skin-irritating poisons. Thousands have done so, just by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. The millions of tiny, living plants in each cake of this fresh food act to help you fight pimple-making poisons at their source—in the intestines, before they can get into the blood. Many get amazing results in 30 days or even less! Get Fleischmann's Yeast now. Eat 3 cakes a day—one before each meal—until your skin is clear and fresh again.

screen star would acquire china or first edition books. Sometimes we play with three-year old Catherine who now has a new "Uncle" in Noel Madison, screen gangster who possesses the most amazing way with children.

Noel will play with Jessie again in "Asking for Trouble" for she has postponed her Hollywood trip still once more to make another musical film at Pinewood. "You always insist on making 'just one last British film' before you travel." I told her sternly. "I believe you're afraid of California." Jessie nodded thoughtfully. "I believe I am," she admitted, "It's such a long way from home and I'm scared to death at the prospect of a strange director."

I nearly forgot to tell you about the little party given for Director Clarence Brown when he looked in on London on his recent vacation. All the ambitious small-part film girls scrambled for invitation cards and used every wile they could think up to get near the guest of honor and impress him with their screen potentialities. But I don't believe Clarence even looked at one of them—he was far too engrossed in discussing camera-craft with the newspaper photographers who had come to take his picture! I suppose there is some psychological explanation as to why a film director, released from the studios where he lives with cameras all day long, immediately hangs another little camera round his neck and spends his vacation shooting pictures by the dozen. Clarence must have records of every bus and every old building in London now and Frank Capra took over a thousand stills when he was here. Even the elegant Josef von Sternberg does it, not to mention our own Victor Saville.

Cary Grant's Past, Present and Future

Continued from page 19

soprano. Out of this human grabbag a manager could have pulled Cary as well as not, since he was one of the regulars and, like the rest of us, pulled easily.

It was here he met another vaudevillian who lived nearby. He always seemed to have dough and Cary asked him how he did it. It turned out he sold books. So Cary sold books the rest of the summer. He worked all the medium sized towns in Pennsylvania—Scranton, Easton, Bethlehem, Harrisburg, Wilkes-Barre, etc. As Cary tells it, he met a young judge who didn't want any of his books himself but sicked him on to one of his friends. The friend thought Cary was an intimate friend of the judge and he had to buy the books to stay in the judge's good graces. To soothe his own ruffled feelings he sicked Cary on to one of his friends. And so it went.

"Actually," Cary laughs, "they were only trying to bedevil their friends as in those small towns all the fun people get is playing jokes on their intimates. But I played it up big and did all right for myself. I don't recall what the books were but I remember customers had their choice of three bindings!"

When he returned to town with a few bucks in his kicks he took an apartment in Greenwich Village—a studio kind of affair. The throng from the subterranean nook uptown moved *en masse* to Cary's Montmartre-like abode. In fact, I honestly believe everybody uptown moved down to Cary's Montmartre-like abode.

There was no particular "rush hour." It was always crowded. On Saturday nights unless you arrived early you never got to sit down. There was barely room to stand.

Things finally got so crowded he had to post a guest list inside the door and station an unemployed vaudeville actor at the entrance to see that no one whose name wasn't on the list got in. "That's the one time in my early career I was a huge success," he says. "I played to 'Standing Room Only' every night in the week!"

He swears one evening a young lady in the far reaches of the Bronx stepped into a taxicab and instructed the driver to take her to the Village. Without another word he landed her at Cary's door. "This is as good a joint as any," he remarked laconically and was amazed to find she didn't know Cary.

It was about this time he cut the last ties binding him to vaudeville and signed with Hammerstein. He returned to England after that for a few months to get some legitimate experience in stock companies and then came back to America to work for his employers in "The Golden Dawn." It was, indeed, a golden dawn for Cary. I remember meeting him on Broadway during the run of the piece and thinking how well he was looking, how much more character he seemed to have. It was simply that the little recognition he had got by being cast in this Broadway show had given him confidence and a feeling of at last having got a foothold in the theatre. Everyone takes on something of that indefinable quality known as poise with the first glimmer of success. I recall predicting to myself that day, "Cary is going places."

As it turned out, however, the next place Cary went was to St. Louis. Hammerstein having sold his contract to the Shuberts, the latter sent him to St. Louis where for several years they had conducted one of the finest musical stock companies in the country, in conjunction with the famous St. Louis Municipal Opera. It gave him some much needed experience and a chance to play a different rôle each week. It was at the end of his fourth summer in St. Louis and the last week before his contract with the Shuberts expired that he was offered the second lead in "Nikki," which I mentioned before. "Nikki" was a dramatization of "Single Lady" by John Monk Saunders and was designed to give his wife, Fay Wray, a fling at the New York stage. "Single Lady" was a delightful book but the show stands out in my mind as the worst I have ever seen in New York. Everyone except Fay was miscast and Cary was no better than the rest. It was supposed to be a musical but none of them could sing. To this day all I have to do to get a rise out of Cary is start humming, "We're Taking Off When the Dawn Lights the Sky."

The play lasted only a few weeks. Cary felt a trip coming on. Why not try Hollywood? He'd tried everything else. And that brings us up to the Christmas Santa Claus dumped him out of his sleigh on to the prop snows of Hollywood. Only the sleigh, in this instance, was suspiciously like a broken down motor of some very early vintage.

Because the people Cary knew best in Hollywood were on the Paramount lot, Cary was around there a good deal. One day they needed someone to play opposite a girl who was being given a test. Cary, being on the lot that day and everyone else being busy, found himself before the camera. A few weeks later he had a five-year contract in one hand and the lead in his first picture in the other. It was opposite Thelma Todd in an opus called "This Is The Night" and that was followed by "The Blond Venus" opposite Dietrich. A veritable baptism of fire! "Madame Butterfly" opposite Sylvia Sydney followed and then he went West. "I went West twice," he avers. "The first time 'She Done Me Wrong' and the second time Mae ex-

plained it was because 'I'm No Angel.'

Having learned about women from Dietrich, Sidney, and West he went into the den of La Hepburn without a qualm. In fact, he went into it with a heart full of joy and goodwill towards men because, for the first time in his career, he was going to play a character part. Did you see "Sylvia Scarlett" in which he played a Cockney? Well, he was what Gregory Ratoff calls San-SA-Shun-al.

Strange as it seems, although he was credited with having stolen the picture from Hepburn and with making the biggest hit of his career, a succession of mediocre rôles on his home lot followed. He was in a rut from which he could not seem to extricate himself. Cary decided drastic steps must be taken. He took them. When his contract with Paramount expired, although they wanted to re-sign him at a fantastic salary he refused as they could not give him any assurance his parts would be different from those he had been playing.

It was the wisest move he ever made. But, at the time, friends shook their heads. The Hollywood wiseacres had already for-



Happy landing! in "Air Devils" Dick Purcell meets Mamo Clark.

gotten "Sylvia Scarlett," moaned that Cary wasn't so hot as an actor anyhow, and laid bets he was "through" in pictures.

How wet they were, time has proven. Cary took the lead in "Topper" opposite Constance Bennett and it made him. It was one of those screwball comedies and showed Hollywood producers what none of them had ever guessed. Despite some swell performances, Cary had not previously been given a chance to do the thing he could do best—comedy!

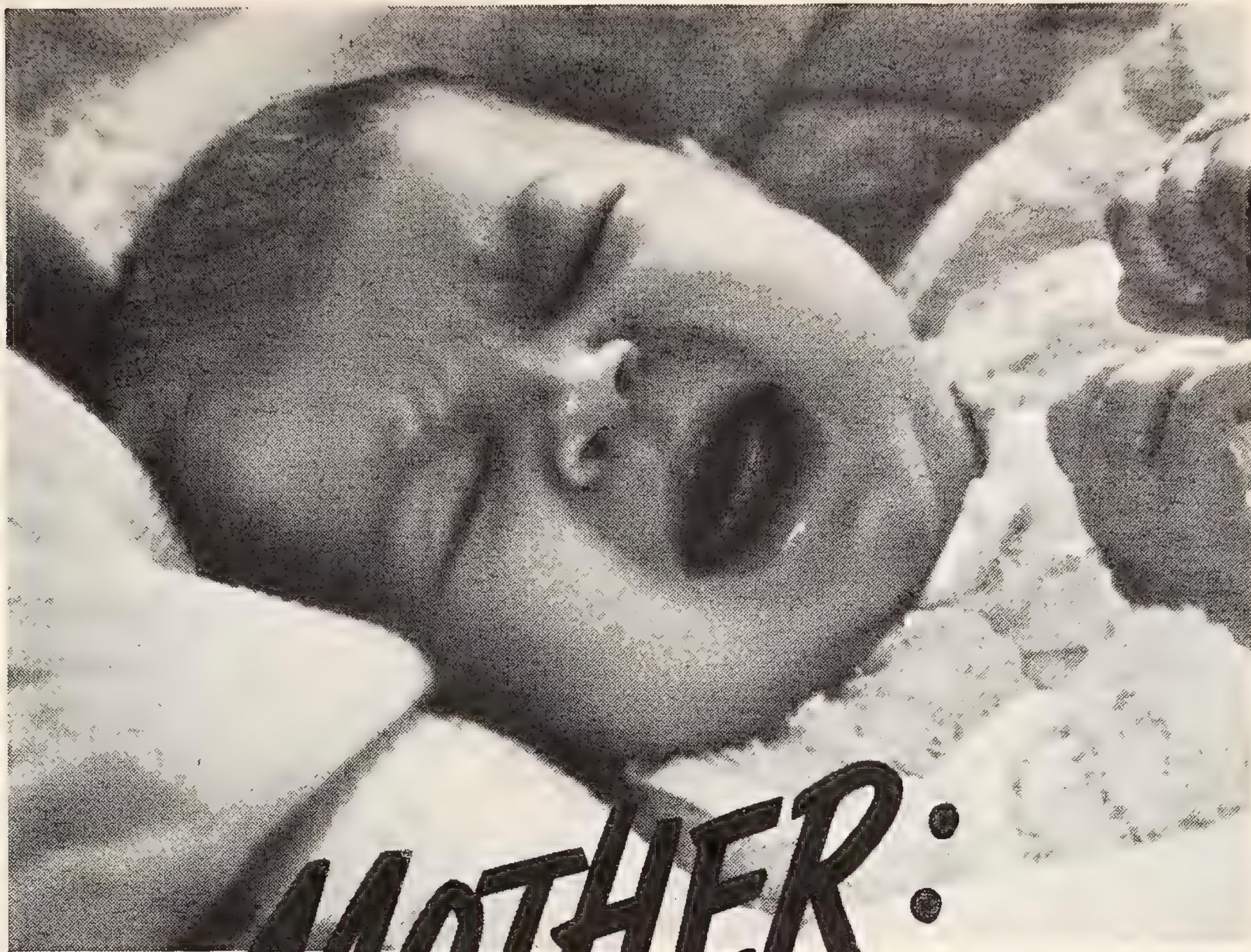
"The Awful Truth" opposite Irene Dunne hit a new high in comedies and Cary hit a new high in comedy performances. "When You're in Love" opposite Grace Moore, "Bringing Up Baby" (again opposite Hepburn), and now "Holiday" have followed in rapid succession.

With each of them Cary's stock—and salary—have soared. There is no leading man in Hollywood today more in demand.

When I think of Cary, the successful actor, I also think back to one of my first meetings with him in Hollywood. We had an appointment for lunch. When I arrived he was not at the appointed place. I finally located him on the back lot of the studio, walking around on stilts!

"A fine pastime for a successful actor!" I jeered.

"Pastime, me eye!" Cary Grinned. "I have to keep in practice. You never know when this Hollywood bubble will burst!"



MOTHER:

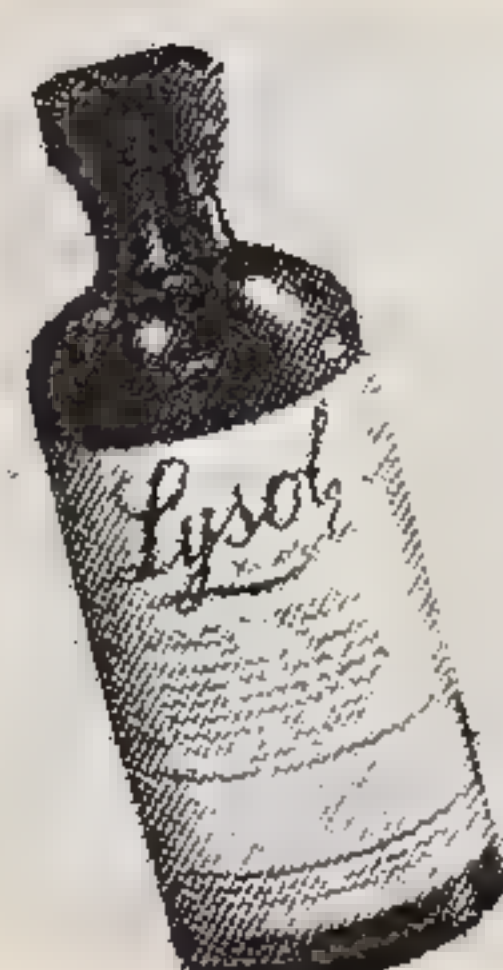
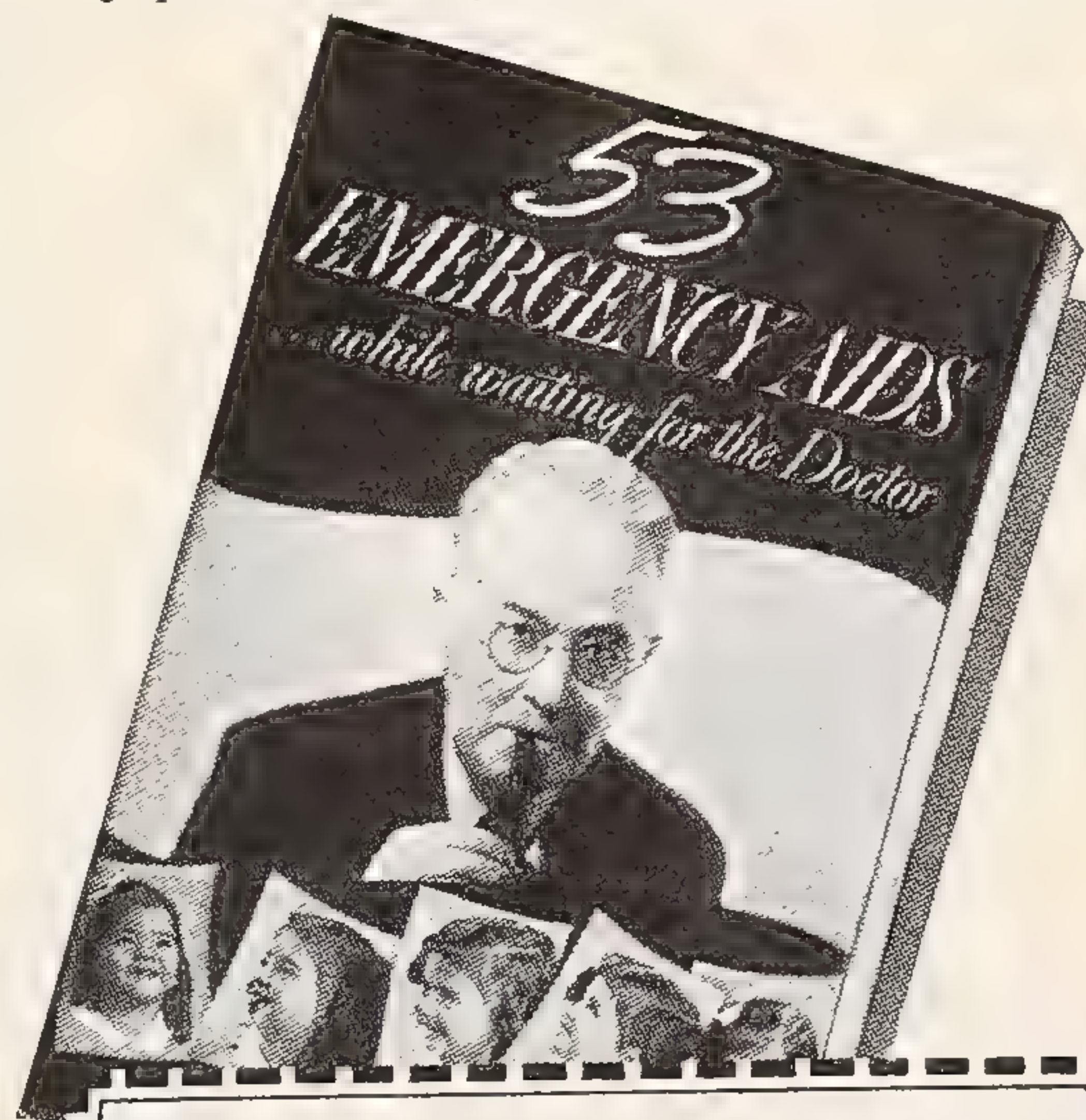
When your baby is suffering KNOW what to do!

DON'T be *helpless* when an emergency arises! Every mother should *know* what to do. Don't trust to luck that your household will *escape* emergencies. You may be next. Be prepared!

At your drug store you can now get (while they last) a copy of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe's new book—*free* with a purchase of "Lysol" disinfectant. Few doctors have had to deal with home emergencies as Dr. Dafoe has. Great distances, hard travel, in the Canadian back country forced him to teach his people what to do in emergencies till he got there. Now the benefit of this experience is yours, *free*! Accept "Lysol's" offer of first-aid facts. Ask, when you buy "Lysol", for your copy of Dr. Dafoe's book.

FREE! Dr. Dafoe's Book on Home Emergencies, 32 pages, 53 sections.

Do you know how to... Dress a wound? Treat animal bites? Give artificial respiration? Relieve sudden illness? Stop hiccups? Revive an asphyxiated person? These are just a few of many subjects this book covers, in clear, simple language anyone can understand. Free with any purchase of "Lysol", for a limited time.



Used in the care of the
Quintuplets since the day
they were born...

Lysol
Disinfectant

If your drug store cannot supply you—
mail this to

LYSOL, Bloomfield, N. J. Dept. 7-S.

(Enclose "Lysol" carton front. Dr. Dafoe's book will be sent at once, free and post-paid.)

Name _____

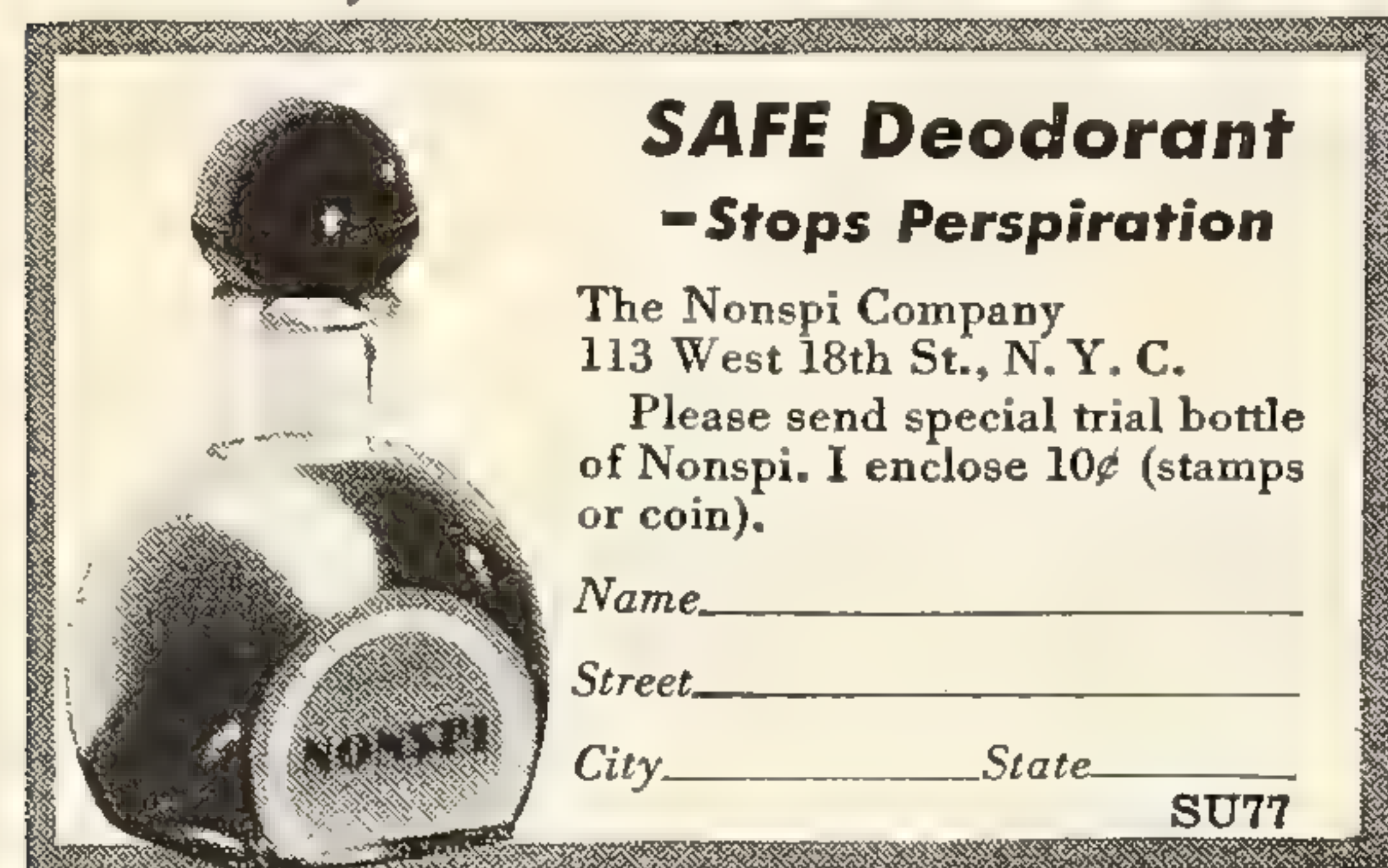
Address _____

Copyright 1938 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



USE SAFE NONSPI

Here's a full-strength deodorant that keeps underarms dry and immaculate, 2 to 5 days—yet is *non-irritating!* Medical authority has pronounced Nonspi entirely safe when properly applied. Now Nonspi goes on more easily . . . dries more quickly. Sold at all drug and department stores—35¢ and 60¢. Slightly higher in Canada.



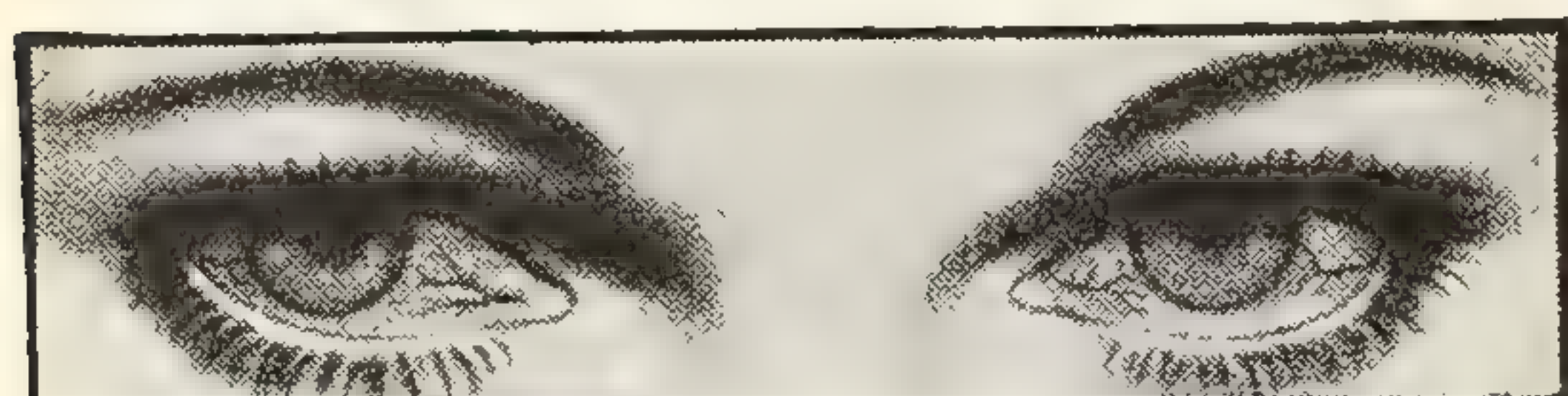
WAKE UP

Without Calomel—
And You'll Jump
Out of Bed in the
Morning Rarin' to Go

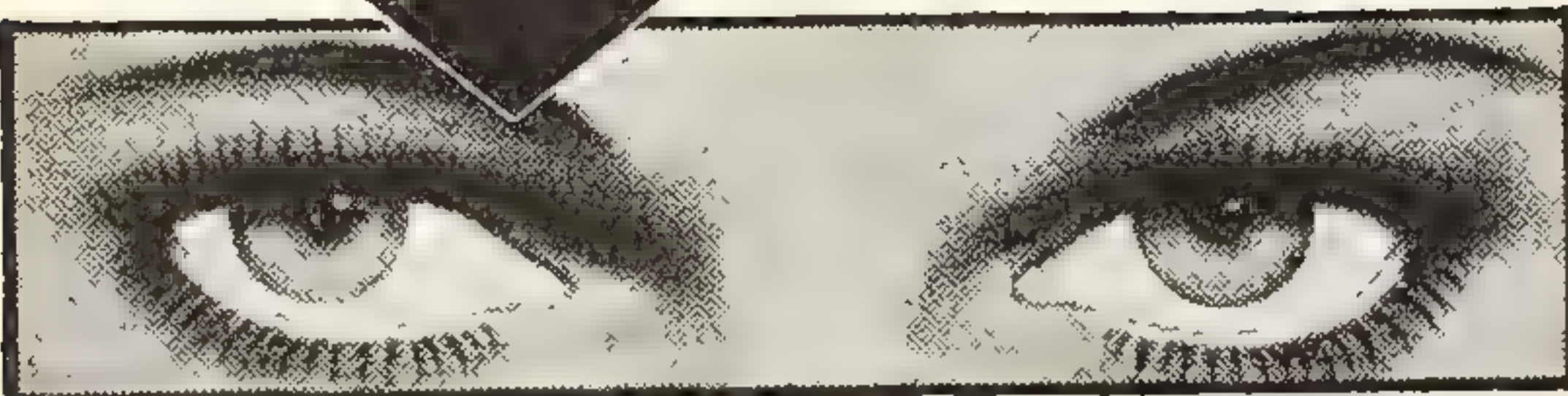
**YOUR
LIVER
BILE**

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.



WHAT A DIFFERENCE



**IN EYE MAKE-UP WHEN NEW LOTION
CLEARS EYES**

Eye make-up beauty is doubled when you change dull, red, veined eyes (due to fatigue, late hours, exposure, etc.) to clear, white, sparkling loveliness with just two drops of Eye-Gene. Formula of two eye specialists. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Soothing . . . refreshing! Purse size at all 10c stores. Economy size at all drug stores. **EYE-GENE**



Kent Taylor, with his wife, arrives in England to play opposite Jessie Matthews.

"George Did It"

Continued from page 33

ness. Fundamentally, of course, he is a realist. Like all disciples of realism he will not garnish facts with egotistical fancies but sends them into an interviewer's ken as bare of ornamental trimmings as a strip teaser at the final encore.

In this particular instance I multiplied the account of his share in the Bradna success story by ten in order to arrive at a true estimate of the obstacles he had overcome. In view of the answer I thus obtained it seemed to me that Raft ought to be patting himself on the back at regular intervals or ringing bells. At least he should have sent out notices to the columnists to refer to him as "George (Star-maker) Raft"! If astronomers attach their names to the comets they find, explorers their names to mountain ranges and patent medicine makers to kidney pills—why shouldn't a star receive some kind of acclaim for fixing a new face in the Hollywood firmament? After all, hadn't it been a lucky break for Paramount—to say nothing of the little Bradna—that Raft had been on deck (no pun intended) on that fateful day when Olympe came by for a costume okay?

Such speculations brought a definite reaction from Raft. With slow thoughtfulness he said, "Actually, any number of people can take credit when a new movie star is born. Their taking it may seem reasonable and right—and if they want it and can get it, that's all right, too. But there's only one who is really entitled to it—Lady Luck!"

He paused significantly. Possibly Raft felt that an important point had been reached in this interview. Or possibly this was one of his pet theories, hitherto undiscovered. Be that as it may, the urgency of elucidation was upon him. With sudden energy he removed his heels from their perch and sat up. He offered me a cigarette and lit one himself. He didn't bother to take it from between his lips but his manner of speech is so even, so clipped that it hardly moved as he continued.

"When I say that luck plays an important part in the rise of a star I don't mean that acting ability, personality and—in the case of a girl—beauty isn't necessary or doesn't help. They do. But these qualifications alone won't make a star of anyone and they won't keep anyone among the

stars—not without the breaks.

"In other words, I've always been convinced that there is much more than mere human connivance to be reckoned with when a new stellar personality swings into view on the Hollywood horizon. For instance, consider the number of people who have missed stardom. There must be hundreds of them. And most of them missed out *not* because they lacked ability or were minus on the personality side. So far as such qualities are concerned practically all of them had 'what it takes.' And most of them were pushed at the public by the studios in an attempt to create new stars. They were provided with high-powered publicity campaigns; they were given good parts—every scheme known to Hollywood was used in an effort to promote them to stardom. And in spite of all that they missed out. Any why? Well, my answer is that their luck wasn't running right. Someone else may have a different explanation. But I still think *I'm* right.

"On the other hand, look at the present collection of stars. Since I'm doing the talking, look at me first. I've been a pretty lucky guy. The fact that I'm a star right now is entirely the result of the fact that in 'Scarface' I got exactly the right part in exactly the right picture—and at exactly the right time. That's a combination that implies a lot of luck, or good chance, or whatever you want to call it. Whatever it is, it's something that isn't controlled by any individual—no matter what kind of a big shot he may be.

"Sure—I know what you're going to say," he went on, thwarting my attempt to start an argument. "You're going to tell me that there are plenty of producers in Hollywood who can always pick the right personality for the right part. That's right. There are. But there isn't anyone around who can control the time element. And without that the combination doesn't work. And that's where the luck comes in!

"If you check up, I think you'll find that this combination is working in all three departments whenever a new star is born. Outside of myself, I'll not name any examples. It's too long a list. But you can figure out the score. It's easy!"

It is easy. But before I had a chance to count over such possible examples of George's theory as Gable, Taylor, Dorothy Lamour, Dietrich and even his co-star, Sylvia Sydney, I found that he was getting in a last word:

"That's why I think people exaggerate when they say that I'm responsible for Olympe Bradna's being on her way to stardom. About all I did was to act the part of a pointer in the hand of fate. Aside from that she got the right part in the right picture at the right time. She's got a very appealing type of beauty, a swell personality and plenty of talent. If she doesn't make good on her break it will be Hollywood's fault—not hers."

Thus, simply did Raft dispose of his star-making venture. In spite of the strange theory by which he seeks to disclaim any credit for the discovery of Olympe, the fact remains that if he had not been on that set talking with Hathaway when the little stock player appeared for a costume okay, she probably would not be a star today. Quite the reverse! According to rumor, it is possible that her option, which had about two weeks to go when Raft decided she was the girl for "Souls At Sea," might not have been picked up by Paramount. There are those who say she was about to be dropped. Whatever the circumstances, however, it is Hollywood's number one Cinderella story of the year.

And whatever George Raft may say, there's always Olympe herself to be reckoned with. From her new-found place in Hollywood's planetary system she keeps pointing at Raft and saying, "He did it!"

Even Snakes Have Charm

Continued from page 29

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Marcia Court rises to stardom playing the "alley cat" type of glamor girl which Phil Burns, publicity agent, discovered in her when she as an extra had the temerity to denounce the star, Anne Barrett, who has since returned to England. Marcia decides she must play more ladylike characters, and is so insistent in breaking off from her past, screen as well as real-life, that she swears her father to secrecy about their relationship; the father living at her home as a gardener. Agreeing to play the part assigned her if she can do a picture in London, Marcia renews her contract, and with Burns goes to England, where she meets Anne Barrett and the director, Lawrence Stewart, with whom Anne is in love. Marcia goes back on her word, declares she will play the titled English lady of the story and not the American girl, for which part she was engaged. Her decision is the subject of a heated debate between herself, Burns, Stewart and Anne Barrett as the current chapter opens.

for all of us. We've thought we were outsmarting Marcia, but I should be surprised if she turned the trick on us before she's through."

Phil grew hard. "If she can put the reverse English on this situation I'm man enough to take a beating."

"It might be more of a beating than you bargain for," Anne warned. "You're in love with her, you know."

"Don't be ridiculous, Anne."

"Suppose you try being truthful."

"I am. I despise the Marcia we know. But I'll admit there is a Marcia I might love—the one I've been trying to force into the open."

"You mean you want her to be just an out-and-out hussy—you'd love her that way?"

"I want her to be honest! I don't give a hoot what she's been or what her background is; but I despise a sham. I want her to be herself."

"She is being herself," Anne defended, "and as such I like her immensely."

"Anne, you're a swell sport, considering."

"Considering?"

"Lawrence."

Anne smiled a bit sadly. "Well, I'll admit the young lady is beginning to get into my hair."

"They're seeing a lot of each other?"

"Every night. She's his shadow. He looks positively undressed without her."

"I'm sorry for you, Anne. But it's been my good fortune—being with you so much."

"That's nice, Phil. I've enjoyed it, too."

"You're a sweet, generous person. Do you think you could learn to love a lowly American?"

"Without half trying—if I hadn't already fallen for an Englishman."

"For keeps?"

"Yes, Phil, for keeps."

Phil sighed. "It's a nasty situation all around."

"Isn't it?"

"You think Marcia's in love with him?"

"I think she's in love with you—as a person—"

"That's idiotic!"

"I believe it's true, though she doesn't know it, perhaps, because she's so in love with what Larry represents."

Control Yourself

from "stem to stern" in a glamorous *B.V. D. Swim Suit!

In every enchanting color, stitch and style, B. V. D. Swim Suits have been created to bestow upon you a sculptured, goddesslike grace! You'll find reasons galore for choosing "Brassette" or "Sculptura" (left to right)—among them these special B. V. D. features...



Brassiere Brilliance that wins new applause for B. V. D. — new loveliness for you. The self-adjusting elastic uplift assures you the firm and flowing silhouette of feminine beauty.

Streamline Control of that crucial midriff section is yours in these flattering, flexible B. V. D. knits. Resilient, soft — yet they "girdle" you in snug and slenderizing firmness.



Trunkline Triumph by B. V. D. gives you that extra seat-fullness so essential to perfect fit and unhampered freedom of action—an important feature of all the new B. V. D. swim suits!

The Sea Horse is the sign of aquatic beauty, of sculptured lines and exclusive beauty and comfort features. Look for this emblem on the smartest swim suit fashions for 1938!

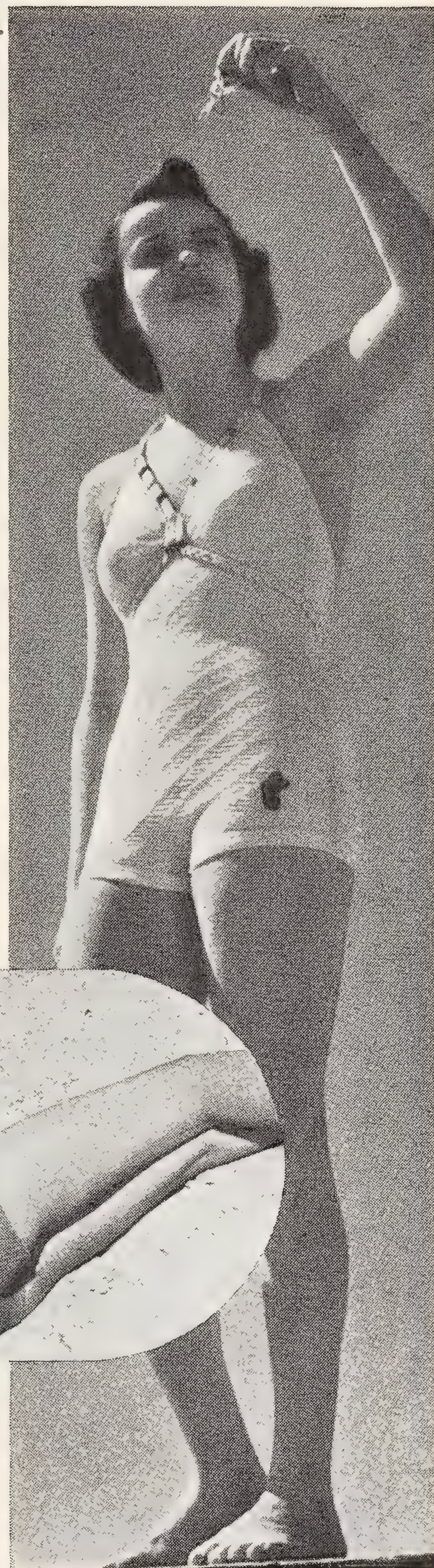


"Brassette" (below) is named for its famous bra-top design. The back straps that help control the lovely bust line, untie for an even coat of tan. Like all B. V. D. maillots, it is fully lined (skirted suits are lined through the bust). **\$5.95.**



*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

The B. V. D. Corporation, Empire State Building, New York City



"Sculptura" (above) in B. V. D.'s new "Crosstide" stitch. Adjustable braided rope straps outline and hold the bust. Elastic banding inside the maillot trunks keeps them snugly in place. **\$4.95.**



Do you get "poodle permanents"? Hair all frizzy? Brittle, dry hair is usually the cause. You can overcome this by a simple home treatment. First, stop using all alkaline, sudsing chemicals. Instead try proved oil and scalp tonic treatment. Try Admiracion Soapless Shampoo. It not only cleans the hair safely and thoroughly but does not steal the natural scalp oils that keep your hair strong, elastic and healthy. Easy to use, Admiracion is a beauty treatment approved by thousands of beauticians. If you'd like to have a sample, send three 3-cent stamps. ADMIRACION LABORATORIES, HARRISON, N. J.

NO MORE CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly relieve, quickly remove corns. Prevent corns, sore toes, blisters. Ease new or tight shoes. Soothing. Safe, sure. Cost but a trifle. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

DR. WALTER'S
QUICK REDUCING GUM RUBBER GARMENTS
Obtain trim, slender ankles at once. Relieves swelling, varicose veins and they fit like a glove.
Bust Reducers\$2.25
14 inch Special Ankle Reducers\$3.00 pr.
14 inch Stockings \$6.75 pr.
Send ankle and calf measures.
Uplift Brassiere ...\$3.25
Girdle (laced up back)\$4.50
Abdominal Reducers for men and women \$3.50
Send measures. Pay by check or money order—no cash. Write for literature.
Dr. Jeanne S. C. Walter
389 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

LEGGINGS \$3.00 pr.
STOCKINGS \$6.75 pr.

Says Everybody is Hypnotized

If there is any lack whatever in your life—if you suffer from poverty, fear, doubt, disappointment, disease, discord, inferiority complex, or failure—if your life is not a continuous record of abounding health, success, wealth and happiness—very likely it is because you're hypnotized! Such is the astounding declaration of Edwin J. Dingle, well-known explorer and geographer. He tells of a strange method of mind and body control that leads to immense powers never before experienced. He found the method in mysterious Tibet, often called the Land of Miracles.



He maintains that all of us are giants in strength, ability, and mind-power, capable of prolonging youth, defying sickness, developing great talents, and achieving dazzling success. From childhood, however, we are hypnotized, our powers put to sleep, by suggestions of associates, by what we read, and by various other experiences. To realize their really marvelous powers, men and women must escape from this hypnotism. The method found by Mr. Dingle in Tibet is said to be remarkably instrumental in freeing people of such hypnotizing ideas. Send today for the free 9,000 word treatise revealing the startling results of this strange system, by which men in the Far East can do things never equalled in the Western world. No obligation. Simply send your name and address.

The Institute of Mentalphysics, Dept. 463
213 So. Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

"You don't think they're lovers?" Phil asked darkly.

"No, she will never have an affair with him."

"What makes you so sure?"

"I'm sure of it. She has quaint ideas about morals. Her burning ambition is to be a lady, and she feels that once a lady has been intimate with a gentleman she can never again be a lady."

Phil smiled. "Well, can she?"

"When I know just what constitutes a lady I'll decide on that point too. Meanwhile your heart is being broken, my heart is being broken and in the end Marcia's heart will be the worst broken of all."

"What of Larry?"

"I don't know," Anne said unhappily.

"You and he were that way before Marcia came?"

"I was very much that way about him, and I had begun to hope that he—"

"Now don't you worry about Marcia. When the picture's finished she isn't going to be in love with any of us—least of all Larry. She'll hate him almost as much as she'll hate me."

"Oh, Phil, I'm really so sorry for her. What will she do when she finds out?"

"Let's not think about it," Phil growled.

Anne looked up, confused, as Stewart entered

"Am I intruding?"

"Well, as long as it's your office we'll try to bear with you," Phil said.

Stewart sat at his desk. "You two don't seem very jolly."

"We're reserving our hilarity until the great hoax has been completed," Anne said with a touch of bitterness.

"You think it will be funny?"

"The picture, or the general situation?"

"I was referring to the picture."

"Oh, the picture'll be funny enough," she told him. "So will the situation—in spots."

"I'm beginning to think it'll be tragic—for Marcia," Stewart said, then turned to Phil. "Isn't there some way we can acquaint her with the real intent of the picture before the preview?"

"So that's the answer!" Phil said grimly.

"Well, I might have known it when I saw signs of your weakening—in last night's rushes."

"What do you mean by that?" Stewart demanded, immediately on the defensive.

"Now, Larry, you mustn't be offended at what I'm saying. It's because I know Marcia. She has an insidious habit of undermining her directors and doing things her own way. That happened in the last picture she made in America, and it was a dismal flop."

"But it was your suggestion that she be permitted to play this part in her own way."

"Yes, I know, and at the start her way was immense. But now it seems she's becoming rather convincingly lady-like. She isn't making as many amusing social errors as she did in the first part of the picture."

"You can credit that to her powers of observation. She's learning fast."

"Too fast for the good of the picture. And it's due to the inspiration she's deriving from your constant companionship."

Stewart was becoming annoyed. "You aren't objecting to my taking her around?"

"Certainly not. I only regret the change that's coming over her because of it."

"It was my plan to show her these places and later permit her to give her own version of English customs and manners."

"The idea was a honey—at the start," Phil said. "But Marcia is a born imitator. In time she may even learn to imitate a lady; though that's asking a great deal of her."

"I think you're doing her an injustice," Stewart said, coldly loyal.

"Oh yes," Phil admitted wearily, "she

has a way of turning on her charm whenever it suits her purpose to do so." He dragged himself out of the chair. "However, it might be advisable to urge her to clown the picture a bit from now on."

"That seems rather a low thing to do," Stewart protested.

"It is. But you may remember—before you discovered Marcia's charms—that the whole thing started out to be deliberately low, and you thought it quite a jolly idea—at the time."

"I've since changed my mind."

"So I see." Phil was quietly furious. "But it's much too late for that."

"We could shoot the first part of the picture over again and match it with her present work," Stewart insisted stubbornly.

"My God, Larry," Phil cried in angry amazement, "you can't mean you'd let her play the part of *Lady Mary* straight—not seriously?"

"Why not? Quite a few English women have portrayed American characters."

"And they've never succeeded in fooling a single American school kid into believing they were anything but English, any more than Marcia could convince a Billingsgate fishwife that she was an English gentlewoman."

"I don't agree with you," Stewart said stiffly.

"Whether you do or not you want this picture to be a success—or do you?"

"Of course I do."

"Then don't let Marcia mislead you. She isn't too strong on principles when it comes to having her own way. She has a nasty habit of molding people to her will and then running out on them—as she did with her last director."

"I'm sorry I entered into such an arrangement," Stewart said, "the situation has become frightfully embarrassing."

"I know. The personal element has entered into it, and we have now arrived at the point where we must make an unpleasant but extremely important decision: Are we to risk hurting Marcia's feelings or ruining the picture and, as a consequence, our reputations?"

"Are our reputations more to be considered than betraying a person's confidence and deeply offending them?"

"Yours to decide," Phil said wearily.

"You're the director. But if you do see the light and want to shift the responsibility of the dirty work on to me, I'll go out on the set and watch her work—in the nasty



Lionel Stander's recent bride visits the actor at the studio.

way I have. There's something about me that always irritates her to the point where she can't retain the semblance of a lady."

"Is it any wonder?" Stewart asked coldly.

"Your goal, old fellow. Well, I've said my little say, and now I'm going out to drown my sorrows in a cup of pale brown stuff the English libel as coffee. Any customers?"

"No, thank you," Stewart said.

"Anne?"

"We'll be having tea at four."

Phil started out. "Cheerio, and be kind to my back."

"Queer fellow, and hard," Stewart said when Phil was gone.

"No, Larry, it's only his shell that's hard. And he's right about the picture."

"You think Marcia's toning down her part?"

"Distinctly. Before long she'll be a credit to the top ladies of London. There's only one week's shooting left, and you mustn't weaken."

"It's such a beastly trick."

"I agree with you. It should never have been started. But Phil is picture wise and there's too much at stake to back out now." She gave a bitter little smile as she continued, "It's just unfortunate for all of us that you should have fallen in love with the girl."

"I in love with Marcia!"

"That seems to be the general impression."

"Absurd!"

"You apparently find a great deal of pleasure in her company," Anne said unhappily.

"I find her diverting and amusing. I've been taking her around for the express purpose of gathering material for the production."

"So you said before. Well, you've been amazingly conscientious in the pursuit of your work."

"I always am. As for Marcia, she's a new and interesting problem. She's the strangest combination of contradictions I've ever known. Sometimes she seems terribly hard, yet she's a veritable prude, and steadfastly refuses to take even one drink."

"Some people refuse to touch liquor because of a fear of what it might bring out in them," Anne suggested gently. "I've known Marcia for a long time and I think she has certain inherited traits which she has difficulty in suppressing. Oh, I'm not blaming her; I admire her for the courage to try to down them. It's so pitiful to always be on the defensive."

"You know," Stewart said thoughtfully, "I believe there's some truth in what you say. I saw something of that side of it last night. We ran into a drunken American woman and her husband having an argument, and not a very pretty one. It seemed to make Marcia ill. She insisted we leave at once."

"For your apartment?" Anne asked in a low voice.

Stewart was upset. "How did you know?"

"My heart told me, but you'd better watch yourself, Larry."

"See here, Anne, you aren't jealous?"

"Horribly. But quite aside from that I think I should warn you about Marcia."

"Please don't."

"I must. You see, Larry, I'm fighting for something that's very dear to me."

"I'd rather not listen."

"Nevertheless, I'm determined to tell you. It's this: Marcia comes from a class which doesn't know very much about the rules of the game of love as played by her alleged betters. Her type feels that when a lady has been persuaded she must insist she's been compromised, so unless you

really want to marry the girl—"

"That's very crude, Anne. I'm afraid you've presumed too much on our long standing friendship."

Anne was wounded. "Yes, I'm afraid I have." She rose and started out. "Sorry."

"But, Anne—!"

Stewart paused as Marcia came in. A different Marcia. No longer on the defensive, she had attained a new poise and ease of manner, coupled with an irritating air of condescension and wellbeing. She still spoke with an English accent, though it wasn't so broad.

"Is this a closed conference?" she asked with a note of flippancy.

"Not at all," Anne said, too politely, "I was just going out to join Phil in a cup of coffee."

"How is he?" Marcia asked, casually patronizing Anne. "I so seldom see him these days I've almost forgotten what he looks like."

"He's the same handsome fellow."

"When he isn't grouching."

"I find him extremely pleasant."

"Oh he can be nice enough when he wants to," Marcia conceded indulgently.

"Very nice indeed," Anne said, starting for the door.

"I suppose I should see more of him," Marcia said with a sly smile at Stewart, "but I really have so little time."

"Yes, you seem to be very busy," Anne agreed sweetly. "But you shouldn't neglect your fellow American. He probably misses Hollywood terribly and you two could talk over old times."

"I haven't any interest in talking about Hollywood," Marcia said coldly. "But you profess to like the place. Couldn't you console him?"

"I'll try," Anne said as she reached the door.

"When you've had your coffee," Marcia said nicely, "I wish you'd tell Phil I'd like to see him—on business."

"Yes, I'll tell him you'd like to see him—on business." She went out, leaving Marcia somehow annoyed.

"Now, what did she mean by that crack?"

"You can't always tell, with Anne," Stewart remarked.

Marcia looked at him narrowly. "You think a lot of her, don't you, Larry?"

"Quite a lot."

"More than you do of me?" Marcia accused with a shade of resentment.

"That's a strange question," Stewart said politely rebuking her.

"Is it—after last night—in your apartment?" Marcia was warmly insinuating.

"What of last night?" Stewart demanded bluntly.

"You haven't forgotten?" she asked with reproach.

"No," Stewart said coldly, "I seem to remember very clearly—a pleasant, uneventful, and entirely harmless evening."

"But delightfully intimate," Marcia said gently. "You were so nice about soothing me after that horrible experience with those shocking Americans. And," with sweet confidence, "I was thrilled, being there alone with you—it was the first time I'd ever been in a man's apartment."

"Really, Marcia," Stewart said, stiffly incredulous, "how distressfully naïve."

Marcia was hurt. "Then it's been your custom to take young ladies to your apartment?"

"Frequently," Stewart said coldly. "Does that shock you?"

"Well, it disappoints me. It sounds a bit Hollywood. I never thought you English did things that way."

"You have a ridiculously exalted idea of

NEW . . . a CREAM DEODORANT

which safely

STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

Arrid is the **ONLY** deodorant to stop perspiration with all these five advantages —

1. Does not harm dresses, does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days—removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid is the **ONLY** deodorant to stop perspiration which has been awarded the Textile Seal of Approval of The American Institute of Laundering for being **HARMLESS TO FABRIC.**



39¢ a jar

At drug and dept. stores

ARRID

TRIAL JAR: Send 10 cents (stamps or coin) for generous size jar of Arrid. Feminine Products, 74A Park Place, New York, N. Y.



A romantic scene in a highly dramatic play: Robert Montgomery and Virginia Bruce, co-stars in the screen version of "Yellow Jack," in a still from the film, above.

the English. We're just average humans."

"Oh, but with your culture and all, I didn't think you'd be taking young ladies to your apartment—unless—"

"Unless what?" Stewart demanded abruptly.

"Unless—you—thought a great deal of them."

"I do think a lot of you, Marcia; but, my dear girl, you aren't suggesting that I've compromised your good name—or anything like that?"

"No," she admitted reluctantly, "I don't suppose you really did compromise me, but—"

"I don't even remember advancing an improper proposal."

"Well, why didn't you?" she asked, suddenly resentful.

"Frankly, I didn't think I'd gain anything by it."

"Oh! Is that the only reason?"

"It's a sufficiently good one for a male—disappointment in love is so undignified."

"You have such a nice way of explaining things," Marcia murmured.

"Thank you. I hope I've made myself clear."

"Oh yes, I understand perfectly—now."

Stewart regarded her thoughtfully. "I wonder if you do."

"Of course I do. Why not?"

"And you aren't offended?"

"Should I be?" Marcia asked with sudden suspicion.

"Well, I hoped you wouldn't," Stewart said quickly. "But one can never be sure."

"I couldn't be offended with you, Larry," she said softly.

"Thank you, Marcia. Then we'll continue to be—good friends?"

"We'll be very good friends," Marcia said warmly as she sat on the edge of his desk and took his hand. "I don't think you realize just how much you've done for me, or how grateful I am."

Stewart was touched, yet wary. "It's very nice of you to say that."

"But you can't possibly know how strongly I mean it," she insisted. "You've taken me to the kind of places I've dreamed of and introduced me to the kinds of people I've always wanted to know. And you've made London seem so real to me. I feel that I've been here always, and I never want to leave."

Stewart felt the need of getting Marcia back to firmer ground. "But aren't you ever homesick for America?"

This was a distinct jolt to Marcia. She

withdrew her hand. "America is only a nightmare to me."

"I shouldn't say that too loudly or too often, if I were you," Stewart said quietly, in disapproval.

"Why not? It's true."

"A worldly person might misunderstand you."

"In what way?"

"When anyone speaks bitterly of the country in which they were born and reared, especially if talking with a foreigner, that foreigner is apt to think the fault lies with the individual and not the country."

Marcia felt stricken. "Oh!"

"Marcia, my dear, if I didn't like you tremendously, I should never have presumed to say that."

"You've made me feel—cheap," she said, dismayed.

"I didn't intend that," he protested passionately. "You'll forgive me?"

"Oh yes, I suppose I'll forgive you." She became hard. "But if Phil had said that to me I'd want to kill him!"

"Why?"

"Because he couldn't have done it like a gentleman. He'd bawl me out." She softened as she looked at Stewart, "But you understand me so much better than he does."

"No, Marcia, you're wrong there. I've come to the conclusion that both Phil and Anne know you much better than I do."

"Oh, but they don't! Phil is horrid, and Anne hasn't been nearly so nice to me since you started taking me out."

"You only imagine that," Stewart said uncomfortably.

"No, she's jealous."

"But why should she be?"

"Well, she thinks you've fallen in love with me."

"That's ridiculous!"

Marcia was hurt. "Is it so ridiculous?"

"I mean Anne doesn't think that—there's no reason why she should."

"Oh!"

Stewart rushed on, "What I'm trying to say is, Anne realizes I've been showing you around London because you're a stranger in the city."

"Is that the only reason?" Marcia asked slowly, feeling crushed, "you were just being courteous?"

"Of course if I hadn't liked you enormously shouldn't have been so lavish with my hospitality. I've enjoyed you no end, and I suppose I've been selfish and thought-

less, but I never dreamed it would expose you to criticism."

"Oh I don't mind what they say or think—because of you."

"However, it isn't very discreet, our being together so much. Perhaps I'd better devote more time to Anne, and you might be seen with Phil now and then."

"Do you think that's necessary?"

"I think it's wiser."

"You're so considerate of me, Larry."

"Hmmm."

"And because you are so nice and thoughtful I'm going to ask a special favor of you."

"Well?" Stewart asked, dreading it.

"On the night of the preview, after the show, I want to give a supper for a select few in my apartment, and I wish you'd invite the guests."

"But, Marcia, isn't that a bit of a risk?"

"I don't see why."

"The picture may not be as successful as you'd like it to be."

"I'm willing to take that risk. With your direction it can't fail to be a success."

Stewart was suffering. "That's kind of you to say that. I hope it doesn't prove disappointing to you."

"I'm sure it won't. And you will help me to arrange the supper party?"

"I'd rather you didn't do it."

"Please, Larry, my heart is set on it."

"Well—"

"I knew you would! I want to have Lord and Lady Marble, and that interesting explorer and big game hunter, and about six or eight more of the most interesting people you know."

"I think you're making a big mistake."

"Is it because you think they'd refuse to come?" she asked uneasily.

"Oh, no, they'd come all right. But if they didn't like the picture it might prove frightfully embarrassing."

"Oh, that! I'll take a chance on the picture." Then with sudden fear, "Haven't I been photographing well?"

"You are gorgeous."

"Am I getting as much out of the picture as you hoped for?"

"Oh yes, quite!"

"Then what?"

"Well, you know any picture is always a gamble," Stewart evaded.

"I'm willing to stake everything on this one's being a success."

"All right, but remember, it's on your own responsibility."

"Then you will help me with the guests?"

"Yes, I'll help."

"Of course I'll want Anne," she said, her enthusiasm dimming slightly.

Stewart looked at Marcia queerly. "Yes, you'd have to ask Anne."

"Oh, I'd want her anyway," she said hastily, then sighed deeply. "And I suppose I'll just have to ask Phil."

"You mean you don't want to!"

Marcia sensed Stewart's disapproval. "It isn't that I really mind asking him. But you can never count on what he'll say or do. Sometimes he's very embarrassing."

"Yes, I know how he is," Stewart said, with a faint smile, as Phil came in.

"Anne said you wanted to see me on business, Marcia, but if you two are heavily engaged I'll return later."

"Not at all," Stewart said rising. "I've got to look at some retakes."

"Don't let me run you out of your office."

"But you aren't, really," Stewart started out, then paused, "Phil, I've been considering what you said and I think it'd be a good idea for you to come out on the set tomorrow."

Phil grinned in understanding. "I'll be delighted."

"Bye, see you later, Marcia."

To Be Continued

NEW STARLIGHT FOR HOLLYWOOD

The New Universal proudly presents The American Debut of

DANIELLE DARRIEUX

*The girl whose exquisite beauty...
charm of performance...has made her
the most beloved stage and screen
star in all Europe...The star of the
sensational MAYERLING...which all
America has taken to its heart!*

DANIELLE DOUGLAS
DARRIEUX • FAIRBANKS, Jr.

in

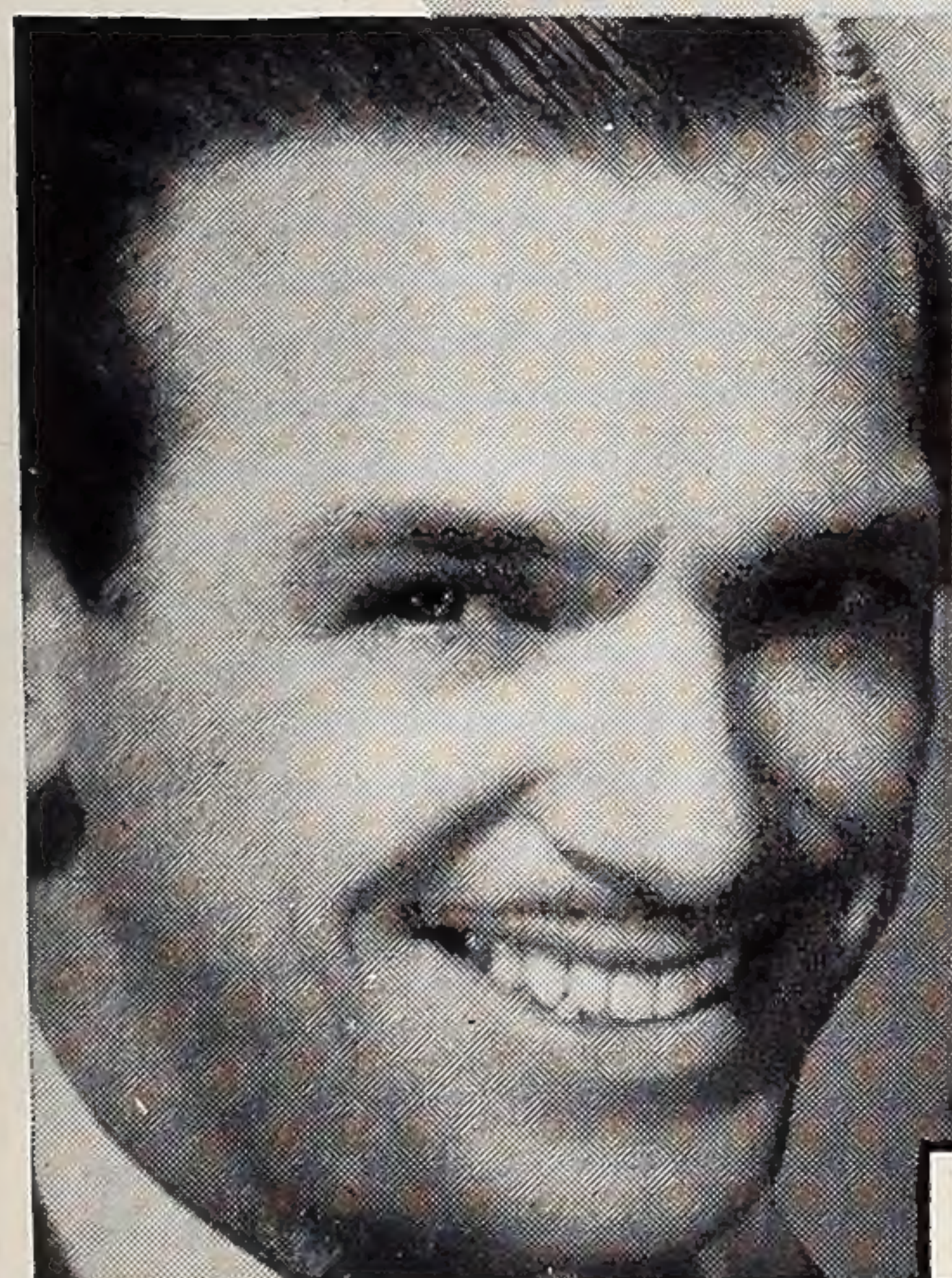
"THE RAGE OF PARIS"

with

MISCHA HELEN LOUIS
AUER BRODERICK HAYWARD

*Original Story and Screen Play by Bruce Manning
and Felix Jackson*

*Directed by HENRY KOSTER who made
"3 SMART GIRLS" and "100 MEN AND A GIRL"*
Produced by B. G. de SYLVA
CHARLES R. ROGERS
Executive Vice-President in Charge of Production



DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS, JR.



HELEN BRODERICK



MISCHA AUER

Creature of a thousand new moods of femininity!

*Spirit
of '38*

fall in with the army
of happy smokers who know
that *Chesterfield's* milder and
better taste *really satisfies*



Chesterfield

... the right cigarette for
MORE PLEASURE